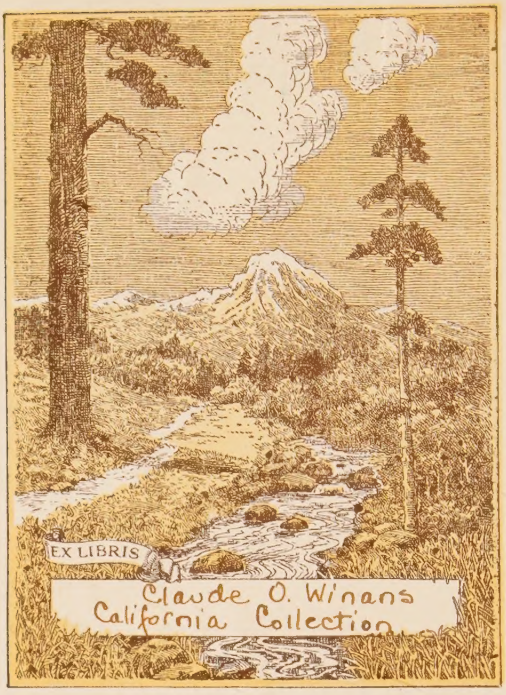
NEW MEXICO

THE LAND OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



F
S917.89 James,
J27 New Mexico, the land
of the delight makers.

229463

CWA Col. - Ref. Reserve

Santa Clara County Free Library

This book may be kept 14 days.

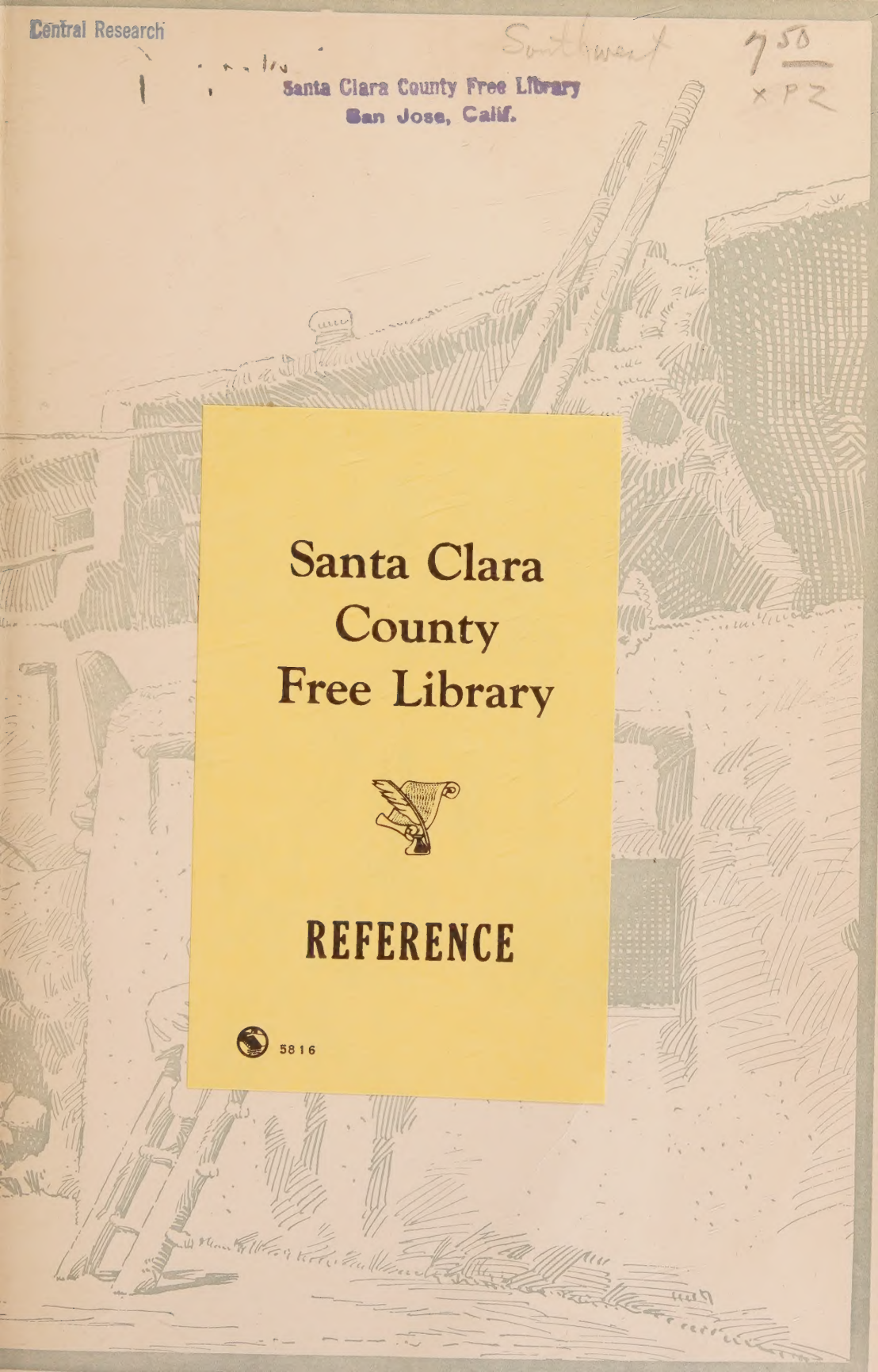
A fine of 5 cents per day will be charged on books kept overtime.

No books will be issued to persons in arrears for fines.

Books must not be loaned by the borrower.

Careful usage of books is expected, and any soiling, injury, or loss is to be paid for by the borrower.

Central Research
Southwest
750
X P2
Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.



Santa Clara County Free Library

REFERENCE

5816

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/newmexicolandofd0000geor

NEW MEXICO, THE LAND OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS

"SEE AMERICA FIRST" SERIES

Each in one volume, decorative cover, profusely illustrated

CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL
By George Wharton James $5.00

OLD PANAMA AND CASTILLO DEL ORO
By C. L. G. Anderson $5.00

THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST
By Thomas D. Murphy $5.00

ON SUNSET HIGHWAYS (California)
By Thomas D. Murphy $5.00

TEXAS, THE MARVELLOUS
By Nevin O. Winter $5.00

ARIZONA, THE WONDERLAND
By George Wharton James $5.00

COLORADO: THE QUEEN JEWEL OF THE ROCKIES
By Mae Lacy Baggs $5.00

OREGON, THE PICTURESQUE
By Thomas D. Murphy $5.00

FLORIDA, THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT
By Nevin O. Winter $5.00

SUNSET CANADA (British Columbia and Beyond)
By Archie Bell $5.00

ALASKA, OUR BEAUTIFUL NORTHLAND OF OPPORTUNITY
By Agnes Rush Burr $5.00

HOUSEBOATING ON A COLONIAL WATER-WAY (The James River, Virginia)
By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins $2.50

PANAMA AND THE CANAL TO-DAY
By Forbes Lindsay $3.00

A number of additional volumes are in preparation, including **Our Wonderland of the East, Maine, Georgia, The Great Lakes, Louisiana,** etc., and the "See America First" Series will eventually include the whole of the North American Continent.

THE PAGE COMPANY
53 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

NEW MEXICO

THE LAND OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS

The History of its Ancient Cliff Dwellings and Pueblos, Conquest by the Spaniards, Franciscan Missions; Personal Accounts of the Ceremonies, Games, Social Life and Industries of its Indians; A Description of its Climate, Geology, Flora and Birds, its Rivers and Forests; A Review of its Rapid Development, Land-Reclamation Projects and Educational System; with full and accurate accounts of its Progressive Counties, Cities and Towns.

BY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, 1858-1923.

AUTHOR OF

"California, Romantic and Beautiful," "Arizona, the Wonderland," etc.

With a map and fifty-six plates of which eight are in color

THE PAGE COMPANY

BOSTON • PUBLISHERS

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

229463

SANTA CLARA COUNTY LIBRARY

Copyright, 1920,
By The Page Company

All rights reserved

First Impression, March, 1920

THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

TO

JESSE WALTER FEWKES

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF
AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY

With whom I have often foregathered around campfires in New Mexico, surrounded by the glamour of ancient peoples, pre-historic dwellings, aboriginal art, and present day Indians, and for whose kindly interest in my humble and unpretentious literary work I am deeply grateful.

229363

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

BY WAY OF FOREWORD

This is the third of the books on the States of the American Southwest that I have been privileged to write for this *See America First* series; *California, Romantic and Beautiful,* being the first, *Arizona, the Wonderland,* the second. When I announced this third volume, my friends asked: "You surely cannot write as enthusiastically about New Mexico as you have done about California and Arizona?" Yet I knew I should find it equally easy. It was here that I came over thirty years ago, broken in health and spirits, and gained the renewing impulses and courage that ultimately won for me a fuller enjoyment of life than I had ever had before. With my roll of bedding I was ready to sleep on station-platform, when deposited, solitary and alone, often in the dead of night, from the irregularly running trains. I was free to wander off at my own sweet will, making my bed under pinion tree, cliff, or on sandy plain, wherever my patient burro might bring me.

The sleeping out of doors under the stars; the ineffable charm of the cool, delicious nights after the days of hot, scorching sunshine; the baths of glorious colour that flooded me, body, mind, and soul, in the sunrises and sunsets; the experiences in sand-storm, wind-storm, hail-storm, snow-storm, and lightning-storm; the envelopment of whirling sand-spirals; the excitements and dangers of fording the treacherous quicksands of the streams; the bathing in their thick, ruddy, muddy waters; the thrills of swimming across the Rio Grande, when it

was at the flood and its banks were falling in with "volleying and thundering;" the narrow escapes from drowning in the wild waters; the fording of refractory mules, horses and burros across its turbulent flood; the discomforts of being caught in storms and compelled to sleep out in the snow, or rain, or — worse still — the suffocating clasp of the hot sand-storm; the near swallowing-up of our wagon in unsuspected beds of quicksand; the watching of the conversion of the dry, sandy desert, in a few hours, into a flooded area through which we plunged as through a marsh; the seeing of a roaring torrent, with wild, dashing breakers, come down the dry washes that had appeared as if water had been strangers to their banks ever since the days of Noah's flood; — memory recounts them so rapidly that not only cannot the pen write them; even the tongue trips and plays traitor to its wonted fluency when it attempts to recount the sights, scenes, experiences, and moving events that have transpired, and of which I have been part, in New Mexico during the past thirty years. I feel that I can truthfully say I have had a thrill, a deep emotion, a stirring of the heart, a quickening of the pulses, an intellectual enlargement, a scenic feast and a spiritual uplift for every one of the 122,503 square miles of New Mexico.

Think what that means!

If Philip James Bailey measured life aright when he wrote,

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,

then the thoughtful can imagine what New Mexico has meant, still means, to me. The peace, the rest, the com-

fort, the joy, that have flowed into me, body and soul, on its mesas, and in its mountains, its canyons, and valleys, forests and deserts, among its historic scenes, and when fellowshipping with its Indians, its solitudes and its wild, rollicking cowboys.

When I was so young in life's experiences that I felt there were such things as " fates that pursue," and life seemed a horrible nightmare, when men and women shunned me for that which I was not, I fled them and sought refuge in the solitudes of desert and canyon. There, often for weeks at a time, I saw no one but Indians, or the birds and four-footed wild things that neither shunned me, nor were afraid of me. There I regained poise and that outlook on life that ultimately has brought peace, serenity and joy. Hence I love New Mexico with undying affection that those merely physically born within her borders can never feel. For here my real spiritual birth occurred.

Before, having ears I heard not; eyes, I saw not. Now I hear, see, taste, feel and know, somewhat, and am On The Way to larger, fuller, wider experiences.

Were I a poet-rhapsodist it would be no effort, nay, it would be a joy to compose a rhapsody of thanksgiving to this so-called Arid Land. No lover has sung the praises of his mistress with more exuberant enthusiasm than I could put, honestly and sincerely, into my song of New Mexico.

To the average newspaper-reading American the name, New Mexico, brings up little more than thoughts of a disagreeable fight in Congress about two would-be states — itself and Arizona. They see President Roosevelt urging that they cease striving to be admitted as two states, and swinging his famous big stick in a vigorous endeavour to reunite them as they used to be in Spanish

and Mexican days. He found he could as easily accomplish this as he could unite oil and water, or Lloyd George combine into one coherent political state the Catholics and the Orangemen of Ireland.

Yet if that average American would study New Mexico he would find it as I have done, a country of many surprises, wonders and delights. It is a land of sunshine, solitude, silence, serenity, saints, sinners, salubrity, sand, scoriæ, scorpions, snakes, seduction, squabbles, segregation, shame and sacrifice. It is a natural sanitarium, a land of sandy slopes and sapphire skies, a land for the savant and the saunterer, the serious and the saucy, a scenic *saturnalia regna,* a place where past, present and future are hand in hand, where antithesis reigns supreme, ancient and modern civilizations jog elbows, and where the present sits in the very lap of the prehistoric. It is a land where the religion of one class of the people manifested itself in " the Delight-makers," and of another in the " Penitentes; "— the former people whose sole duty as religionists was to make people laugh by their jokes, jests, and clownish acts; the latter a band of religious fanatics who whip themselves with cruel cactus-thongs until blood streams down their bodies. *Both classes still exist in New Mexico to-day.* It is a land of rich fertility and of hopeless barrenness; where irrigation has been practiced for centuries, even long before Columbus sailed from Spain on his voyage of discovery, and, on the other hand, of sandy plains, rocky mesas, lava-strewn areas where foothold even is denied to man. Here are snowy peaks which companion scintillant stars more vivid and larger than stars known east of the Rockies, and which rest on mountain shoulders richly clad in a marvelously varied *silva,* under whose shade silver streams dash and sing, splash and roar on their way to be lost in the

deserts of the plain, where prickly mesquite and buck-brush, thorny yucca and cactus, and pale, bloodless verdure eagerly drink up such few drops as still remain.

I have purposely given much space to the strange and superstitious life of the Indians and Mexicans of New Mexico, yet I would not thereby have the intelligent reader gain a wrong impression of the modern New Mexico. These things do exist, exactly as the many writers quoted, and I, myself, state. Yet they are not so obtrusive and insistent as to demand the attention of passing travelers. Indeed the converse is the rule. One might live in New Mexico for a score of years and never see them. They must be hunted for, waited and watched for, if one wishes to see them in their native simplicity. Even then, as I think I have shown clearly, not every person has the wit or tact to enable him to remain and witness what is about to transpire. While Albuquerque is but a few miles from villages where the Mexicans are *penitentes,* and believe in witchcraft, and a few score miles from Acoma, Zuni and Isleta, Indian villages where witches are hung and the strange kivna performances are still carried on, Albuquerque itself is as modern and progressive as Los Angeles, California; Dayton, Ohio, or Marshalltown, Iowa. It is these surrounding facts that give the piquancy, uniqueness, thrilling vividness of surprise and contrast to life in the modern cities of New Mexico.

One with an artistic soul has called New Mexico — not inappropriately — the land of High Colours and High Places. While to the unknowing the colours of the paintings reproduced in this book may seem bizarre and exaggerated I must assert, in sober earnestness, that they no more than suggest the reality. Colours abound, radiate, vibrate, throb, delight, entrance, bewilder and

confuse. Some who see them for the first time, become bewildered and confused, for, coming from the soft-toned east and middle west, they can scarce believe their own eyes. "Striking" is scarcely a forcible enough word. These colours sometimes almost stun one who is unused to them, just as Wagner's, Strauss's, Brahms's, Rachmaninoff's or Dvorak's music at first stunned those who were wedded to the quieter, gentler forms.

And the high places are equally fascinating and alluring. New Mexico is the land of lands for mesas, flat-topped mountains, and elevated plateaus. Off towards Arizona, in the northwest, are towering monuments and buttes, walls and castles, domes and turrets galore. The Navahos revel in them and, as we shall see, the Zunis and Acomas either live or used to live upon their level wind-swept areas. Black Mesa, on the Rio Grande, is historic, for here great battles were fought between Spaniard and Pueblo, and the *Mesa Encantada — Katzimo* — the Enchanted Mesa, has become famous the world over owing to the controversies that have raged about it. Tucumcari is named after a rocky mesa nearby, which used to be one of the retreating places of the Apaches.

New Mexico has been a great land of controversy, a mental battle ground, where doughty champions of many kinds have fought, won, or been worsted in the defense of their ideas. A score of combatants have contended for their rendition of the route of Coronado; almost as many have fought as to which "city" was the one of the "Seven Cities of Cibola" where Stephen the negro lost his life. We have argued, and possibly will continue to argue, as to whether the Franciscans really benefited the Indians or not; and in recent numbers of *Old Santa Fe* hot and bitter controversy has raged over such

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE PUEBLO OF ISLETA.

questions as to whether the friars had complete bibles or not. To this day it is hard to tell whether General Carleton was efficient or not; and who can sort out, from the mass of conflicting opinion, whether the Apaches and Navahos were "fiends incarnate" or "noble aborigines who have been fearfully wronged by the white man." The question is not settled yet as to whether the Texas Expedition to Santa Fe in 1841 was an unwarrantable and indefensible attempt to seize territory from a friendly republic, or an honest attempt to meet the wishes of many people of New Mexico who desired to sever their relationship with Mexico. Scores of pages have been written to prove that Cabeza de Vaca went into New Mexico, and that Santa Fe is the oldest city in the United States. Even the location of the room in *El Palacio,* in Santa Fe, in which Lew Wallace wrote *Ben Hur* has been a matter of controversy, and the loud words in the bitter discussion as to whether Katzimo,— the Enchanted Mesa,— was really the original home of the Acoma Indians still send their echoes throughout the land. Who doesn't know of the fierce controversies that have raged as to the origin and final disappearance of the Cliff-Dwellers, and to this day it is not settled whether we are justified in spelling Navaho with an h or a j. Even the names of the mountains have been the subject of controversy, and some of us call a certain mountain San Mateo,— a name given centuries ago,— while others call it Mt. Taylor, after the redoubtable president of that name, while those who believe in retaining the original names given by the Indians, would call it — it is impossible to write it — after the tongue of the Navaho. "Where is the Gran Quivera?" used to be a question that would speedily start a fight, and who owns the Sanctuario — the old Franciscan Mission at Chimayo where the marvelous happenings of Lourdes,

in France, are said to be duplicated,— is still a question in the minds of many. Even the spelling of the name of the city of Albuquerque is a matter of controversy. The old records show that the name of the duke, after whom the city was named, had one " r " more than is now used, and wrote and spelled it Alburquerque — as does Editor Twitchell of the *Old Santa Fe* magazine and the best-posted historian of the state.

To this day the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregationalist will assert that the confessed illiteracy of the New Mexico of twenty, fifty and more years ago was owing to the Catholic priesthood's deliberate purpose to keep the people in ignorance, and the devout Catholic will heatedly resent the imputation and defy the imputator. As for the healthfulness, salubrity, social advantages, business qualifications and the like of Santa Fe as against those of Albuquerque — it is a case of Frank Stockton's Lady and the Tiger, and the outsider, drawn into the argument, rejects one horn of the dilemma to be impaled immediately upon the other.

And these are a few only of the controversies that have raged in New Mexico, and in some of which I have gleefully had my part. It is contended by some that debate quickens the intellect — we know it oftentimes sharpens the temper — and if this be true then we might augur well for the intellectual future of the state.

Few states in the Union show such marvelous contrasts as does New Mexico. They are startling and dramatic. For instance, one coming into the State on the *Rock Island* road and over the *El Paso and South Western* will ride for scores of miles over an elevated plateau country, almost devoid of verdure, heavily covered with snow in winter, and scorching in the fierce rays of the sun in summer. There are few vivifying brooks, creeks,

or rivers and little or no grateful shade of trees. Except for scant pasturage for cattle and sheep the land seems useless, and many a passenger exclaims "God-forsaken!" and, pulling down the car-shades, seeks forgetfulness and the more rapid passing of time in sleep.

On the other hand, many prominent and leading artists of the American world find in Taos and its environment one of the most beautiful of spots, richly alluring and satisfying.

Entering from the northeast on the *Santa Fe* an entirely different country is seen. One crosses the well-wooded Raton Mountains before he descends to the plains. A somewhat similar experience is had in coming over the *Denver and Rio Grande* from Colorado, while in the south coming from the west, the *El Paso and South Western* and *Southern Pacific* have an entirely different kind of desert country to reveal. North of El Paso, out westward from Alamogordo, are miles and miles of gypsum sand, which, in the brilliant sunlight, appears exactly like snow; while out from Laguna, by McCarthy's, and Bluewater, in the region of Mount San Mateo, and south from Grants for miles, lie the forbidding lava-beds that look like the spewings of some fiery region of black despair.

As early as 1880 Bandelier affirmed the superior advantages of New Mexico as a field for archæological and ethnological study. He said:

> It is the only region on the whole continent where the highest type of culture obtained by its aborigines — the village community in stone or adobe buildings — has been preserved on the respective territories of the tribes. These tribes have shrunk, the purity of their stock has been affected, their customs and beliefs encroached upon by civilization. Still enough is left to make of New Mexico the objective point of serious, practical archæologists; for, besides the living Pueblo Indians, besides the numerous ruins of their past, the

very history of the changes that they have undergone is partly in existence, and begins three hundred and forty years ago, with Coronado's adventurous march.

There is no attempt in this volume to give a complete history of New Mexico. That were too extensive an undertaking and the field is already well occupied. My purpose is to give in readable guise a broad and general idea of the State as a whole, or, at least, of its more important and arresting features.

I have desired to suggest to the interested reader the great importance New Mexico had in the development of the Pacific States. Arizona and California, originally, were merely side issues connected with this, the main object of the explorer's attention.

The history of New Mexico is the history of the beginning of civilization in the western part of the United States. It is of such vast importance that two large volumes are required merely to catalogue its Spanish Archives. For, as its name implies, it was regarded as a *new* Mexico, and Coronado and his conquistadores fondly hoped to find therein the gold, silver and precious things that had enriched Cortés in Mexico, Pizzaro in Peru, and dazzled the old world.

How strangely small, insignificant and even absurd are the things that lure men to change the course of history. It was a myth, a will-o'-the-wisp, that allured Coronado to the exploration of New Mexico,— a mere crazy tale that rumour had set afoot years before; just such a rumour as sends men to-day speeding hither and yonder to find gold. Mexico and Peru were the " Klondikes " that had dazzled the eyes of all Europe by their prodigal and fabulous wealth. The stories that spread over Spain, Mexico and elsewhere about the tons of golden and silver vessels, the abundance of precious stones, etc., of Monte-

zuma and the Incas made men crazy with cupidity and they were ready and eager to fly in any direction that suggested a duplication of the experiences of the envied Cortés and Pizarro.

The myth that started the explorers into New Mexico was that " somewhere " up in that region where the buffalo roamed were seven cities, richer in gold and all that man lusted after than anything that had yet been discovered. The report of Marcos de Nizza, who was sent out to verify the rumours by Mendoza, the Viceroy, who hoped to outdo Cortés in his discoveries, did not lessen the excitement. The soap-bubble was still growing, still dazzling with its brilliant iridescence. It was Coronado's expedition that pricked it and its disappearance into thin air was so startlingly rapid that it took the Spaniards years to get over it. It practically killed Coronado for it may truthfully be said he died of a broken heart, a disillusioned, disappointed man.

All that the Spaniards found were seven Indian pueblos — villages built of adobe, or rude pieces of rock plastered over with adobe — whose people lived in aboriginal simplicity, who had neither gold, silver, precious stones, nor anything of great value. They knew nothing of mining, though they had picked up a little turquoise, and a few garnets and peridots.

Refusing to believe that his bubble had burst and disappeared so utterly, Coronado pushed his way into Kansas. There, convinced against his will, he turned back, and at that moment to the great world of endeavour he practically died.

Myths of fabulous treasure, however, die hard, and in the hope that the country would still justify the first stories told of it later explorers came — again to be disappointed. A new element, by now, began to assert itself.

This was an age of religious zeal and activity never before or since surpassed. The monkish orders of Spain were as frenzied in their zeal to save the souls of the heathen aborigines as the explorers were to get gold. Hence with all bands of the latter that started out on their gold hunts came friars — Franciscan, Jesuit, Carmelite, Dominican — eager to gain the priceless reward of the spirit, ambitious to win the approval of their God by leading the souls of the natives into the fold of the church.

Then began another invasion — that of the missionaries. Churches, convents, monasteries sprang up like magic on every hand. The fervour of these men seems incredible. Eager to become martyrs they dared death daily by forcing their religion upon jealous natives, and such was their fiery energy and dauntless courage that they succeeded in convincing the Indians — against their will and desire — that they must help build the temples of worship desired by the newcomers. This was the period when the Mission Churches of New Mexico arose, 100 to 150 years earlier than those of California. Simultaneously villas or towns were started — San Gabriel, Santa Fe, Albuquerque,— for the Spanish and Mexican colonists, who still clung to the old tradition or myth and fondly hoped they might find the wealth their predecessors doubtless had overlooked. Between them — friars and colonists — they succeeded in arousing in the hearts of the Indians a hatred so intense, fiery and unsuppressible that the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680 ensued and violent death stalked through the land. On that dread day of Santana, 1680, the Indians, led by the zealous patriot, Popé, arose almost to a man — and woman, for the women shared in this bitter hatred — and fell upon every "long-gown," every white man and woman they could reach.

Scores were slain, Santa Fe was besieged and Governor Otermin, with a band of clinging, terrified refugees, fearfully fled down the Rio Grande to near where El Paso now stands and breathlessly waited for help.

It came in time, and under Diego de Vargas the Indians were first cajoled and then whipped into submission. From that time, until the Mexicans asserted their independence, the Pueblos of New Mexico were regarded as loyal to Spain — lukewarm, perhaps, yet not actively hostile, transferring their allegiance in perfunctory fashion to the republic of Mexico, and, on the arrival of Kearny, in 1846, to the United States.

It must be noted, however, that there were other Indians, besides the Pueblos, such as the Apaches and Navahos, who were not inclined to accept the sovereignty of Spain, and who looked with a greater or lesser degree of contempt and scorn upon all attempts of the friars to change their religion. Their attitude plainly was that of the more modern skeptic who, on being informed that unless he believed what the church taught, would assuredly be damned, promptly replied that "he would be damned if he did." They were insolent, defiant, incorrigible and unconquerable. Missionaries and colonists had brought into the land horses, cows, sheep and innumerable seeds for fruit trees, vegetables and grains. With a speedy appreciation of the value of the former these wily nomads began to levy unauthorized contributions upon the flocks and herds of the colonists and those of the Indians who had become Christianized and counted as "the faithful." A state of perpetual war, therefore, might be said to exist, the Apaches, Navahos and a few of the tribes swooping down upon the Spaniards and Mexicans and their possessions, in season and out, and being in turn slain singly or massacred in droves, when-

ever the tide of fortune turned in favour of the whites.

It was during these fighting days that the Navaho woman learned the art of blanket-weaving — which she had always known in a very crude and primitive fashion — with the wool from the sheep of the Spaniard, and to this fact, combined with the Navaho man's discovery that roast sheep and ox were more satisfying than the flesh of rabbits and the like, is undoubtedly owing most of the depredations committed by the nomad Indians upon the Mexicans.

In these conflicts considerable skill and generalship often were displayed, and thus came into existence a mass of stories, told with great gusto around the herders' and cowboys' campfires, and before the open fire-places of the Mexican homes, of deeds daring and thrilling, of narrow escapes and bloody achievements, of which later writers have made good use.

In these Spanish and Mexican days, too, great grants of land were given to Americans and other foreigners as well as those who used the Castilian speech (pure or otherwise). These were afterwards the subject of much harassing legislation, mainly because of a misunderstanding as to the reasons, etc., the real motive, behind the grants. It is well that this motive be understood, for, while it was just, potent, and reasonable in that day, it does not exist in ours, and, therefore, many wise people of to-day argue it never did exist.

No intelligent reader of history can forget that when the Spaniards took New Mexico land was of little value. They had found a new world many scores of times larger than the whole of that part of the old world claimed by them. They could neither use nor protect it. Two hundred years later when the Mexicans drove out the Spaniards the new owners were confronted with the same

problems. They wanted to retain some kind of hold upon it, yet foes without caused fears within, especially as there were foes within as well as without. Land, particularly when it was upon the Mexican frontier adjoining territory of the United States, was always adjudged insecure. The Mexicans knew the land-grabbing, country-swallowing habits of the aggressive Anglo-Saxon, hence they felt that if, by granting such land to men who would use and hold it against all comers, they would not only retain their sovereignty over the land, but would place an effective buffer between themselves and a people whom they strongly mistrusted. Then, too, Navahos, Apaches, Utes, Comanches and others, were ever warring upon them, and it was a help and a comfort to feel that some redoubtable Indian fighter was at hand to arrest these aggressions and occasionally "take a rise" out of the aggressors. It can be seen, therefore, that it was a wise policy on the part of the Mexican Government to make these grants. They led to the founding of colonies, to the extension of the boundaries of civilization, and set up barriers against the inroads of the savages and the encroachments of their enterprising and active neighbours across the border. What to them meant a few acres, a few thousands, a few hundreds of thousands of acres, of land? They were glad to give it to any in whose loyalty and courage they had belief that they would help to hold it. And, when the Mexican Government ceded New Mexico and California to the United States, it must never be forgotten, as Frank Springer eloquently and forcefully argued before the United States Supreme Court, that the Mexican Government expressly stipulated that its previous grants of land should be acknowledged and protected. Of course the seizing of the country by General Stephen Kearny, in 1846, caused considerable excitement, though

there was practically little bloodshed consequent upon the act. Kearny's arrest of Fremont, later, in California, produced an immensely greater ripple in American thought than did the annexation of the whole of New Mexico (including what is now Arizona).

In one of the chapters I have endeavoured to show what a wonderful "playground" New Mexico is for the United States. But I have merely touched the high lights of the subject, as will be apparent to all who know the country. Yet I cannot too strongly commend this phase of the subject to those who are looking for change, to whom doctors say: "Travel; go somewhere for a change." There is no place in the world that will better repay a serious visit of a few months spent in wandering up and down its square miles. For what is change of air, change of scene, change of work? Few people analyze the reason why these changes are so beneficial. Is it not that they bring a change of thought, of mental attitude, of outlook? The man whose every moment has been devoted to his business, his clerks, his store, his office, his factory, his mill, is now away from them. He sees birds and bees, buds and blossoms, mountains and canyons, rushing, roaring rivers, tuneful cataracts, dashing sprays, whirling rapids, fleecy clouds in the bluest of blue skies, men and women tramping — hiking they now call it — up trails, or riding horse- or burro-back for far-away mountain peaks. He is out in the sun, in the fresh air. He puts on his old clothes, or a suit of khaki bought for the occasion, and feels the freedom of a soft shirt, and of a collar that has none of the compression of a harness. He goes out bareheaded, and becomes as brown as a berry, new muscles come into play; he breathes deeper than he has done for years. At first it makes him dizzy, and tired, but he eats like a hired man and sleeps

like a baby, rolls in the dirt like a tramp and looks as healthy and rugged as a hobo. His brain becomes clearer and he thinks better. He loses his headache and backache, and that old stomach trouble that has worried him for years disappears. His liver no longer gives him twinges and those stiff joints begin to work easier.

He drinks the pure mountain water by the gallon, and that yellow tinge in the eyes and on his skin disappears. His breath becomes pure; he no longer wakes up in the morning with a dark brown taste in his mouth, and his friends, seeing him walk, comment on his rejuvenated appearance.

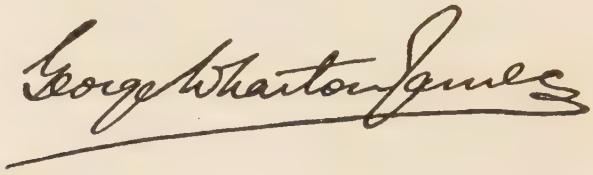
These, and more, far more, are the physical changes discernible and apparent in him as a month is passed by, and the longer he stays the better he feels.

But these changes are by no means the most important. His mind becomes as clarified with the scrubbing of the scenery, as his lungs do with the pure air. His sensibilities tingle and dance with the invigoration of the scenic tonics as his blood dances with the increased supply of oxygen. His whole mentality becomes saner, more controlled, less under the dominion of things outside of him, just as his nerves have come under his own control. New and vivid mental impressions of joy, of health, of vigour, of vim fill his hours with optimism; his whole inner nature is stirred, moved, refreshed, shaken-up, restored. With Edwin Markham he shouts in exuberant joy:

> I ride on mountain tops, I ride;
> I have found my life and am satisfied.

No one knows better than I the inadequacy of my sketchy picturing of this great State in all its alluring phases. If, however, I can lead a few people of intelli-

gence each year to break loose from the traditional and conventional routes of travel and give themselves the joy of roughing it in New Mexico, I shall receive such gratitude from them — even though it be only by wireless — that I shall be fully satisfied.



Pasadena, California, 1920.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	By Way of Foreword	v
I.	Why "The Land of the Delight Makers"	1
II.	The Explorations and Subjugations of New Mexico	8
III.	The Homeric Epic of New Mexico	20
IV.	The Great Pueblo Rebellion of 1680	24
V.	The World's Greatest Autograph Album, Inscription Rock	34
VI.	My Adventures at Zuni	51
VII.	Among the Witches	80
VIII.	Hunting with Indians in New Mexico	98
IX.	Acoma, the City of the Cliffs	124
X.	Katzimo — The Enchanted Mesa	178
XI.	The Arts and Industries of the Indians	186
XII.	The Religion of the Indians	195
XIII.	Indian Songs and Music	220
XIV.	The Native Architecture of New Mexico	244
XV.	The Pueblo of Taos	257
XVI.	The Antiquities of New Mexico. Its Ancient Dwellings — Its Mission Churches	266
XVII.	The American Passion Play	269
XVIII.	The Mountains of New Mexico	302
XIX.	The National Forests of New Mexico	322
XX.	The Bird Life of New Mexico	334
XXI.	The Flora of New Mexico	340

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXII.	The Influence of New Mexico upon Literature	347
XXIII.	The Influence of New Mexico upon Art: The Taos Society of Artists	373
XXIV.	Ancient and Modern Methods of Seeing New Mexico	403
XXV.	New Mexico as the Nation's Playground	409
XXVI.	Education in New Mexico	414
XXVII.	The University and Special Schools of New Mexico	421
XXVIII.	The Art Museum of Santa Fe	428
XXIX.	Irrigation in New Mexico	444
XXX.	Albuquerque, The Commercial Metropolis of New Mexico	450
XXXI.	The Population of New Mexico	458
	Bibliography	461
	Index	463

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE WATER MAIDEN AT LAGUNA *(In full color). (See page 400)* . . . . . *Frontispiece*

THE PUEBLO OF ISLETA xi

MAP OF NEW MEXICO 1

A CARLSBAD HOME 5

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSION AT THE PUEBLO OF ZIA *(In full color)* 16

THE OLD MEXICAN OVENS AT SAN LORENZO . . 31

EL MORRO — INSCRIPTION ROCK 34

THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI FROM ACROSS THE RIVER . . 56

MAN AND BOY, ZUNI 59

WE-WHA, THE REMARKABLE ZUNI CHARACTER WHO VISITED PRESIDENT CLEVELAND 63

WE-WHA AT THE GRINDING TROUGH IN HER HOUSE AT ZUNI 64

ZUNI DICK AND HIS BROTHER MAKING SHELL BEAD NECKLACES 68

THE PILLARS KNOWN AS "THE CAIQUE'S SON AND DAUGHTER," ON TAIYOALLANE, NEAR ZUNI . . 72

ZUNI NICK, SOON AFTER HE WAS TRIED AS A WIZARD 86

MELITA, THE DAY AFTER SHE WAS RESCUED FROM HANGING AS A WITCH 92

PUEBLO INDIAN, WITH THROWING STICK, READY FOR A RABBIT HUNT 98

FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION OF *WE-MA-HE*, OR PREY FETICHES 110

THE NEW MEXICO DESERT REGION IN WINTER *(In full color)* 113

PAGE

The Cliffs of Acoma, showing the Old Franciscan Mission 126
A Street in Acoma 130
The Governor of Laguna 137
Interior of the Old Franciscan Mission at Acoma 154
The Pueblo of Laguna 160
Dance at the *Fiesta de San Esteban* at Acoma *(In full color)* 170
Katzimo, or The Enchanted Mesa, from the North 178
Pueblo Indians Making Pottery 192
Pahos, or Prayer Sticks 207
Manuelito, the Last Great Navaho Chief . . 214
Preparing for a Dance, Zuni 225
A Dance at Laguna 239
The Old Mission Church at Zuni 245
The Mission Church at Cochiti, before, and after, "Restoration" 250
"Christ on the Cross," in the *Morada* at Taos . 262
The Penitente Cross at San Mateo 274
The Self-whipping of the New Mexico Penitentes *(In full color)* 282
The Author attempting to carry a typical Penitente Cross 288
The *Carreta del Muerto* used by the Penitentes at Taos 292
A Summer Camp in the Santa Fe National Forest 307
San Mateo Mountain — also called Mt. Taylor 310
Bear Canyon, in the Sandias 318
A Goat Ranch in the Lincoln National Forest 328
Santa Fe Lake, Santa Fe National Forest . . 332
A New Mexico Wild Turkey 335
The Guardian of the Desert *(In full color)* . . 340
Palo Verde — Mesquite — Desert Flora . . 344
A New Mexico "Vocalist" 368
The "Ocatillo" 394

PAGE

The Sentinels of the Desert — The Mirage — The Snowy Range 396
The Pepper Stringers *(In full color)* . . . 399
A Pueblo Indian Funeral Procession at Isleta 400
Quaken Aspen Grove, Cloudcroft . . . 412
Indian School, Laguna 418
"The Cathedral of the Desert": Museum and Auditorium, Santa Fe *(In full color)* . . 428
Elephant Butte Dam 446
Section of the Main Canal, Carlsbad Project . 448
Church of San Felipe de Neri 453
An Albuquerque Residential Street . . . 456

NEW MEXICO, THE LAND OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS

CHAPTER I

WHY "THE LAND OF THE DELIGHT MAKERS"

To rightly choose a title for any book is generally a work of difficulty, of much earnest search and deep cogitation. Yet in this case the title came readily. One of the most fascinating books ever written by a deeply serious student of Archæology is the novel of Adolf Bandelier — *The Delight Makers.* In it he builds up for us,— from his intimate knowledge of the documentary history, the wealth of gathered tradition, and his familiarity with the life of their immediate descendants,— the social, religious, and tribal life of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers, the Tyuonyi — that strange race, which much conjecture and guesswork has involved in clouds of deep and impenetrable mystery. Known to the Spanish population as the *Rito do los Frijoles,* it was left for Bandelier to discover to the world the wealth of cliff-dwellings its canyon walls contained. They are now visited annually by thousands. To teach the unscientific world the significance of these cliff-dwellings was Bandelier's intense desire, and to accomplish this he hit upon the plan of the popular novel. Doubtless had he been alive to-day he would have been "unscientific" enough — in the profundity of his insight

into human nature — to use "movies" for the same purpose. Here is his own statement:

> I was prompted to perform the work by a conviction that, however scientific works may tell the truth about the Indians they exercise always a limited influence upon the general public; and to that public, in our country as well as abroad the Indian has remained as good as unknown. By clothing sober facts in the garb of romance, I have hoped to make the "Truth about the Pueblo Indians" more accessible and perhaps more acceptable to the public in general.

He called his novel *The Delight Makers* from the clowns who performed their antics and buffoonery for the delectation of the prehistoric dwellers in the cliffs. These delight-makers were of the oldest inhabitants, but, also, they were prophetic of the later comers to New Mexico, and more particularly of *the land itself.* Hundreds of thousands of students of the life of the past have visited, and will visit, New Mexico because of its wealth of *archæologic* and *ethnologic* material. Those who are interested in the home-building Pueblo Indians, their quaint legends, their pathetic struggles to retain their ancient religion, their slow demoralization by contact with the whites, will go in ever increasing numbers to their New Mexico homes so long as a spark of the ancient civilization and a handful of its representatives remain. While scenically New Mexico lost its most wonderful part when Arizona was sliced from its western side, it still retains enough to be a peculiar wonderland within itself. Acoma is still the incomparable cliff-home of the sky; Zuni, with its Thunder Mountain, and its archaic people, the lodestone to the seeker after the quaint and curious, as well as the picturesque and sublime. No lava-fields in the world can surpass those viewed from the summit of Mt. San Mateo and the cliffs of Cibolleta. There is but one Inscription Rock in the world. The Navaho Indians

are equally interesting with any other tribe in existence and their Fire Dance, their Ship-Rock, Canyon de Chelly, and a thousand and one scenic spots on their reservation await the coming of the hundreds of thousands who will ultimately visit them. The Pueblos of the Rio Grande still stand to excite the imagination of other visitors as they did that of Marah Ellis Ryan, who there wrote her *Flute of the Gods.* The old Spanish palace and the Mission Church of San Miguel, in Santa Fe, remain, with their stories of the Pueblo uprising of 1680, and *Ben Hur* and Lew Wallace. Taos, with its great community houses, still remains the northernmost outpost to which Pueblo Indian civilization reached. The Enchanted Mesa — Katzimo — still stands in the pure blue of the New Mexico sky, luring visitors to seek to gain its summit as did Professor William Libbey, of Princeton, and wage a wordy war about it as did the climber and the redoubtable Teuton of Western Letters — Lummis — as to whether it was really the home of the ancient Acoma. Villegra's epic poem, giving the history in Spanish verse of the conquest of the cliff-city of Acoma by Zaldivar, will still thrill thousands — hundreds of thousands — as the years go by, with its vivid word pictures of the dreadful fight on the penyol height. The *penitentes* still exist and in their *moradas* perform those strange rites that recall the days of our Lord's passion, and then come out into the open, and upon their small *Calvarios,* reënact the scene of the dire tragedy of Calvary of two thousand years ago, after flagellating themselves until blood streams down their lacerated backs. The Spanish Mission churches of New Mexico still remain, some of them one hundred and fifty years older than those of California, and while not so pleasing and striking architecturally, they confessedly possess far more historic interest.

And so I might ramble on by the hour, just as the whim seizes, recalling the delight-making reminiscences that occur as I think casually of the New Mexico over which I have traveled in the past thirty-odd years. And I would not ignore the lure of its invigorating climate that invites to the healthfulness of the open-air life and gives back vigour and strength to the hundreds of thousands who have lost them in their mad and pathetic chase for wealth, or a livelihood, in the crowded cities of the East and Middle West. Its sunshiny, pure atmosphered, forest-sloped area brings delight in that it aids materially in restoring the weak, anemic, and sick to vigorous health. The conditions invite one into the open. Individually they call also in vivid chorus and orchestra, but all with the same theme: "Come out into the open! Let us fill your lungs with the purest of sun-laden, balsam-charged air. Let us induce you to walk, to exercise, to ride, to golf, to motor, to row, to swim, to climb, and thus brush the cobwebs from the brains and muscles, strengthen the body, vivify and quicken the legs, and, better than all, free the spirit, and give new life, vim, ambition, activity to the will!" For this is what New Mexico actually does to the health-seeker, and thus fills him with the new delight of joyous, happy, exuberant living. Under such conditions despondency is put to rout, the blue devils are slain, gloom and despair are unknown, and even the confirmed hypochondriac becomes infected with radiant joy, and laughs, "and sings, and shouts in the fields about," while he totally forgets his imaginary wrongs and ills.

Then it has ever been a delight to the stock man. New Mexico, with its immense mountain ranges, long sloping foothills and vast grazing areas, seemed especially adapted for cattle, and from Raton to Gallup, Taos to Deming, it is known the United States over as one of the largest

Photograph by U. S. Reclamation Service.

A CARLSBAD HOME.

beef-producing States of the Union. Sheep, too, and goats, are the chosen stock not only of Navahos and Mexicans — who own them in herds of many hundreds, and even thousands — but of many shrewd white men who have amassed large fortunes from their wool, mutton, and pelts.

If money-producing mines cause delight then New Mexico is a delight maker in this field, for it has been rich in productive mines ever since the days when Espejo and his men discovered valuable ores and found the Indians well versed in the art of mining turquoise. In Socorro County is its State School of Mines, and on the Santa Fe sidings at Gallup hundreds of carloads of coal, just mined, can be seen, about to be hauled to California and other Western points, and as far east as Kansas.

Is there any limit to the delight experienced by the farmer who sees barren and arid land subject to the vivifying influence of water, secured by judicious conservation of the flood streams, or by tapping the inexhaustible underground flow of hitherto unknown sources? Deming and its surrounding Mimbres Valley, in two or three decades, has built up from nothing to a thriving city of 4,000 inhabitants, and a region smiling with fertility and dotted with the homes of a healthy and prosperous and happy people. Below Elephant Butte dam, like a giant link of sausages, lie the fertile areas of Palomas, Rincon, the upper and lower Mesilla, and the El Paso Valleys, all of them brought into wonderful productiveness by the conservation of the hitherto untamed Rio Grande. On the Pecos River, too, the United States Reclamation engineers have expended their intellect and energy in controlling the flood waters and diverting them to lands of great promise, and the cities of Roswell and Carlsbad and their thriving environs loudly assert that New Mexico

is still a land for the making of delight by means of agriculture.

And the reclaiming processes go on sometimes without the discovery of new, or the control of the wild, sources of water for irrigation. The people of New Mexico in some regions, especially the Estancia Valley, are watching their bank accounts become actually plethoric because of their discovery that beans grow prolifically in their hitherto slowly developing regions. "Bean festivals" are becoming growingly more popular in the State, and I can vouch that the delight manifested on the faces and in the demeanour of residents and visitors alike has never been surpassed by the world-famed bean-eaters of the far-away East, though their beans are accompanied by noted brands of brown bread and culture.

Finally, as one reads the chapter on the influence of New Mexico upon literature and art, it will be seen how great has been the delight produced in artist and author by this land of wonder and fascination. Taos, for half a century, has attracted its artists and to-day boasts a large and growing colony whose pictures are recognized as belonging to the noted art productions of America. Santa Fe has become a noted Literary Colony. Here Bandelier produced some of his greatest work; in its ancient *Palacio* General Lew Wallace wrote part of his *Ben Hur.* Here Davis gained much of the material for his *El Gringo* and *Spanish Conquest,* and Lummis stored his mind with history and romance which he afterwards put into his *Land of Poco Tiempo, Spanish Pioneers,* and two volumes of fascinating short stories. It is also the home of the first real field-school of American Archæology in America. Indeed it can confidently be affirmed that without New Mexico there would be no accepted Science of American Archæology to the outside world.

Hence, for these and many other reasons that will occur to those familiar with the land, it will be seen that we owe much to Bandelier for the use of his happy phrase, "the Land of the Delight-Makers."

CHAPTER II

THE EXPLORATIONS AND SUBJUGATIONS OF NEW MEXICO

The transcontinental journey of Cabeza de Vaca, after the destruction of the ill-fated expedition of Pamphilo de Narvaez, is well known. And so, also, is the memorable journey of Coronado, when Zuni, Acoma, the Hopi pueblos, those of the Rio Grande and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River were discovered and described for the first time; also his expedition which reached out as far as Wichita, Kansas.

The failure of Coronado's expedition withheld further exploration for four decades, though the frontier of Mexican settlement was being constantly thrust forward and nearer by explorers, missionaries, miners, cattlemen and the military. Reports of the large settlements of the Pueblos were coming in all the time and they did not minify the cotton fields and the wealth of the food supply of the Indians. In 1581, on June 5, an expedition left Santa Barbara, Mexico, comprising three friars, nine soldiers and about sixteen Indian servants. The organizer of the party was Fray Augustin Rodriguez, and the commander of the soldiers was Francisco Sanchez, commonly called Chamuscado. These people reached Acoma and two of the missionaries remained in the country. The other one, Fray Santa Maria, who had decided to go back alone, was murdered in a few days by Indians. The reports of this expedition excited the people of New Spain, and led to the final subjugation of New Mexico by Juan de Oñate.

But in the meantime the Franciscans were active on behalf of their brethren who were out among the savages of this little-known land. In their anxiety they organized an expedition, that had their interests first of all at heart, led by Fray Bernaldino Beltran. This was financed by a wealthy citizen of Mexico, Antonio de Espejo, and late in 1582, with an equipment of a hundred and fifteen horses and mules, it started north. When the party reached the Tiguas they learned of the death of all the missionaries. Thus the avowed purpose of the expedition was gained, yet both Father Beltran and Espejo deemed the opportunity to explore further too good to be lost, so they wandered about, visiting various pueblos, hunting for a reported lake of gold — which, of course, they did not find,— receiving a present of four thousand cotton blankets from the Hopi, and doing considerable prospecting for mines in western Arizona. Father Beltran then returned to New Spain but Espejo turned east until the hostility of the Tanos Pueblos, who would neither admit him nor give him food, led him to withdraw.

The various reports of this expedition added fuel to the fires long raging in the minds of the Spanish-Mexican gold hunters, and as Espejo certainly did find some rich ores, it was not long before determined efforts were being made by several aspirants to secure from the viceroy the necessary license for starting out on a glorious career of conquest and the accumulation of wealth. It must here be recalled that no citizen of Spain was allowed to start out *unauthorized* even in the exploration of a new country. The creatures we call kings were very jealous of their prerogatives, one of which was that they, by the favour of Almighty God, owned all the undiscovered and unexplored countries, and that they alone had the right

and power to confer upon whomsoever they condescended to honour by their favour the high privilege of spending their own money and risking their own lives in making the needful explorations and conquests. Hence the viceroy was besieged by requests for licenses. In the meantime two rascally pirates — according to kingly standards — started out on an unauthorized expedition, and spent about a year visiting the Pueblos and going well into the Buffalo Country. One of them, Humano, murdered the other, Levya, and was himself murdered in turn by the Indians.

Then, in 1595, the final decision was made, and out of all the aspirants for the honour Juan de Oñate was chosen. Here "influence" doubtless had its "pull," for Oñate was not only wealthy, but his wife was the granddaughter of Cortés, and the great-granddaughter of Montezuma. Possibly superstition had its share in the "pull," for what powers could resist one who was so close to the great Cortés?

There was not quite as much fanfare of trumpets and pomp of circumstance on the starting out of Oñate as there was when Coronado set forth, but the expedition was one to command respectful attention. There were four hundred men, of whom one hundred and thirty had their families along. Eighty-three wagons and carts carried the baggage, and a herd of more than 7,000 head of stock was driven on foot. Father Martinez, of the Franciscans, with a band of his fellow friars, was in charge of the spiritual interests.

It must have been an impressive procession that passed through the streets of the last Mexican city, and what high hopes were centered around it! After getting well advanced on their journey Oñate, with sixty men, went ahead, and on July 7, 1598, received the submission of

the Indian chiefs of seven "provinces" at Santo Domingo and four days later, July 11, reached the pueblos of Caypa, where he determined to establish his headquarters. He christened the place San Juan de los Caballeros. This was the first town started in New Mexico by the Spaniards. Its location to-day is known as Chamita. A month later fifteen hundred Indians were working with the Spaniards on an irrigating ditch which Oñate was putting in for "the city of San Francisco." On August 23 a church was begun and its completion was celebrated on September 8. Then, on September 9, after a great celebration the day before, a general assembly was held, rods of office were given to the chiefs of the various pueblos, the missionaries allotted to their respective stations and the conquest of New Mexico declared to be complete.

Oñate now began to reach out. He sent one of his captains, Vicente de Zaldivar, eastward, to explore the Buffalo Country, while he himself visited Zuni, discovered the great salt deposits, and thence went to the Hopi country, intending to continue traveling until he came to the South Sea where he hoped to find great wealth in pearls.

In November, Juan de Zaldivar, Vicente's brother, started west to join Oñate, but, as is recorded in the chapter on Acoma, he was slain at that pueblo, and Vicente went to punish the murderers, which he did most effectively. After this he went westward with twenty-five companions, and for three months tried to reach the South Sea, reporting that he came as near as three days from it. Hostile Indians and impassable mountains, however, stood in the way.

In the meantime Oñate was having troubles of his own, but he was resolute, brave and daring, and, in 1604, was

rejoiced by the accomplishment of his great desire, for, reaching the Colorado River at Bill Williams fork, he descended its left branch until he arrived at the Gulf of California. In the chapter on Inscription Rock will be found a copy of the record left there of this memorable journey.

There is also an inscription of Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, who was one of the governors of New Mexico after Oñate (1629). Another inscription, with the date 1636, is claimed to be that of Diego Martin Barba, who was secretary to Don Francisco Martinez Baeza, governor at that time.

The records in New Mexico or Washington of the period between Oñate and the rebellion of 1680 are scant, doubtless owing to their destruction by the Indians during that uprising.

Further investigation among the archives in Spain and Mexico may reveal much that we do not now know. Special research students of the University of California have already made interesting discoveries about this patriotic attempt of the Indians to drive out their hated subjugators and to regain control of their own lives.

The governor in charge at the time of the rebellion was Otermin, and he was succeeded by Cruzate, who endeavoured, with more or less success, to force the Indians back to their allegiance. But it was to Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon that the task of reconquering the country was allotted. It appears, however, that had the king known of the success of Cruzate's efforts it is very possible that to Cruzate the "honour" of the reconquest would have fallen, for, on hearing what he had accomplished, he wrote the Viceroy of New Spain instructing him that if de Vargas had not yet taken his position, or was not governing successfully, he,

de Vargas, was to be given another office and the governorship be retained by Cruzate.

De Vargas, on receiving his appointment, at once marched north, though with a small army. He proceeded with great rapidity, determining to take the enemy by surprise, but found most of the lower pueblos in ruins, and those of Santo Domingo and Cochiti abandoned. On the 13th of September, 1692, he reached Santa Fe, surrounded the city, shut off the water-supply and demanded the surrender of the Indians. These were defiant and threatening, but, before night, yielded. Then, with the help of Tupatú, one of the chiefs who had been most active in the rebellion, but now offered his submissive allegiance, de Vargas visited the various pueblos, and, in turn, succeeded in persuading them all to return to the fold. At Acoma, Zuni, and the Hopi pueblos it appeared that there would be trouble, but the persuasions of de Vargas, the friars who accompanied him, or of Tupatú, answered the purpose, and all the pueblos asked for pardon and yielded without conflict. The only troubles that were serious were caused by attacks of bands of Apaches. Thus by the end of 1692 the reconquest supposedly was accomplished.

But de Vargas knew there was considerable unrest among the Indians, and he visited the viceroy to urge the need of sending more soldiers and as many colonists as could be gathered together, in accordance with a request previously preferred. The viceroy agreed to supply them, but de Vargas, with characteristic impatience, hurried back with 800 colonists and about a hundred soldiers. Seventeen friars, under Fray Salvador de San Antonio, also went along as missionaries. Before they reached Santa Fe the emigrants were suffering for want of food, and their woes were added to by rumours that

the Indians were opposed to their coming, had made a treaty with the Apaches to join them in fighting the Spaniards and would do everything in their power to keep them out of the country. De Vargas also was warned that some of the Indians of the pueblo of Zia were decidedly in favour of war against the Spaniards. In addition to this, he was informed that his former interpreter, Pedro de Tapia, had been spreading disturbing rumours abroad to the effect that de Vargas, upon his return, intended to execute all the leaders of the rebellion of 1680.

On his arrival at San Felipe, however, de Vargas sent messages of peace to the people of the various pueblos, and, in spite of warlike rumours, went on his way to Santa Fe. Tupatú joined him on the way and showed by his deep dejection that the evil rumours had reached his ears, but when de Vargas assured him of his good faith the Indian cheered up, and went on with the good news to Santa Fe. The result was that when de Vargas arrived he reëntered the city, on the 16th of December, under the banner used for the same purpose by Oñate, and thus was able to report the complete pacification of New Mexico to the viceroy. The document announcing his entry is still in existence and gives a very graphic picture of the event.

From now on, however, de Vargas was to be in the midst of trouble. It came to him on every hand. His forbearance and kindly treatment of the rebellious Indians was accounted as weakness, or cowardice, and the native medicine-men, always hostile to the Spaniards, incited them to new rebellion. The Tanos, for instance, had been allowed to leave their own village at Galisteo and come and live in the old palace and adjacent royal houses at Santa Fe. De Vargas now wanted the buildings and urged the Tanos to vacate them. This they re-

fused to do, and on December 28, 1693, closed the entrance to the plaza and made defiant preparations for defense.

Warfare now began in earnest and was waged furiously all day, the Spaniards, however, having the best of it. When night came the Tanos governor hanged himself, and the rest surrendered. If de Vargas, in the past, had shown himself too lenient, there certainly could be no such charge repeated at this juncture, for he took seventy of the leaders and immediately executed them, and then sold four hundred of the women and children into slavery.

This unexpected severity so angered the Indians that the Tanos and six of the pueblos of the Tehuas sprang to arms and fled to the summit of Tu-yó, the Black Mesa, near San Ildefonso, which they put into a state of defense. From here they raided the bands of cattle and horses of the Spaniards, and slaughtered every one they could capture who left the defenses of the city. The Indians of Pecos, Zia, Santa Ana, and San Felipe remained faithful to de Vargas, and thus incurred the bitter enmity and hostility of their neighbours. When de Vargas marched to the Black Mesa, January 9, 1694, the hostiles bamboozled him by leading him to believe they wished to make peace. In March, however, things came to a head. With one hundred and ten soldiers, many of the settlers and friendly Indians, the governor began an attack. His two field pieces burst at the first discharge, yet for fifteen days the conflict was waged, intermittently, with thirty Indians slain, when de Vargas returned to Santa Fe with considerable maize and a hundred horses and mules he had recovered from the enemy.

The rebels of Cochiti also took refuge on the Mesa of Cienequilla and showed fight, but they were compelled

to flee by a surprise attack guided by friendly Indians, leaving twenty-one dead on the field of battle.

In June the Taos Indians demanded attention, and on the way to them de Vargas had to fight the Tehuas at Cuyamungue, about eleven miles north of Santa Fe, and one Indian was killed for each mile traveled.

Taos was deserted. The Indians had fled to the nearby mountains, and the governor sacked their pueblo and carried away a large amount of corn. He now had to march upon the Jemez, who, after harassing the Indian allies of the Spaniards at Zia and Santa Ana, had fled to the mesa above the San Diego Canyon. In the fight that ensued de Vargas slew about seventy of the foe, five others perished by fire, and seven threw themselves over the cliff and were dashed to pieces rather than surrender. He also captured three hundred and sixty-one prisoners. Later the Jemez Indians gave up one of their chiefs, who, they claimed, had incited them to war, and de Vargas sent him for ten years' slavery to the mines of New Spain.

Another attack was now made upon the Tanos and Tehuas on the Black Mesa, at San Ildefonso. Twice when de Vargas attempted to scale the summit he was driven back. He was more successful in cutting off supplies, and the desperate Indians, to save themselves from starving to death, came down and gave battle several times in the valley. Each attempt, however, was in vain, and after repeated defeats they became discouraged and sued for peace.

This seemed to end the troubles. The Indians had had enough. They had tested the power of the Spaniards and found them too hard to fight. They acknowledged their defeat and promised to be good if de Vargas would return to them their women and children, for whenever the governor had been successful in one of his attacks on the

pueblos, he captured not only the men (who were sold into slavery to the mines of New Spain), but the women and children also. These were given as servants to the Spanish and Mexican colonists. This action on the part of de Vargas was now to rebound upon his own head. To keep faith with the Indians he ordered the return of their women and children, when the colonists severely abused him for depriving them of their excellent servants.

The friars resumed their missionary labours among the Indians, and all again seemed well.

This content, however, proved to be only on the surface. The Indians were filled with bitter hatred of the Spaniards, and the presence of the padres added fuel to the fire as they sought to break up the " ways of the old " and thus destroy the power of the native medicine men, who were more dogmatic as to their being in the right than were the friars themselves.

Then in 1696 famine broke out and its gaunt specter stalked to and fro among the colonists, adding more woe to the trouble-cup that for so long had been brewing for the unhappy governor. The friars, who were better able than any to judge the temper of the Indians, petitioned him,— nay, insisted, that he place guards of soldiers at each mission. Preferring to believe that the Indians were thoroughly pacified he replied that those friars who were afraid might leave their charges and return to Santa Fe. A few of them took advantage of this permission, and it was well they did so, for, on June 4, the Indians of Taos, Picuries, the Tehuas, the Queres of Santo Domingo and Cochiti, as well as the Jemez arose, killed five missionaries and twenty-one Spaniards and then fled to the mountains. There they persuaded the Navahos and the pueblos of Acoma and Zuni to join with them in an attack upon the pueblos of Zia, Santa Ana and San Felipe,

who still remained "loyal" to the Spaniards. At Zia there were a few soldiers, and the alcade-mayor of Bernalillo joining them, a fierce battle took place, raging in the San Diego canyon and over the ruins of San Juan. Although the Indians had the much larger force they were defeated, with the loss of thirty men. This broke up the confederation. The Jemez fled and remained with the Navahos for several years, and thus escaped punishment, but de Vargas was resolved to make an example of the Acomese and Zunis. On the 8th of August he marched to Acoma, and on the 15th made an attack. Though he failed to scale the penyol height, he captured five prisoners, one of them being the chief. The latter he released, but, being denied the ascent to the village, he shot the other four and retired.

The following month found him fighting the Taos Indians in several battles, after which they submitted and returned to their pueblo. The Tehuas of San Juan and Picuries next received attention, and on the 26th of October, after a severe defeat, eighty-four Indian women and children were captured and given to the Spanish soldiers on their return to Santa Fe, as servants.

This year saw the end of the governorship of de Vargas and though he expected a reappointment, and the king actually made it, communications with Spain were so slow that Don Pedro Rodriguez Cubero was appointed as his successor, took his place, heard charges preferred against him (de Vargas), fined him four thousand pesos, and sent him to prison for three years before the will of the king became known. Not only was he reappointed, but the Crown gave him public recognition and offered him a choice of the titles of *marqués* or *condé*. In the attack upon de Vargas by the colonists he was accused of several things. He was charged with the embezzle-

ment of money given to him by the viceroy for the support of the colonists; his execution of the Tanos captives was said to have caused the uprising of 1694–6; the famine was the result of his mismanagement; and he had driven out of the country those families that were likely to have testified against him. As de Vargas had resisted the authority of Cubero in displacing him and appealed to the viceroy (who did not sustain him) the other, as we have seen, fined and imprisoned him, at the very time the king had publicly acclaimed him as the pacifier of New Mexico and had offered him the patent of nobility. Such is Fate! and thus are treated the puppets of kings!

It is not my purpose, however, to retail the quarrels of the rulers of New Mexico. Let it suffice to say that from now on the Pueblos practically were subjugated. The Navahos and Apaches continued to give considerable trouble, carrying on their depredations and terrorizing even up to within the past thirty or forty years when the United States succeeded in drawing their savage teeth.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

CHAPTER III

THE HOMERIC EPIC OF NEW MEXICO

Much of what we know of the early Grecian wars and their heroes comes to us through Homer. For centuries the work of the blind bard of Greece has been the mental training ground of the youth of all civilized countries. They have learned not only language, history, mythology and warfare from him but standards of heroism, bravery and manhood.

I have no objection to Homer. I would have every boy and girl master him thoroughly. But, where opportunity affords, where local annals, traditions, or history can be found to *supplement* Homer and thus give *local* colour to the deeds of bravery, acts of heroism, lives of glorious manhood, I would introduce and use these "local Homers" in the education of the youth of the land and thus fire them to the highest stimulation.

Is it not self-evident that boys and girls will take more interest in events that have occurred on their own native soil,— the place of their present everyday habitation — and in the men who shaped these events, than they will in those of the far-away Homeric lands and days? The sooner we can put into the hearts of our youth the thought that they are as capable of great deeds as any people of history the nobler their lives, and the higher their aspirations will become.

To New Mexico especially do I commend this argument. Her history is full of fascination and interest.

She is a prolific source of original-document study, full of the lively spirit of adventure and of stirring incidents in flood and field,— fights with fierce and bloody Indians, smothering sandstorms, freezing blizzards, trackless deserts, pathless forests, treacherous quicksands, and awesome canyons.

One of these original sources is Villagra's *Historia de la Nueva Mexico,* published in 1610,— over three hundred years ago,— and to make it more Homeric, it is written in verse — thirty-four cantos — each of which, in spite of its rather high-flown efforts, is packed full of useful historical information. This book belongs legitimately to the chapter on New Mexico Literature, but so important is its subject-matter from a historical standpoint that it deserves especial treatment.

The original work is rare, yet copies enough were known to exist to have prevented the historians from giving — as they all did — incorrect dates of the Oñate conquest. Its value, however, seems to have been overlooked. Every one ignored it until, in 1877, Hubert Howe Bancroft found it to be a real compendium of facts, indeed a reasonably true history of the Oñate expedition. About the same time a Spanish investigator, Fernandez Duro, and our own Bandelier also called attention to it. Its importance now, however, is fully recognized: so much so that, in 1899, Don Francisco del Paso y Troncoso, Director of the National Museum of Mexico, was so anxious to secure a copy that he made the trip to Madrid, expressly for that purpose. He succeeded in obtaining one and brought it back to Mexico, where he reprinted it, in 1900, in two volumes. Even these are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.

From it all New Mexican historians, since the time of Bancroft, quote, as Villagra was an important member

of Oñate's expedition, and his great poem was published only eleven years after the conquest took place.

Bancroft thus refers to it:

When I had occasion to consult its pages in 1877, I did so with an idea that it might furnish material for a brief note as a literary curiosity; but I found it a most complete narrative, very little if at all the less useful for being in verse. The subject is well enough adapted to epic narration, and in the generally smooth-flowing endecasyllabic lines of Villagra loses nothing of its intrinsic fascination. Occasionally the author quits the realm of poesy to give us a document in plain prose; and while enthusiastic in praise of his leader and his companions, our New Mexican Homer is modest in recounting his own exploits. Of all the territories of America — or of the world, so far as my knowledge goes — New Mexico alone may point to a poem as the original authority for its early annals. Not less remarkable is the historic accuracy of the muse in this production, or the long concealment of the book from the eye of students.

He thus translates the opening stanzas:

Of arms I sing and of the man heroic:
The being, valour, prudence, and high effort
Of him whose endless, never-tiring patience,
Over an ocean of annoyance stretching,
Despite the fangs of foul, envenomed envy,
Brave deeds of prowess ever is achieving;
Of those brave men of Spain, conquistadores,
Who, in the Western India nobly striving,
And searching out all of the world yet hidden,
Still onward press their glorious achievements,
By their strong arms and deeds of daring valour,
In strife of arms and hardships as enduring
As, with rude pen, worthy of being honoured.
And thee I supplicate, most Christian Philip,
Since of New Mexico thou art the Phœnix
Of late sprung forth and in thy grandeur risen
From out the mass of living flame and ashes
Of faith most ardent, in whose glowing embers
Thy own most holy father and our master
We saw inwrapped, devoured by sacred fervour —
To move some little time from off thy shoulders

The great and heavy weight, that thee oppresses,
Of that terrestrial globe which in all justice
Is by thine own strong arm alone supported;
And giving, gracious king, attentive hearing.
Thou here wilt see the weight of weary labours,
And grievous calumnies with which is planted
The holy gospel and the faith of Jesus
By that Achilles who by royal order
Devotes himself to such heroic service.
And if I may by rare access of fortune
Have thee, most noble Philip, for a hearer,
Who doubts that with a universal impulse
The whole wide world will hold its breath to listen
To that which holds so great a king's attention?
Then, being thus by thee so highly favoured,
Since it is nothing less to write the story
Of deeds that worthy are of the pen's record,
Than to achieve deeds that no less are worthy
Of being put by the same pen in writing,
Nothing remains but that those men heroic,
For whose sake I this task have undertaken,
Should still encourage by their acts of valour
The flight ambitious of a pen so humble,
For in this case I think we shall see equaled
Deeds by the words in which they are recorded.
Listen to me, great king, for I was witness
Of all that here, my lord, I have to tell thee.

Lummis, in his *Spanish Pioneers,* has a fine chapter on Villagra to which I heartily commend my readers.

CHAPTER IV

THE GREAT PUEBLO REBELLION OF 1680

WHAT is patriotism? What is a rebellion? Who judges the eternal right of these matters? Were George Washington and his compeers in the right to rebel against England? They and we say, Yes! but had you asked king, queen, princes, lords, statesmen, bishops and all the godly men of England *at the time,* scarce one of them would have said other than that the leaders of the American rebellion were traitors and scoundrels, fit for ignominious death, which assuredly would have been meted out to them had they been caught.

Traitors to whom? to what?

There lies the whole question. Constituted authority is not always righteous authority, and if it is allowed to determine its own righteousness, without appeal, who shall dare question it? Kings have ruled ever by the right of might, hence he who opposed that might was, to them, traitor, rebel, renegade, disloyal, dishonourable, and worthy of death. Many a man has gone down to death branded with one or more of these opprobrious terms, who yet was a brave and upright gentleman, hating tyrannical power and placing his life in the gamble to oppose it.

Let it forever be proclaimed that he who rebels against power, *unlawfully exercised,* against tyranny, injustice, wrong, is a hero, a world-patriot, one of the great and noble throng that has made all world progress possible.

It is in such a category, therefore, that I place the leaders of the Indian rebellion in New Mexico of 1680. The Spaniards had come; they had "subjugated" the Pueblos, they were the "duly constituted authorities," so declared by statesmen and priests as well as the military.

I do not propose, here, to argue the abstract right of a progressive people to take possession of the country of a non-progressive people, for this is the staggering question that for weary weeks occupied the attention of the great Peace Congress in Paris at the close of the World War.

But it does seem reasonable and right,— granting, temporarily, for the sake of the argument, the right of the stronger nation to possess itself of the lands of the weaker nation — that the more powerful should treat those they have subjugated with kindliness and due consideration.

Did the Spaniards do this?

Let them be their own witnesses.

The Pueblo rebellion of 1680 was so striking an uprising and had such a wonderful effect upon the history of New Mexico and Arizona, and there were so many dramatic features connected with it that it is worth while to devote a few pages to a thorough understanding of it and its leaders. Unquestionably the dominating spirit was Popé (Po-pay), a man of tireless energy and wonderful strength of character. As early as 1675, Popé began to attract the attention of the Spaniards. There had been a lot of trouble at the pueblo of San Ildefonso. The friar in charge, who was also Superior of the convent, had suffered in several peculiar ways so that he thought he was bewitched. He accused the Indians of putting this magical and devilish spell upon him. A number of them were arrested and placed on trial. As a result of the trial forty-three Indians were sold into slavery

and four more of them were hung. It was at this juncture that Popé began to act. Without starting an uprising, but in the most discreet and diplomatic manner, he aroused enough feeling and sentiment among his people so that seventy of the principal warriors early one morning entered the house of the Governor of the territory at Santa Fe with eggs, chickens, tobacco, beans, buckskin, dressed-skins, etc., which were offered as a ransom for the release of their brethren, the prisoners. The Governor was so impressed by the demeanour, and also perhaps by the number of the petitioners, that he agreed to yield to their request.

During the preceding eighty years the Indians had leagued together five times in order to free themselves from the domination of the Spaniards, but each time they had been beaten and their incipient insurrections crushed. Now a leader and a patriot was to arise whose personality was such that he was able to dominate his people and ultimately win for them the independence they so much desired. Popé was a native of San Juan, but for several years had resided at Taos. He was a medicine-man who had achieved a great reputation by his success in a variety of ways. Personally he was brave, daring and physically strong. His mentality was so powerful and his personal influence and magnetism so great that he was able to quell all jealousies among the Indians, and soon wielded a power not only over the mass of the people but over his brother medicine-men that made them as plastic as clay in his hands. For an Indian he was a great traveler. With all the arts of diplomacy and religious fervour of an enthusiast, he had so prevailed upon the medicine-men of the Navahos, Apaches and other tribes that he had been admitted into their secret organizations, and had learned all their most wonderful rites, ceremonies and

potent " medicine." Withal, he was eloquent with a passion and fervour that carried everything before him.

He claimed to have had communications from Those Above empowering him to lead his people in an uprising which should mean the complete freedom of their country from the hated Spanish oppressor. As a proof of the authority of his mission, he invited the *principales* of each pueblo to send one or more representatives at a given time that they might hear for themselves the confirmation of his authority to accomplish this great result that hitherto had seemed impossible. He took care that the appointed night was one of perfect darkness. No moon gave the slightest light to interfere with his plans. In the farthest recess of the darkest *kiva* at Taos he received the delegates. At the proper moment, to which he had skillfully led up by his graphic eloquence, two of his most trusted associates suddenly appeared before the throng, already thrilled and nerved to the highest tension, in such guise as would have startled more knowing men than these simple-hearted Indians. Popé had learned that if he smeared the bodies of his associates with certain phosphorous substances they could be made to glow in the darkness, especially if the conspirators held an extra supply of the sulphur with which now and again they would rub over their faces and bodies and thus appear to be illuminated with new fire. These two men had been so thoroughly rehearsed by Popé that they performed their allotted task to perfection. They danced as only a trained and enthusiastic religionist could dance, and then they gave messages from Those Above confirming Popé's claims. Their dances, songs, and messages were all so strange, so awe-inspiring, that the delegates returned to their homes thoroughly impressed, so that Popé's instructions were carried out to the very letter. The remarkable

thing of the whole conspiracy is that though there were a number of the Indians who had accepted the faith of the Spaniards and had become Christians and many of them were devotedly attached to the priests and their masters and mistresses, not one of them was found — so far — who dared to betray the secret of the uprising.

At this time there were fifteen hundred Spaniards in New Mexico, about five hundred of whom lived in Santa Fe. This five hundred had about an equal number of Mexican Indian servants. Bandelier thus describes the town as it appeared at that time: "On the south side of the little river there was no town. A few houses occupied by Spanish families had been built among the little huts of the Indian servants. The name 'Analco,' given to the quarters about San Miguel, dated from the past century. The chapel of San Miguel, built after 1636, loomed up over scattered fields and dispersed buildings of small proportions. The town proper stood all on the north side. The town was somewhat larger than it is to-day. It extended further east. Its north side was occupied by the 'Royal Houses,' as the palace was mostly called. San Francisco street was the 'Calle Real,' the principal street of the place. A street intersected it at right angles, passing through the buildings now owned by Gov. Prince, and continued northward along the east side of the Palace. It terminated in a broad trail leading to Tesuque. The Palace, therefore, had a wider *fachada* than the edifice that bears its name to-day, and which occupies only part of the original site. Another street ran from north to south along the western side of the royal houses, and a fourth one continued west of the main front of that building, so that the town lay really west of the present square, and was divided into three bodies of buildings, one between San Francisco street

and the river, another north of that street and south of the military headquarters, and the third (composed only of a few dwellings), on the site of headquarters and north of it. The houses were not contiguous. Gardens, nay, small fields, surrounded each residence. Santa Fe formed a long triangle tapering gradually to the west, the eastern side of which was marked by the parochial church and its convent. The site of that church, the foundations of which were laid in 1622, is the same now occupied by the cathedral." The other Spaniards were scattered on farms and settlements from Algodones on the south as far north as Taos, and from the east as far as Santo Domingo to Zuni and Hopi on the west. There were only a few soldiers and two small cannons with a small quantity of ammunition at Santa Fe, and this was the only place that made the slightest pretense of being fortified.

At least twenty thousand Pueblo Indians were pledged to the uprising. One fact alone shows the generalship and dominating power of Popé. The uprising had been fixed for the night of the new moon, August 28th, but two Christian Indians at Tesuque had twice warned the padre that great danger hovered over him and all the "Gray Gowns" and "Long Beards" (as the Indians called the Franciscan priests and warriors) in New Mexico. The padre hurried to Santa Fe to alarm the Governor. Popé's faithful spies informed him of this fact. He was wise enough to know the result of a premature discovery of his plans in that it would allow time for preparations for defense. Indeed, Governor Otermin at once took measures for the fortification of the capital and sent messengers to gather in all the scattered Spaniards. But this time the Spaniards were dealing with a master mind. Popé's messengers were sent scurrying

over the country almost as soon as the Governor's, and at the same moment that the warning was given the uprising took place, eighteen days ahead of the allotted time. Now ensued scenes of cruelty and slaughter that only an Indian country can witness. Aroused to desperation by over a century of stern subjugation, the Indians tortured, slew, and mutilated every Spaniard in the country that they could lay hands upon. A few maidens only were spared, and these were to be given as wives, as rewards to Popé's chief henchmen. Priests, women, and children fell under the murderous blades of the Indian warriors whose work of extermination went on with unrelenting ferocity. Eighteen of the twenty-five priests in the various missions were slain and three hundred and eighty Spaniards immediately fell. The Governor gathered together the inhabitants of Santa Fe and fortified the buildings and enclosure on the present site of the old palace. On the two towers at the corners small guns were stationed, but the ground was badly chosen. The Governor, however, made a brave defense, and when the Indians completely surrounded him and sent two crosses, a white one which signified peace and the immediate withdrawal of the Spaniards from the country, and a red one indicating war and extermination, Otermin chose the red one, and on the 20th of August, after the water-supply had been shut off and the horses and animals began to suffer and die, made a bold sortie in which a number of Indians were killed and forty-seven captured. The next day these forty-seven prisoners were executed in the plaza in full sight of the Indian forces on the top of what is now Marcy Hill. There was now but one hope for the Spaniards and that was to march over the weary three hundred miles to El Paso through a country filled with hostile Indians, where all food supplies had been

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE OLD MEXICAN OVENS AT SAN LORENZO.

either carried away or destroyed. With their sick and wounded the march began. It was an official evacuation of the country; an open confession, for the time being, at least, of defeat. With scanty provisions the fugitives suffered greatly from hunger. At Isleta they were compelled to halt and send forward to El Paso for food, from which point four wagon-loads of corn were sent to their relief. They finally decided to encamp at San Lorenzo, about three miles from El Paso, where wood and water could be obtained. From here they sent a report to the viceroy of their expulsion. While they received a little help from the settlers at El Paso in the way of beef and corn, their condition soon became pitiable. Their fighting men reduced to a mere handful, they were harassed by the hostile Indians and upon the women and children devolved much of the work of making habitable the few huts that were hastily built.

On the other hand, the Indians were elated beyond measure at the speedy success of their revolt. Their rejoicings became frantic revelings. We know how, even in a civilized country, people become almost frantic over a victory of their troops, so we can form some conception as to the great excitement that was felt by the Indians when they realized that their country, which, for over a century and a quarter, had been subjugated by these haughty white men, was at last free from their hated presence, and they left to themselves again. They danced their wildest dances and gave themselves up to the destruction, as far as was possible, of everything that suggested Spain or the hated worship of the Gray Gowns. Practically nothing was spared. They plundered everything that they could use and burned everything that remained. They set fire to the church and convent, making burning heaps of the furniture, relics and other equip-

ment. Everything was destroyed except the adobe walls, which still remain, in the restored San Miguel chapel. Then they danced their ancient dances and made offerings of flour, seeds, grain, and thousands of *pahos,* or prayer sticks, to their native gods, to appease them for the loss of their supremacy during the period of Spanish domination, and at the same time to assure them that henceforth they and they alone should be worshiped. They then went to a near-by stream and with large bowls of suds made from the *amole,* the native soap-weed, washed and scrubbed themselves from top to toe to remove every trace and effect of Christian baptism.

Instigated by their medicine-men, they were particularly vindictive in their treatment of the padres. Father Juan Jesus, the old priest at Jemez, was awakened in the dead of night, was dragged from his bed, and made to carry the Indians on his back, as he crawled on his hands and knees, until he fell dead. His body was cast out and devoured by the wolves. At Acoma the padre was stripped naked, dragged about the streets with a rope around his neck, then beaten to death with clubs and stones. At Zuni, the priest was dragged from his cell, stripped, stoned and shot on the plaza and his body burned in the church.

The official reports show that four hundred and one Spaniards perished during the massacre, including twenty-one priests and seventy-three able-bodied men. The number of fugitives who escaped, including several hundred friendly Indians of the Piros and Tewas, was 1,946.

For a time after the rebellion, Popé's power was supreme, then dissensions arose among the northern and southern Pueblos and in the native wars that ensued the Apaches and Navahos made a number of attacks upon them for the purpose of plunder.

In the meantime Governor Otermin, in 1681, attempted to reconquer New Mexico, but neither his efforts nor those of his successors were carried on with the vigour that was essential to success until in 1691 Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan was appointed Governor. He practically reëstablished Spanish rule in New Mexico and the story of his reconquest is one of great bravery, though naturally it destroyed the independence and freedom of the pueblo people.

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, INSCRIPTION ROCK

One of the world's harmless — nay, indeed, useful, educative, as well as emotional — fads, which had its period of exaltation and then of recession, yet has never entirely died out, is that of obtaining the autographs of the great, near-great, would-be-great, those who deem themselves great, or simply our friends and acquaintances, either in guest-books, birthday-books, or books especially contrived for the purpose.

In New Mexico, however, is an autograph album larger than any in existence in any other part of the world, and unique, in that it has but three or four pages, and these were formed by Nature centuries and centuries ago. To the Mexicans of the country it is known as *El Morro*. Attention was first of all called to it by Lieut. J. H. Simpson, who, in 1849, under Lieut.-Col. J. M. Washington, made a military reconnaissance from Santa Fe, into the Navaho country. The following is his story of his visit:

A couple of miles further, meeting in the road Mr. Lewis, who was waiting for me to offer his services as guide to a rock upon the face of which were, according to his repeated assertions, half an acre of inscriptions, many of them very beautiful, and upon its summit some ruins of a very extraordinary character, I at once fell in with the project, and obtained from the colonel commanding the necessary permission. Taking with me one of my assistants, Mr. R. H. Kern, ever zealous in an enterprise of this kind; the faithful Bird, an employee who had been with me ever since I left Fort Smith — Mr. Lewis being the guide — and a single pack-animal, loaded with

Photograph by U. S. Forest Service.

EL MORRO — INSCRIPTION ROCK.

a few articles of bedding, a few cooking utensils, and some provisions — we diverged from the command, with the expectation of not again meeting it until we should reach the Pueblo of Laguna, from seventy to eighty miles distant. There were many in the command who were inclined to the belief that Lewis's representations were all gammon. In regard to the extent of the inscriptions, I could not but believe so too; but. as respects the fact of there being some tolerable basis for so grandiloquent a description, I could not, reasoning upon general principles of human nature, reject it. Mr. Lewis had been a trader among the Navahos, and, according to his statement, had seen these inscriptions in his journeyings to and from their country. And now he was ready to conduct me to the spot. How could I doubt his sincerity? I could not; and my faith was rewarded by the result.

Bearing off slightly to the right from the route of the troops, we traversed for eight miles a country varied, in places, by low mesas, blackened along their crests by outcrops of basalt, and on our left by fantastic white and red sandstone rocks, some of them looking like steamboats, and others presenting very much the appearance of façades of heavy Egyptian architecture. This distance traversed, we came to a quadrangular mass of sandstone rock, of pearly whitish aspect, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and strikingly peculiar on account of its massive character and the Egyptian style of its natural buttresses and domes. Skirting this stupendous mass of rock, on its left or north side, for about a mile the guide, just as we had reached its eastern terminus, was noticed to leave us and ascend a low mound or ramp at its base, the better, as it appeared, to scan the face of the rock, which he had scarcely reached before he cried out to us to come up. We immediately went up, and, sure enough, here were inscriptions, and some of them very beautiful; and although, with those which we afterwards examined on the south face of the rock, there could not be said to be half an acre of them, yet the hyperbole was not near so extravagant as I expected to find it. The fact then being certain that here were indeed inscriptions of interest, if not of value, one of them dating as far back as 1606, all of them very ancient, and several of them very deeply as well as beautifully engraven, I gave directions for a halt — Bird at once proceeding to get up a meal, and Mr. Kern and myself to the work of making fac-similes of the inscriptions.

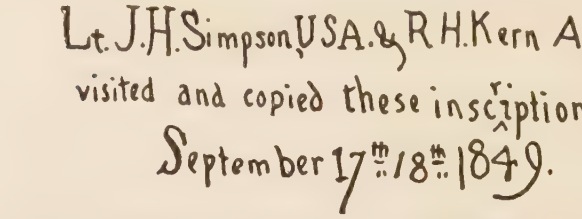
These inscriptions are, a part of them, on the north face of the rock, and a part on the south face.

It will be noticed that the greater portion of these inscriptions are in Spanish, with some little sprinkling of what appeared to be

an attempt at Latin, and the remainder in hieroglyphics, doubtless of Indian origin.

The face of the rock, wherever these inscriptions are found, is of a fair plain surface, and vertical in position. The inscriptions, in most instances, have been engraved by persons standing at the base of the rock, and are, therefore, generally not higher than a man's head.

After making copies of all the inscriptions Mr. Kern engraved the following on the cliff:

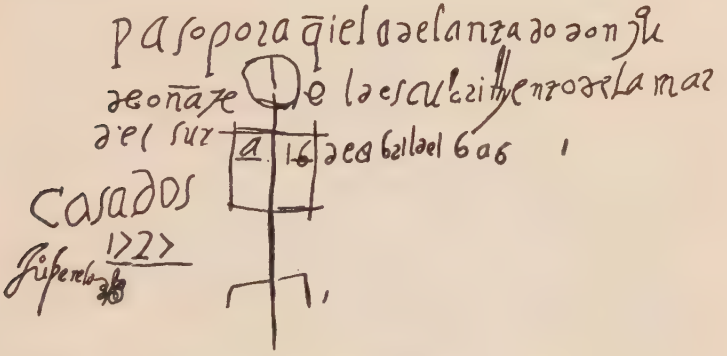


"Lt. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and R. H. Kern, artist, visited and copied these inscriptions, September 17, 18th, 1849."

The perfection of the inscriptions is remarkable. They are as distinctive in their character as the handwritings of men on paper, and all of them are remarkably well done. The surprising thing is that after all these years they are still so perfect; but this is accounted for by the peculiar character of the rock and the fact that it does not crumble when exposed to the weather. It is of very fine grain and comparatively easy to scratch into, and the two walls upon which the inscriptions occur being practically protected from storms, these rock autographs remain almost as clear and as perfect as the day they were written.

The inscriptions themselves are of decided historic value. The major part of them are on the front of El Morro, but one finds, on rounding the eastern escarpment, that he can reach a deep recess which gives a well defined south wall. Here Simpson found "a cool and

capacious spring," and doubtless the *conquistadores* also found it and made it the site of their camps. For, on the walls above and near by are several of the more important inscriptions. The earliest of these is that of Juan de Oñate. It has been there nearly three hundred years and is clearly readable. It is the oldest inscription as far as we know.



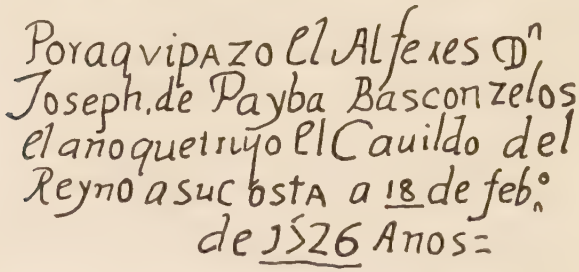
Here is its original and translation:

Paso por aqui el adelantando de don Jan
Passed by here the officer Don Juan
de Oñate el descubrimento de la mar
de Oñate to the discovery of the sea
del sur a 16 de Abril ao 1606.
of the south on the 16th of April, year 1606.

In our historical chapters the interesting story of this brave explorer is given. It was on his return from his memorable trip from San Gabriel de los Caballeros in New Mexico, in 1604, with thirty men, to the Gulf of California, that he stopped at El Morro and the inscription was written.

The two names at the lower left corner of the Oñate inscription — Casados, 1727, and Juparelo — were undoubtedly placed there much later, and as yet no historian has told us anything about them.

Near to Oñate's inscription is one which has caused considerable discussion. The date looks as if it might be 1526, but as no white man had ever entered New


Poraqvipazo el Alferes Dn
Joseph.de Payba Basconzelos
el anoquetrujo el Cauildo del
Reyno asucosta a 18 de febo
de 1526 Anos=

Mexico as early as that it must be that the figure that looks somewhat like a five was intended for a seven. Thus read the translation of the autograph is as follows:

> By here passed the Ensign Joseph de Payba Basconzelos, the year that he brought the Council of the Kingdom at his own expense, on the 18th of Feb., 1726.

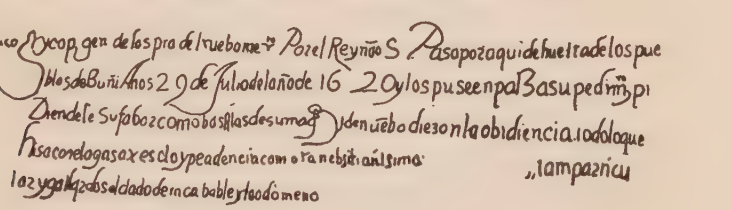
Close by are several historic autographs. One is of Juan Gonzales, 1629. This soldier was one of thirty who accompanied the New Father Custodian Perea, who had just been appointed to take charge of the missionary work of the Franciscans in New Mexico. With Perea was the Father Solicitor (Manso), and four other priests and two lay religious who were assigned to the western pueblos of Acoma, Zuni, and Hopi. They had ten wagons, four hundred cavalry horses and the soldiers were well armed, hence, possibly, the reason for their kind reception at Acoma and Zuni. At the former place they were "spontaneously proffered admission," writes Perea in his *Verdadera Relacion,* published in 1632, and at Zuni "its natives, having tendered their good will and their arms received them with festive applause — a thing never before heard of in those regions, that so intractable

and various nations with equal spirit and semblance should receive the Frailes of St. Francis as if a great while ago they had communicated with them."

Governor Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto undoubtedly was with this party, for Perea tells of his issuing an edict at Zuni, which shows the strictness with which the Spaniards sought to regulate the conduct of their soldiers toward the Indians. This edict read that "no soldier should enter a house of the pueblo, nor transgress in aggrieving the Indians, under the penalty of his life." Furthermore, it said that "to give that people to understand the veneration due to the priests, all the times that they arrived where they were, the Governor and soldiers kissed their feet, falling upon their knees, cautioning the Indians that they should do the same as they did; for as much as this the example of the superiors can do."

That this noisy welcome of the Spaniards and the priest did not change the real feeling of the Zunis is proven by the inscription later referred to, where a party was sent two years later to avenge the murder of Father Letrado.

It was on his return journey from this trip that Governor Nieto's inscription was placed on El Morro.

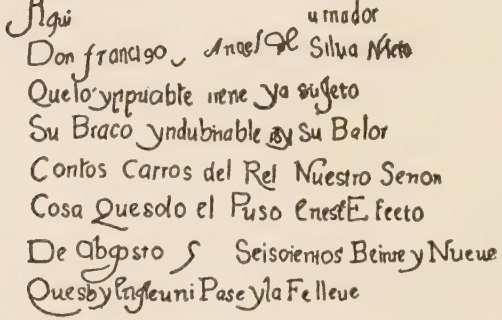


Here is a translation:

The Most Illustrious Sir and Captain General of the provinces of New Mexico for the King our Master, passed by here on the return from the villages of Zuni on the 29th of July of the year of 1629;

and them (the Indians) he put in peace at their request (they), asking his favour as vassals of His Majesty. And anew they gave obedience; of which he did with persuasiveness, zeal, and prudence, like such a most Christian (effaced), such a careful and gallant soldier of unending and exalted memory.

A month later another autograph was added to the "album" (see original photo), and this pretty clearly re-



veals the trouble the Governor was meeting with at Zuni. Perea tells that the devil urged the Indians "with menaces, that they should eject this strange priest, Fr. Figueredo, from their country. They put it into operation, all manifesting themselves in such manner that already they did not assist as they were wont, to bring water and wood, nor did one of them appear. By night was heard a great din of dances, drums, and caracoles, which among them is signal of war." But in this imminent danger God came to Fray Roque's succour, and to make a long story short, the missionary saw that the Indians were "well catechized and sufficiently fit," whereupon "he ordered to be built in the plaza a high platform, where he said mass with all solemnity, and baptized them on the day of St. Augustine (seemingly the day of St. Augustine of Hippo, August 28, not St. Augustine of England, May 26) of

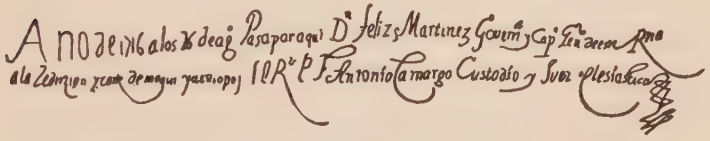
the year 1629, singing the Te Deum Laudamus, etc.; and through having so good a voice, the Father Fray Roque — accompanied by the chant — caused devotion in all." Thus were the Zuni Christianized for the time being, although, needless to say, they did not understand a word the good fraile said, nor know the meaning of any part of the rites he celebrated for their benefit.

Following is a translation of Governor Silva Nieto's second inscription:

Here passed the Governor Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto, whose indubitable prowess and valour have already conquered the impossible, with the wagons of Our Lord the King, a thing which he only accomplished, August 9 (One Thousand) Six Hundred, Twenty and Nine. That (? it be seen) that I passed to Zuni and carried the Faith.

From this autograph we can assume that the Governor had scarcely had time to return to Santa Fe — thirty-six leagues from Acoma and fifty-six leagues from Zuni, before he was called back to "conquer the impossible" with his "indubitable prowess and valour."

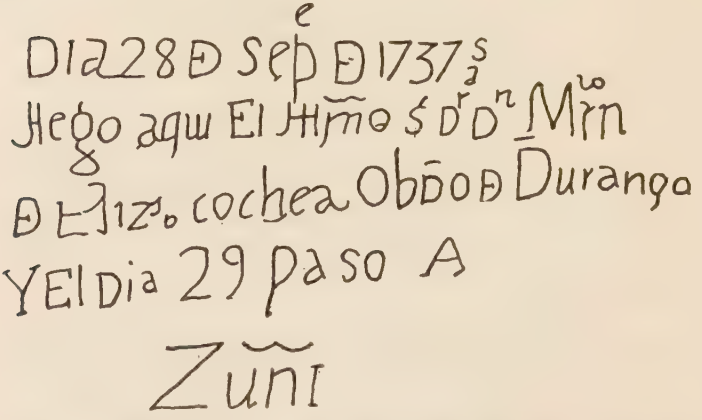
Other autographs show that other pueblos, besides Zuni, were giving the Spaniards trouble. For instance, the one by Governor Martinez.



The translation is as follows:

In the year 1716 on the 26th of August, passed by here Don Felix Martinez, Governor and Captain General of this Kingdom, to the reduction and conquest of the Moquis (the Hopis), and in his Company the Reverend Father Fray Antonio Camargo, Custodian and Judge-Ecclesiastic.

This was the attempt made by Governor Martinez to bring the recalcitrant Hopis back to their allegiance after the rebellion in which they had slain their Franciscan Missionaries. But it failed, and Martinez was recalled from his high position in disgrace.



The first visit of a bishop to New Mexico is recorded in a fine inscription. The translation reads:

On the 28th day of September of 1737, reached here the most illustrious Señor Doctor Don Martin De Elizaecochea, Bishop of Durango, and on the 29th day passed on to Zuni.

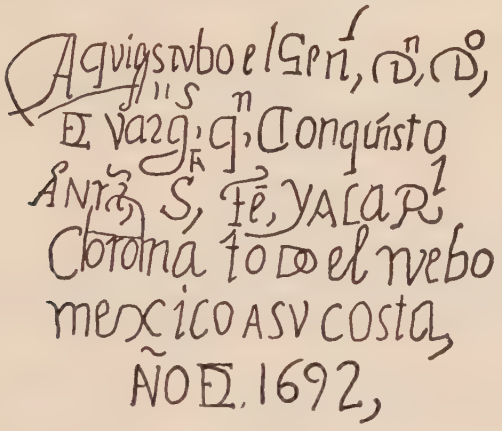
This refers to one of the official visits made by the Bishop of Durango, in whose district the whole of New Mexico belonged, and to which it remained attached until 1852.

Just above that of the Bishop and slightly to the left are two other autographs, doubtless of members of his party. Between them is a fairly well engraved representation of an ornamented cross. The larger inscription reads as follows: "On the 28th day of September, 1737, reached here 'B' (supposed to represent Bachiller

— Bachelor — of Arts) Don Juan Ygnacio De Arrasain;" and the other merely says, "There passed by here Dyego Belagus."

One of the finest of the autographs is that of General Don Diego de Vargas, who, in 1692, reconquered New Mexico after the Pueblo rebellion of 1680.

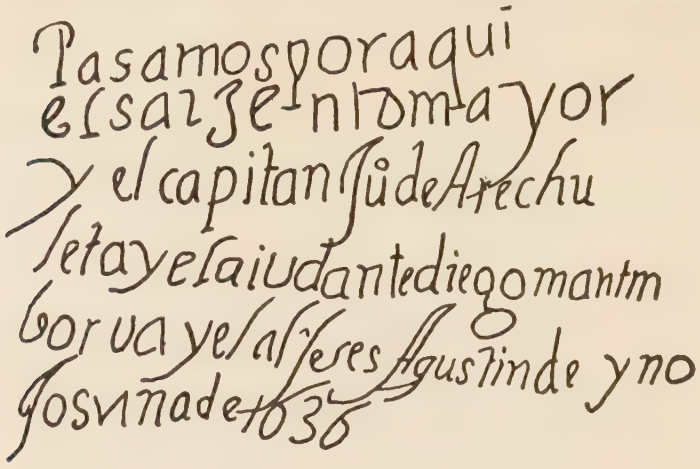
Here is the original:



The translation is as follows:

Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and for the Royal Crown (of Spain) all the New Mexico, at his own expense (in the), year of 1692.

Slightly north of the autograph of Governor de Vargas is one of the expedition sent by Governor Francisco Martinez de Baeza. Long before the great rebellion of 1680 the missionaries were having trouble with the Indians. The head missionary at Zuni was Fray Cristobal de Quiros and he had appealed for help. The original inscription is clear and readable. It was evidently written by a skilful hand.


Pasamos por aqui
el sargento mayor
y el capitan Jüde Archu
leta y el ayudante diego martin
bor va y el alferes Agustin de y no
josvnade 1636

The translation is as follows:

We pass by here, the Lieutenant-Colonel and the Captain Juan de Archuleta, and the Lieutenant Diego Martin Barba and the Ensign Augustin de Ynojos, in the year 1636.

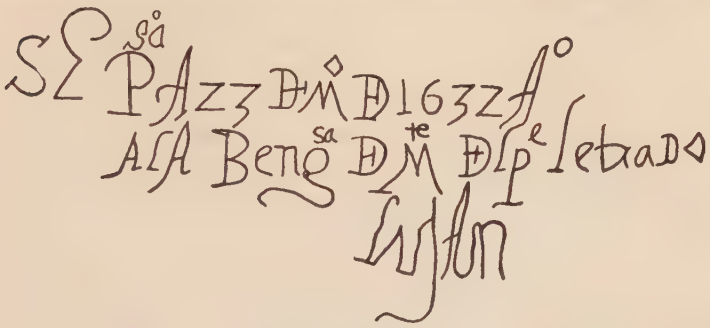
In a slight depression near by is the inscription of another soldier of the expedition.

JUAN GARSYA 1636

Of one inscription Lummis writes:

Two quaint lines, in tiny but well-preserved letters, recall a pathetic story. It is that of a poor common soldier, who did not write his year. But history supplies that. He was one of the Spanish "garrison" of three men left to guard far-off Zuni, and slain by the Indians in the year 1700. Not far away is the autograph of the leader of the "force" of six men who went in 1701 from Santa Fe to Zuni (itself a desert march of three hundred miles) to avenge that massacre, the Captain Juan de Urribarri. He left merely his name.

The hardest inscription of all to read is this:



At first sight it seemed impossible that one should decipher it. Lummis says of it:

It was never deciphered until I put it into the hands of a great student of ancient writings — though after he solved the riddle it is clear enough to any one who knows Spanish. Its violent abbreviations, the curious capitals with the small final letters piled "overhead,' and its reference to a matter of history of which few Americans ever heard, combined to keep it long a mystery. Reduced to long-hand Spanish, it reads:

Se pasaron a 23 de Marzo de 1623 anos a la benganza de muerte del Padre Letrado. Lujan.

They passed on the 23rd of March of the year 1623 to the avenging of the death of the Father Letrado. Lujan.

One unfamiliar with the history of the country could scarce dream of the tragedy and romance connected with these two lines. Father Francisco de Letrado was born in Spain, became fired with missionary zeal, was sent out to Mexico and thence to the Jumanos, a tribe that lived east of the Rio Grande. It is generaly supposed now that he was sent in 1623 to Zuni, to the pueblo of Hawikuh, there being another priest stationed at Halona — these being the two principal of the seven towns of Zuni. On Sunday, February 22, 1632, says Hodge,

(a hundred years to a day before Washington was born), the Indians appeared to delay in attending mass. Fray Francisco, impatient, and probably of a fiery and zealous nature, went out to urge them. He met some idolaters, and began to chide them. He saw at once that they were bent on killing him, so he knelt down, holding in his hands a small crucifix, and continued the remonstrance while in this attitude. The Indians shot him dead with arrows, carried off the corpse and scalped it, parading the scalp afterward at the usual dances.

Almost immediately steps were taken to avenge his death. Francisco de la Mora Ceballos, Governor at the time, despatched a handful of soldiers under his Maestro de Campo, Tomas de Albizú, together with a few priests. As they stopped at Inscription Rock over night, doubtless, one of the soldiers, Lujan, carved the two lines. The mission was successful, for, although the Zunis had fled to the summit of Taiyoallane, they were prevailed upon to come down peaceably and reaffirm their allegiance.

While the major part of these inscriptions but confirm the documentary evidences we possess of New Mexican history, there are a few incomplete inscriptions, the significance of which we should not understand were it not for the documents. For instance, an almost obliterated inscription reads:

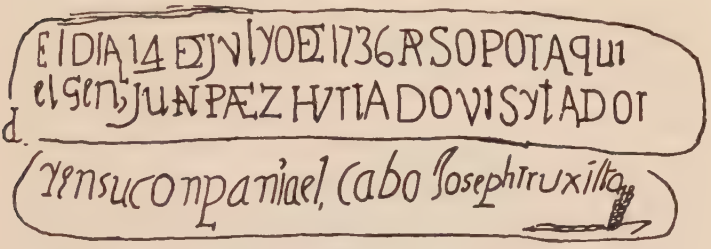
" Paso por aqui Fran° de an . . . alina . . ."

This was undoubtedly Francisco de Anaia Alinazan, an officer of no great moment, yet who served under Governors Otermin, Cruzate, and De Vargas, and knew all the struggles of the great rebellion. He was at Santa Clara pueblo when the massacre of 1680 occurred, with three companions, all of whom were slain. He escaped by swimming across the Rio Grande.

A striking autograph, framed in a square reads:

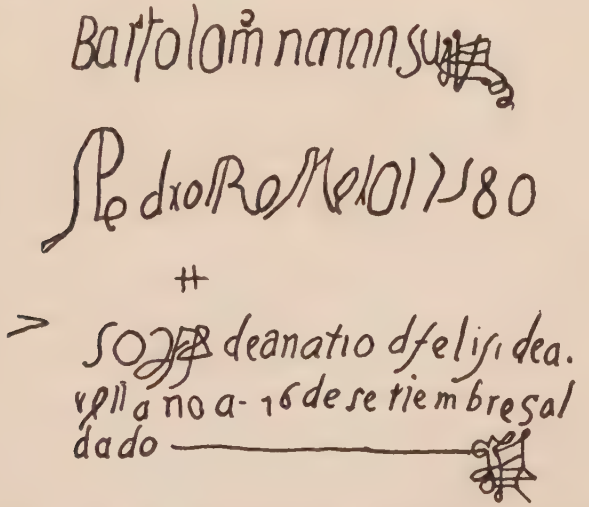
On the 5th of June, 1709 there passed by here, bound for Zuni, Ramon Paez Hurtado.

On the other wall another Hurtado wrote:



On the 14th of July, 1736 there passed by here General Juan Paez Hurtado, inspector, and in his company the Corporal Joseph Truillo.

Here are three other inscriptions, of which, at some future time, some historian may give us interesting particulars.



Earlier even than the Spanish inscriptions are a great number undoubtedly made by the Indians, possibly those

who once inhabitated the ruins, so many of which are found hereabout. These are mere pictographs of snakes, deer, bear, wild sheep, moons, suns, crescents, Greek frets, swastikas, lightning and of men and women, etc.

If what some people believe be true, viz., that the spirits of those who once visited or occupied a place often return to it, what a wonderful gathering of explorers and notable historic characters might one not find here at some auspicious time!

I do know this as a fact, that, sleeping one night here, I dreamed as though this spiritualistic idea were true. I saw Juan de Oñate and conversed with him, and talked for long hours with De Vargas, listening to his bitter complaints against the king who failed to realize the hardships he had borne and the dangers he had encountered in bringing the rebellious Pueblos back to their allegiance. I heard the camped soldiers talking of what they would do to the murderers of Padre Letrado, at Zuni, and in another near-by group saw the padres huddled over a tiny fire, and, hovering over them, listened to their loving counsels — their hopes that by the love of God they might be able to soften the hard hearts of these murderous heathen and lead them securely and safely into the bosom of Mother Church.

Yes, indeed, I was a thoughtful man all the following day, as I silently rode on to Zuni. Possessed of the spirit of the past I lived in the past and became one with those who made the history of New Mexico.

While the inscriptions of El Morro are its chief attraction there are other features connected with it that alone would demand serious attention. Seen from the front it presents a massive, unscalable wall. Indeed it is a noble triangular block of sandstone, of pearly whitish colour, with sheer walls over two hunded feet high and

suggesting in its stupendous grandeur a temple or castle built after the style of the Egyptians, but immeasurably larger. The walls are seamed and marked with the storms and conflicts of many centuries and are thousands of feet long, while its towerlike appearance in front is matched by a singularly majestic piece of nature sculpturing in the rear.

It is near this mass of sculptured rock that we find the "castle" is not so impregnable as it looks, for, to our surprise, after scaling a fairly steep wall and reaching the summit, we find the mass is cleft in twain, and there is a ravine which seems as if it had been stopped in the making. It thrusts itself directly into the solid sandstone, but does not come through to the front. In this hidden recess a small army might conceal itself, and a million people could pass in front of El Morro and never even dream of their existence.

To our further surprise we find that on the top of each side of the cleft rock a ruined pueblo is perched. Simpson describes these in his report, but they are so similar to the ruins found elsewhere dotted over a large part of New Mexico as to require no detailed description here. Of them, however, he naïvely remarks:

> What could have possessed the occupants of these villages to perch themselves so high up, and in such inaccessible localities, I cannot conceive, unless it were, as it probably was, from motives of security and defense.

Inscription Rock is now a National Monument. Its inscriptions and ruins are no longer at the mercy of foolish vandals who think it "smart" to ruin a priceless historic memorial to gratify a momentary and senseless caprice.

As the years progress this great rock,— El Morro —

will grow in interest, for around it is enshrined so much of the romance of prehistoric time, and also of those brave and daring Spaniards whose lust for gold led them to the conquest of this inhospitable land.

In order to make El Morro more accessible to the traveling public the automobile road, leading south from Gallup, has been much improved. By way of Ramah, where the present custodian, Evon Z. Vogt, resides, the trip can be made in three or four hours, and in about six by way of the terraced-city of Zuni. The spring located on the south side, near where the Oñate inscription is located, has been developed after being buried in the drifting sand and lost for many years. A watering trough has been erected, and an anti-freeze pump put in for pumping the water. A handsome new camp-house for visitors has been constructed of logs, well equipped with table and benches, and it is large enough to accommodate not only a good-sized party but their automobile also. There is abundant firewood in the natural timber close by. Thus the temporary resting-place of the brave conquistadores is converted into a stopping-place for the automobile and railway travelers as they dash westward across the continent, making the trip with ease and comfort in as many days as it originally occupied Juan de Oñate months.

CHAPTER VI

MY ADVENTURES AT ZUNI

THE title to this chapter is not original. It was used by Lieut. Frank H. Cushing for three illustrated articles published respectively in the December, 1882, February and May, 1883, *Century*. While I would not presume to suggest, even, that my adventures in any way equal those of Cushing, they certainly were interesting to me and seem worth recounting.

The Zuni group of pueblos is the most historic pueblo group of the country. It is now definitely ascertained to be the far-famed, long-sought "Seven Cities of Cibola;" which Coronado hunted for in 1542. It was here that he was wounded, and from here he sent out his captains who discovered the Hopi pueblos, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

It was in the chief town of the Zuni group that Cushing decided to live when Major Powell sent him forth to gain an insight into their whole social, religious, and ceremonial life. In the years he lived here he did more to penetrate their secrets, and give to the world an understanding of their innerness, as well as of their beliefs and outward actions and observances, than had been gained by all the students of the world prior to him. We never can overestimate the value of the work Cushing accomplished. He opened the way, gave the world the key, to a wealth of Ethnologic lore of which, up to that time, it had been altogether ignorant.

I have made several trips to Zuni. On one occasion, after driving from Grant's Station, on the main line of the Santa Fe to Las Tinajas, the Home of Don Leopoldo Mazon, who had kindly proffered his services, my photographer and I were outfitted by him. That trip in itself was an adventure never to be forgotten. The conveyance was a " rattlety-bangy " buckboard, and our fiery steeds were two almost unbroken broncos. The *vaqueros* caught the latter in the corral, brought them to the front of the *casa* (where we had a hundred miles square of plain, mesa and foothill to roam over), blindfolded them, and threw on the harness to the accompaniment of much snorting, jumping aside, kicking and trembling. As soon as the scary (scary themselves and making me scary) creatures were duly harnessed, the lines were placed in my shaking fingers and I was told to drive. The blinds were withdrawn and in a moment I saw before me a chaos of horse-flesh, dancing, jumping, leaping, standing on hind legs, prancing sideways, engaging in every kind of dance-step known, and many not yet introduced, and doing stunts that would have been worth a fortune to the owner of a circus horse. Yet, somehow, we didn't seem to be traveling. My fiery and untamed steeds were good *buckers,* they were expert *stallers,* they were unsurpassed in *antics* generally, and knew their business as *balkers,* but *travelers?* — that was a word and thought unknown to them while harnessed to the awful contraption that was dangling behind them.

What was to be done?

My ever-ready and obliging friend, Don Leopoldo, called to the vaqueros. Almost before I could guess what was going to happen the loop of a rawhide riata was thrown around the neck of each animal, the vaqueros went ahead, fastening their riatas to the horns of their saddles

and stretching them tight, and then, spurring their horses, they effectually choked and dragged my recalcitrant broncos into submission. They were compelled to travel willy-nilly, while I "pushed" on the lines behind. After ten or fifteen minutes of this they seemed, all at once, to wake up to a new thought. Why should their necks be stretched by these fiendish vaqueros ahead of them, while other vaqueros and Indians lashed them, kicked them, yelled at them, on their sides, and a white man (myself) shouted from the rear? They came to the conclusion it would be easier to run away than submit to such indignities. So off they started, evidently willing to go at full speed. But, unfortunately, there was no unity of purpose in their movements. One wished to rush off to the southwest, the other to the southeast. But it couldn't be done. They were fastened together. They must go with "one accord" and this "accord" did not exist. So they leaped and jumped and struggled and bucked, now stretching wide apart, and then rushing together again, so that they nearly knocked each other down and made the pole crack, but it was of no avail. And during their endeavour the vaqueros ahead, as relentless as the tax-collector and death, kept a taut line on their necks and pulled them onwards. Thus we battled, human wills against animal wills, but intellect, craft, cunning, with the aid of riatas and brute-force conquered in the end, and the poor animals, sweating and still snorting, trembling and cowed, settled down to go ahead as the reins directed. When we stopped for noon-day lunch they seemed glad of the rest, yet, when we began to harness them again to the buckboard we came near to having a runaway. My companion had to stand at their heads, while I disentangled tugs from squirming and hair-trigger legs and feet, which danced about in a most inconsequential man-

ner, ready to shoot out in my direction with the force and speed of a catapult at the slightest provocation. I had seen men hit on legs, arms, and collar-bones with such feet and had heard the snap of humerus, femur, clavicle, etc., and I had no hankering after such experience. I had also seen men hit in the stomach,— possibly in the solar plexus,— and doubled up like jack-knives, instantly, and like Bret Harte's *Abner Kean of Angel's,* "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more." Personally I preferred to keep my stomach, my solar plexus and my intestines intact. Yet to travel we must be harnessed up. Hence I was "distraught betwixt my fears and my desires." In due time, however, success crowned our efforts, and we were "all set." But where were our vaqueros to make the animals travel? The hour's rest had given the still-unbroken pair time to forget their team-work, and now, one wanted to leap ahead, while the other evinced a strong desire either to sit down, or to "back" clear to the north pole. Fortunately my companion and I both had whips. So we "laid on," yelling and shouting at the same time and in the same breath. I think our sudden onslaught must have startled the beasts for they bent their heads to it, "buckled in," and did their level best to run away. So long as the road was clear, fairly level, and we were able to stay with the wagon — no! dear reader, not stay on our seats, for we were jolted, jounced and thrown out of them worse than automobile riders with numerous successive "Thank ye, ma'ams!" — we let them run. Why not? The scared creatures were bound to let off superfluous steam somehow; they had surplus electric energy to dispose of. Why not let them expend both in getting us in the direction we wished to travel? So I bid them "Go to it," and placed no tightening hand upon the rein.

Ere long they sobered down; the roads were now sandy and long, uphill and down, and montonously wearisome. Before nightfall I could crack the whip about their ears, aye, even lay it vigorously upon their flanks, with scarce a response. And when we reached our camping-ground that night they were jaded, tired, dejected, wretched-looking creatures, appearing as if they had been driven a thousand miles, were kept by miserly wretches, who never gave them proper food, and who beat and abused them abominably.

The following morning we reached the top of the last hill. There before us was spread out the long-looked-for plain of Zuni. It was a great red and yellow stretch that reached into the far-away hill-lands to the west and south, distorted by mirages and sand-clouds; whilst to our left, a mile or two away, rising from numberless red sandstone foothills, towered a rock island far larger than either Katzimo or Acoma, possibly a thousand feet high and two or three miles in length along its flat top, which in places was chiseled and carved by the weather into pinnacles, spires, domes and minarets.

This was the famous Tai-yo-al-la-ne, called by Cushing, Thunder Mountain, to the summit of which the Zunis retired and fortified themselves after the rebellion of 1680. It was to be the scene of one of my adventures, somewhat exciting and a little dangerous, but withal alluring and fascinating, which later on in this chapter I shall relate.

The entire north side of the valley was closed in by a section of canyon-seamed brown sandstone mesas mantled in pinion and juniper, contrasting richly with the sky, which was deep turquoise and perfectly cloudless. Out from the middle of the rocky hill and line of sand-hills on which we stood, emerged the Zuni River, but it was

only a tiny streamlet, winding its way westward across the sandy plain, glistening and shimmering in the afternoon sun, until it seemed to lose itself in the shadows of a good-sized hummock which arose above the horizon line of the far-away distance.

This hummock was Zuni. With field-glasses one could clearly see the seven-storied, terraced, community house, on the various and many roofs of which pigmy human beings were moving about, those on the top terrace being clearly silhouetted against the pure blue of the New Mexico sky.

In an hour or so our jaded horses were glad to stop on the further side of the tiny river, just opposite the pueblo.

The first impression one has of Zuni is of a number of long, flat-roofed, adobe-covered houses, but connected with one another in extended rows and squares, piled one above another, lengthwise and crosswise, but getting smaller as they ascend, and each tier receding from the one in front, like the steps of a rude-shaped pyramid, with a base that stretches out somewhat indefinitely in each direction. This was the monster community house, which dominates all the other houses in Zuni.

Now let us read Cushing's description, for it is as perfect to-day as when it was written:

> Everywhere this structure bristled with ladder-poles, chimneys, and rafters. The ladders were heavy and long, with carved slab cross-pieces at the tops, and leaned at all angles against the roofs. The chimneys looked more like huge bamboo-joints than anything else I can compare them with, for they were made of bottomless earthen pots, set one upon the other and cemented together with mud, so that they stood up, like many-lobed, oriental spires, from every roof-top. Wonderfully like the holes in an ant-hill seemed the little windows and door-ways which everywhere pierced the walls of this gigantic habitation; and like ant-hills themselves seemed

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

the curious little round-topped ovens which stood here and there along these walls or on the terrace edges.

All round the town could be seen irregular large and small adobe or dried-mud fences, inclosing gardens in which melon, pumpkin and squash vines, pepper plants and onions were most conspicuous. Forming an almost impregnable belt nearer the village were numerous stock corrals of bare cedar posts and sticks. In some of these, burros, or little gray, white-nosed, black-shouldered donkeys, were kept; while many others, with front legs tied closely together, were nosing about over the refuse heaps. Bob-tailed curs of all sizes, a few swift-footed, worried-looking black hogs, some scrawny chickens, and many eagles — the latter confined in wattled stick cages, diminutive corrals, in the corners and on the house-tops — made up the visible life about the place.

. . . . . .

The next morning I climbed to the top of the pueblo. As I passed terrace after terrace the little children scampered for sundry sky-holes, through which long ladder-arms protruded, and disappeared down the black apertures like frightened prairie dogs; while the women, unaccustomed to the sound of shoes on their roofs, as suddenly appeared head and shoulders through the openings, gazed a moment, and then dropped out of sight.

Five long flights passed, I stood on the topmost roof. Spread out below us were the blocks of smoothly plastered, flat-roofed adobe cells, red and yellow as the miles of plain from which they rose, pierced by many a black sky-hole, and ladder-poles and smoke-bannered chimneys were everywhere to be seen. In abrupt steps they descended toward the west, north and central plaza, while eastward they were spread out in broad flats, broken here and there by deep courts. The whole mass was threaded through and through by narrow, often crooked, passage ways or streets, more of them lengthwise than crosswise, and some, like tunnels, leading under the houses from court to court or street to street.

The view extended grandly from the out-lying, flat lower terraces, miles away to the encircling mesa boundaries, north, east, and south, while westward a long, slanting notch in the low hills was invaded to the horizon by the sand-plain through which, like molten silver, the little river ran.

Every school-boy sketches a map of the Zuni basin when he attempts with uncertain stroke to draw on his slate a cart-wheel. The city itself represents the jagged hub, whence the radiating, wavering trails form the spokes, and the surrounding mesas and hills, the rim. Let some crack across the slate and through the middle of the picture indicate the river, and your map is complete.

In and out, on the diverging trails, the Indians were passing to and from their distant fields, some on foot, some on burro-back, with others of the little beasts loaded from tail to ears with wood, blankets full of melons, pumpkins and corn, or great panniers of peaches. A series of them away out on the bare plain, mere moving specks in the distance, appeared like a caravan crossing a desert waste. Occasionally a half-nude rider, mounted on a swift-footed pony would come dashing in from the hills. Far away he seemed a black object with a long trail of golden dust behind, but his nearer approach revealed remarkable grace of motion and confusion of streaming hair and mane. There was an occasional heavily laden ox-cart, with urchins sprawling over the top, a driver on either side, and leading up the rear a mounted donkey or two; while away to one side, more picturesque than all this a band of dust-shrouded sheep straggled over the slopes toward their mesa pastures, followed by their solitary herder and his dog.

Strangely out of keeping with the known characteristics of the Indian race were the busy scenes about the smoky pueblo. All over the terraces were women, some busy in the alleys or at the corners below, husking great heaps of many-colored corn, buried to their bushy, black bare heads in the golden husks, while children romped in, out, over and under the flaky piles; others bringing the grain up the ladders, in blankets strapped over their foreheads, spread it out on the terrace roofs to dry. Many, in little groups, were cutting up peaches and placing them on squares of white cloth, or slicing pumpkins into long spiral ropes to be suspended to dry from the protruding rafters.

One of these busy workers stopped, deposited her burden, and hailed a neighboring house-top. Almost immediately an answering echo issued from the red stony walls, and forthwith a pair of bare shoulders seemed to shove a tangled head and expectant countenance up through an unsuspected sky-hole into the sunshine. In one place, with feet over-hanging the roof, a woman was gracefully decorating some newly made jars, and heaps of the rude but exquisite bric-à-brac scattered around her,— while, over in a convenient shadow, sat an old blind man, busy spinning on his knee with a quaint bobbin-shaped spindle-whorl.

Out near the corrals old women were building round-topped heaps of dried sheep dung, and depositing therein with nice care their freshly painted pots and bowls for burning. Others, blankets in hand, were screening their already blazing kilns from the wind, or poking the fires until eddying columns of black pungent smoke half hid them from my view, and made them seem like the "witches and cauldrons" of child-lore.

Photograph by George Wharton James.

MAN AND BOY, ZUNI.

Children were everywhere, chasing one another over the terraces, up and down ladders, through alleys, and out again into the sunlight. Some, with bows and arrows, sticks and stones, were persecuting in mock chase dogs and hogs alike, as attested by their wild shrieks of delight, or the respondent ceaseless yelps arising seemingly from all quarters of the town at once.

Along the muddy river below the long southern side of the pueblo, more of these youngsters were ducking one another, or playing at various games on the smooth, sandy banks. Women, too, were there engaged in washing wool or blankets on the flat stones, or in cleansing great baskets of corn. I was attracted thither and observed that these primitive laundresses had to raise the water with little dams of sand. I smiled as the thought occurred that the first expedition of Americans to Zuni had been sent here by Government to explore this self-same river, relative to its navigability.

These sights led Cushing to soliloquize, or to philosophize, as follows:

How strangely parallel, I thought, have been the lines of development in this curious civilization of an American desert, with those of Eastern nations and deserts. Clad in blanket dresses, mantles thrown gracefully over their heads, each with a curiously decorated jar in her hand, the women came one after another down the crooked paths. A little passage-way through the gardens, between two adobe walls to our right, led down rude steps into the well, which, dug deeply in the sands, had been walled up with rocks, like the Pools of Palestine, and roofed over with reeds and dirt. Into this passage-way and down to the dark, covered spring they turned, or lingered outside to gossip with new comers while awaiting their chances, meanwhile slyly watching, from under their black hair, the strange visitors from "Wa-sin-to-na." These water-carriers were a picturesque sight, as, with stately step and fine carriage they followed one another up into the evening light, balancing their great shining water-jars on their heads.

Let us seek to know more of the Zuni of to-day as it is in its everyday life. We meet a Zuni man. He is not tall, say about five feet six inches, solidly built, with the appearance and carriage of an athlete. His dress is of white calico and consists of a kind of shirt or jacket,

and a pair of trousers that are slit from the knee down. He wears blue stockings, kept in place with vividly scarlet garters — bands about two inches wide and beautifully woven — and his feet are covered with thick-soled buckskin moccasins. On his head is a handkerchief tied around the forehead, and called by the Spaniards, "banda." As we meet him he gives us a word of greeting and advances. We take his hand and breathe on it. At this he smiles and does the like to us. Now we notice that he has several strings of shell-beads around his neck, in which are placed pieces of turquoise, and a leather belt around his waist, on which are fastened several large silver disks, chased or engraved into certain curious and striking designs.

The women are smaller than the men, with shapely arms, hands, and feet. None of the younger ones are corpulent, though some of the older ones become quite stout. They are good-looking, have large limpid black and brown eyes, which are generally laughing and tender. To their friends they are kindly and affectionate, motherly and compassionate, loyal and helpful.

Their dress is picturesque in the extreme. The gown is home-woven — generally by the men — of black diagonal cloth, embroidered top and bottom in blue. It is in one piece, and is folded once and sewn up to within a short distance from the top, and again the top edges are caught together for a few inches. The right arm passes through the opening and thus the right shoulder is draped while the left arm is bare as the gown passes under the arm. It generally reaches well down to the knee. Of late years a cotton garment with high neck and long sleeves is worn under the gown, but at all ceremonials this is discarded. At the waist a long belt is wrapped several times. This is of bright red and blue colour and

its ends have a long fringe. As this end is tucked under and the fringe falls it adds a very attractive and picturesque touch.

Another indispensable article of dress, the use of which a white man cannot comprehend, is the *pi'toni,* a piece of calico — sometimes made of two very large bandana handkerchiefs sewed together — tied in front of the neck and allowed to fall over the shoulders. And she must be poor indeed who has no necklace of silver beads (native made), with several strings of shell-bead or wampum. The legs are wrapped around and around with wide pieces of buckskin, giving them a heavy and clumsy look, though they set off the smallness of the feet which are clothed in buckskin moccasins.

The hair is banged all around down almost to the shoulders, and then tucked up in front under the forehead to allow the face to appear.

The children are many and various, of all sizes and both sexes, but all alike healthy, happy, vigorous and naked until they reach the age of six or seven. When I first visited them, more than twenty years ago, they ran about nude until they reached the age of puberty.

Owing to their isolation the Zuni Indians have preserved a strong individuality. Like the Navahos they are readily distinguished. They have few mixed bloods among them.

Their natural impulse is towards the highest type of hospitality. They do not *invite* you; they *expect* you. In other words, if you enter a Zuni house and express your intention of staying in the town for any length of time it is taken for granted that you will make that your home as long as you stay. Food is prepared for you, and happy indeed are they when you accept and eat with them. I well remember my first meal with

Tsnahey and his family. He was then Governor of the Zunis. The food was spread out on our table — which was the *floor*. It was the time of green corn, and one dish was of a mush made of ground green corn, flavoured with certain wild herbs. It was delicious. Then a kind of mutton stew was served, consisting of small cubes of mutton, squash, beans, corn, and chili pepper, which latter they use largely in many of their dishes.

We also had "hewe" or wafer bread and tortillas, the latter made in Mexican fashion. Tsnahey was somewhat "civilized," so coffee was served, sweetened with white man's sugar. Then we had for dessert stewed dried peaches — these latter gained from the Havasupai Indians, who dwell deep down in a secluded canyon, not far from the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, to which their canyon is tributary.

It was an interesting meal in which the most scrupulous care was taken to please the guest, to see that he was served first and abundantly, and that everything was to his pleasure.

Let us watch Tsnahey's wife make the wafer bread, which is so strange and interesting at first sight. It is made of corn meal finely ground. Of this a soft batter is made. Now it is ready to bake. A large flat stone is raised so that a fire can be made underneath it. When the stone is hot enough, a piece of mutton tallow is rapidly rubbed over its surface, and then the "hewe"-maker dips her fingers in the batter and rapidly rubs them over the hot surface. Almost the moment she touches the slab the batter cooks into a thin, wafer-like sheet, so that, at two or three dips and passages over the surface, there appears a large sheet of the bread. Before it is perfectly dry it is folded over and over again until it is about the size of a shredded-wheat biscuit and then it is

WE-WHA, THE REMARKABLE ZUNI CHARACTER WHO VISITED PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

ready to be eaten. Naturally it is dainty, delicate, and makes a very palatable bread.

The sleeping-arrangements of the Zunis are quite simple. In one corner of every well-appointed house hangs a long pole, suspended by thongs of rawhide at each end. This is poetically termed "the pole of the soft stuff." The term soft stuff includes sheep and goat skins, bear, coyote, mountain-lion, badger, and other wild-beast skins, together with the robes the Zunis themselves weave or purchase from the Navahos. While a few blankets are woven by the Zunis they have almost abandoned the art, as they are better potters than weavers.

It is appropriate here that I give a brief account of We-wha, a noted Zuni woman, whose death caused a trial for witchcraft as related in another chapter. She was a remarkable *woman,* a fine blanket and sash maker, an excellent cook, an adept in all the work of her sex, and yet strange to say, *she* was a *man.* There never has been, as yet, any satisfactory explanation given, as far as I know, of the peculiar custom followed by the Pueblos of having one or two men in each tribe, who forswear their manhood and who dress as, act like, and seemingly live the life of, women. Wewha was one of these. Mrs. Stevenson, in referring to what she owed to Wewha for her help in opening up the secrets of Zuni life, writes in such a way that no reader can tell whether she regarded her as man or woman. She said after many other persons to whom she was indebted "And Wewha, the strongest character and the most intelligent of the Zuni tribe within the knowledge of the writer."

So bright was she that President Cleveland invited her to visit him at the White House, where she was his honoured and interesting guest for several days. On my various visits to Zuni she always befriended me, and it

was the comments of her own friends, Zunis, that first made me " wise " to the situation as to her sex. She was an expert weaver, and her " pole of soft stuff " was laden with the work of her loom — blankets and dresses exquisitely woven, and with a delicate perception of colour-values that delighted the eye of a connoisseur. Her sashes, too, were the finest I ever saw, and proud indeed is that collector who can boast of one of her weave among his valued treasures.

Her living-room and kitchen, where cooking the corn, grinding, and all other daily duties were carried on, was one large room, here shown, with Wewha at the grinding trough. She seldom sang at her grinding, but at a word from her, I have heard as many as a half hundred voices all raised at once in one wonderful unison of melody, from all parts of the pueblo as the women ground their corn and sang simultaneously.

By the way, on the day I made the photograph Wewha's mother was making cactus, or prickly pear, jam. I watched the process with much interest. Impaling the prickly fruit with a wooden skewer, she deftly peeled off the skin with a modern case-knife. Knowing how full of seeds the pear was, I sat wondering how these were eliminated. In a few moments I was informed. As fast as she peeled the fruit she nonchalantly tossed it into her mouth, keeping up a continuous chewing, while out of the northeast corner of her mouth flowed a steady stream of seeds (which were rejected), and from the southwest corner came the jam, which was caught in her fingers, thrown into the boiling pot and thus cooked.

I have never eaten any kind of Indian jam since.

One of the most interesting adventures of my life occurred on a visit paid to Thunder Mountain. Tsnahey, his son, and another youth, were my guides. I was ac-

Photograph by George Wharton James.

WE-WHA AT THE GRINDING TROUGH IN HER HOUSE AT ZUNI.

companied by F. H. Maude, of Los Angeles, Calif., as photographer. I had asked that we be taken up by the "Old Trail"—the one used by the Zunis when they lived on the summit of Tai-yo-al-la-ne. At first he said it was impossible. The storms of the centuries had washed it out so that it was impracticable.

"Can you go up it?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said I, "we'll go too."

But we took along several stout ropes, to aid in case of emergency, and it was well that we did. We came to places where all traces of the trail were gone. At others we had to be hoisted up by sheer strength, the Indians having scaled the cliffs and the three of them finding it pretty hard work to drag us up to their level. On the summit we found the ruins of the homes, occupied by the rebellious Zunis, after 1680, and there Tsnahey took us to the shrine we had come especially to see. It was of Ma-á-si-lima and Ah-a-yu-ta, the twin gods of war. To our surprise there was not one figure of the god, but a score or more. It was evident that a new figure was brought up at intervals, possibly each year, and it took the place of honour, the older figures being placed, one on each side of it and allowed to remain, until they, in turn, were displaced by newer "gods." The discarded gods were stacked up in a pile, like cord-wood, behind the shrine. In front of it *pahos,* or prayer sticks, and plumes were stuck into the ground in regular order. Seeing so many gods I laughingly turned to Dick and suggested that I take one or two of them away with me. Horrified at the mere suggestion, he exclaimed: "You take 'em, Maasilima heap mad. Pretty quick I dry up and blow away."

This was a punishment not even the Huns have yet

invented, so I forwent the pleasure of becoming the owner of a god. But I am free to confess my cupidity was aroused. Later it was to be satisfied.

This was the shrine thus spoken of by Cushing in his third *Century* article:

Perhaps the *Priesthood of the Bow* is the only truly esoteric of all these bodies, since members of it may be admitted to meetings of all the others, while members of the other societies are strictly excluded from the meeting of this.

Early learning this, I strove for nearly two years to gain membership in it, which would secure at once standing with the tribe and entrance to all sacred meetings, as well as eligibility to the Head Chieftaincies. I succeeded, and the memory of my experiences in this connection is to me the most interesting chapter of my Zuni life.

The orders were engaged in their annual ceremonials, of which little was told or shown me; but, at the end of four days, I heard one morning a deep whirring noise. Running out, I saw a procession of three *Priests of the Bow,* in plumed helmets and closely-fitting cuirasses, both of thick buckskin — gorgeous and solemn with sacred embroideries and war-paint, begirt with bows, arrows, and war-clubs, and each distinguished by his badge of degree,— coming down one of the narrow streets. The principal priest carried in his arm a wooden idol, ferocious in aspect, yet beautiful with its decorations of shell, turquoise, and brilliant paint. It was nearly hidden by symbolic slats and prayer-sticks most elaborately plumed. He was preceded by a guardian with drawn bow and arrows, while another followed, twirling the sounding slat which had attracted alike my attention and that of hundreds of the Indians, who hurriedly flocked to the roofs of the adjacent houses or lined the street, bowing their heads in adoration, and scattering sacred prayer-meal on the god and his attendant priests. Slowly they wound their way down the hill, across the river, and off toward the mountain of Thunder. Soon an identical procession followed and took its way toward the western hills. I watched them long until they disappeared, and a few hours afterward there arose from the top of "Thunder Mountain" a dense column of smoke, simultaneously with another from the more distant western mesa of "U-ha-na-mi" or "Mount of the Beloved."

Then they told me that for four days I must neither touch nor eat flesh or oil of any kind, and for ten days neither throw any refuse from my doors, nor permit a spark to leave my house, for

"This was the season of the year when the 'grandmother of men' (fire) was precious."

Since my admission to the *Priesthood of the Bow,* I have been elected to the office of guardian to these gods; have twice accompanied them to their distant lofty shrines, where, with many prayers, chants, and invocations, they are placed in front of their predecessors of centuries' accumulation. Poetic in name and ascribed nature are these cherished and adored gods of war: one is called "A-hai-iu-ta," and the other "Ma-tsai-le-ma," and they are believed to be single in spirit, yet dual in form, the child or children of the God of the Sun, and to guard from year to year, from sunrise to sunset, the vale and children of those they were first sent to redeem and guide. These children receive without question the messages interpreted by their priests from year to year, which unfailingly shape the destinies of their nation toward the "encircling cities of mankind."

Now, while I was much gratified at the sight of this shrine, a desire sprang up within me to see another of which I had read no description nor heard any mention. One night in the home of one of the chief priests, where I was supposed to be sleeping, I had heard him praying to a god, whom he called *U-nah-i-kah.* Breathlessly I listened to his soft and gentle voice and from something he said I gathered that a new figure of the god either had been, or soon was to be, deposited at his shrine which was on Taiyoallane. There was nothing certain as to this location, but I received a vague impression to that effect. Strange to say I never thought of the matter again until I was arguing with Dick (Tsnahey) at the shrine of the twin gods of war. He had refused so positively to consent to my taking one of the figures that I felt a little piqued, and suddenly there flashed into my mind the thought that possibly I could discover another shrine, and obtain therefrom a most precious "idol." Acting upon this "hunch" I turned to Dick and asked him to take me to the shrine of Unahikah. The moment the name was uttered I saw I had struck something rich

in mystery. For Dick, through his bronze skin, turned pale, and utter consternation came over him. There is no question but that he was profoundly disturbed. Falteringly he asked what I knew of Unahikah. Resolutely I dared to follow my " hunch " to the utmost. I declared I knew much about him; that he had a shrine on Taiyoallane; that a god had recently been placed there which I was determined to see, and now I forthwith commanded him to take me there.

With tears in his eyes he protested that he did not know of any such shrine. None knew, not even of the best informed of the Zunis,— only the chief Warrior Priest.

It didn't make any difference, I said, I had come to see that shrine and I was going to see it, so the sooner he found it the better, as none of us would leave the mountain until it was found.

In vain Dick argued, pleaded, remonstrated, with me. My pitiless reply was " The shrine must be found." In despair, at last, he gave it up, and sat disconsolately upon the ground, refusing to go further. I had noticed, during this time, that Dick's son seemed to want to say or do something, and at this juncture he beckoned me aside. Hesitatingly, and apparently half reluctantly and fearfully, he confessed that he knew where the shrine of Unahikah was. I knew that he had attended one of our Indian Schools,— Carlisle, perhaps,— and inferred from his somewhat irreverent talk, afterwards supplemented by my questionings, that he had come to the conclusion that all the ceremonies of his people were foolish, unnecessary, and purely the results of superstition. With the boldness of this belief he had played eavesdropper to the chief priest on several occasions, had seen one of the figures of Unahikah, knew that it would soon have to be

Photograph by George Wharton James.

ZUNI DICK AND HIS BROTHER MAKING SHELL BEAD NECKLACES.

placed in its own shrine, and, therefore, he had watched and secretly followed the priest when he carried it away.

The young man, also, had learned something else from his white associations and teaching. After his explanations, his earnest query was: "What you give me, I show you Unahikah?" It took me some little time to decide, hardly so much perhaps to reconcile my conscience to the step I was about to take, as to think of the best way of compassing my desires. Anyhow we made a suitable compact, and to Dick's great surprise, when we returned to him, said we were going to see the shrine.

Again he asserted that he — though a Governor of the pueblo — had never seen it, and did not know of any one else, save the chief warrior priest, who had done so. After half an hour's walk or less we had crossed the mesa, and stopped. The youth began to look around, and so did I. Suddenly I heard his voice, somewhat muffled it seemed, calling: "You come."

I turned, but he had disappeared. Again the call came: "You come!"

This time, going to the edge of the cliff and looking down I saw him standing on a finger of rock, thrust out from the face of the fearful precipice, and beckoning me to descend. Instinctively I shrank back. How far down it was I could not then, and cannot now, tell. It *seemed* a thousand, two, five, ten thousand feet.

Tying one of the strongest ropes around me I bade Dick and the others hold on to it and carefully lower me down. When I stood safely on the rock-finger I looked — as it were — into the heart of the cliff. There, caused by the falling away of a curved mass of rock, was created a narrow recess, some eight or ten feet high, and in that space, lined up in an irregular row, were the figures of Unahikah, deposited during the centuries. There were

about twenty of them, in all, and every one, even the newest, had never known the touch of white man's steel. They were all cut and carved with the rude flint knives of the Zunis, as their hacked edges showed. The surfaces were smoothed off, doubtless scraped with the same kind of implement.

After my photographer had been lowered, had made a number of photographs, and had returned to the top of the mesa, an interesting little colloquy took place between Dick and myself:

"All right, Dick, you go!"— with a wave of the hand toward the ascent.

Dick. "No, you go!" with a strong motion of dissent.

I. "What for you no go? You go and I come."

Dick. "No! I no go! You go!"

I. "What's all this about? Why you no go?"

Dick. "I sabe you stay. You catch 'em Unahikah. He get heap mad you take 'em and pretty quick I die. I no go!"

Dick's perceptions, or intuitions, or whatever else they might be called, were correct. I *did* intend to take one of the "idols," nay, I had resolved to take *two*. But Dick's resolute demeanour somewhat shook my assurance. I then began to negotiate, and as soon as I found I could negotiate,— in other words that it was not a matter of principle with Dick, but merely a question of graft,— I was inflexible. I offered to send him a barrel of shells for the purpose of making shell-beads (or wampum) for necklaces; to take upon myself all the anger of Unahikah, should he regard my action as a desecration of his shrine; that I would securely wrap up the "gods" and not allow them to be unwrapped while repacking them in Zuni; that I would not return to Zuni until after dark, and would then immediately pack up and leave the pueblo with my

ill-gotten treasures before daylight. All these things I solemnly promised, and faithfully I kept my word. The only wrap I had for the "gods," however, was my coat. As night came on it was intensely cold and I suffered considerably, but my word was pledged, and, chilled to the marrow, we drove back to Zuni. On my return, after a hot supper and a thawing out, our packing was done, and long before the dawn of day, Mr. Maude and myself were on our way to Las Tinajas.

The two figures of Unahikah are now in my possession, and as I have not dried up, been blown away, or had any other fearful thing happen to me, I am fain to believe that the conduct I have related has not brought upon me either the censure, disapprobation, or vengeance of the gods.

A few years after this first and only attempt at plundering a sacred shrine I ever made — even though this was successful — I was lecturing in Brooklyn at the same time as Lieut. Cushing. We met several times and I enjoyed his chats on Zuni amazingly. When I showed him the picture of the two wooden figures of Unahikah and told him the foregoing story he expressed himself as more than surprised. He confessed he had never seen the shrine and had never heard of it. Mrs. Stevenson said the same when I visited her at her ranch house, near Española, N. M., a few years before she died. She was keenly interested, took careful notes, as I described the location of the shrine as near as I could remember, and evidently availed herself of the information thus given. For, in her colossal monograph on the Zunis, the 23rd Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, she gives a photograph (opposite p. 607) showing six of these wooden figures. The title placed under them is "Idols of Elder God of War from Ancient Cave

Shrine, West Walls of To'wa Yallanne (Corn Mountain)." Nowhere in the text, however, does she write of the shrine, except the mere announcement as to the picture.

In the earlier pages of the work she refers to Ahayuta as the Elder God of War, but both Cushing and myself gained the idea that Ahayuta and Maasilime were the "twin gods of war." Possibly further study on the part of some ethnologist who gains the confidence of the Zuni native priesthood will solve the question.

On one of our visits to Taiyoallane we were much impressed by two immense stone pillars of erosion which stood at one end of the mesa top. Seen from below, outlined against the pure blue of the sky they were slender and graceful, almost as if carved by human hands, but as one approached nearer to them, on ascending the trail, or viewed them from the level top of the mesa, they were rude and rugged pillars carved by nature's forces into the shapes they now present.

Knowing that every such object is held in veneration by all Indians, and that those living near them seldom fail to have legends to account for them I questioned my Zuni friends until I learned the following romantic and pathetic legend. In the long, long ago the Zunis were very wicked, and in spite of the continued warnings of Those Above, they persisted in their evil doings, until the Shadow People determined to destroy them from the face of the earth. Accordingly the two great water sources of the world were opened — the *Reservoir of the Above* from which all rains descend, and the *Reservoir of the Below,* from which all springs, creeks and rivers receive their flow. The very plugs were withdrawn, and the rain poured down, and the floods arose, until the Zunis knew the wrath of the gods was falling upon them. Hastily

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE PILLARS KNOWN AS "THE CAIQUE'S SON AND DAUGHTER," ON TAIYOALLANE, NEAR ZUNI.

they fled to the summit of Taiyoallane where the younger ones of the wicked and profane laughed at the fears of the others, and openly scoffed at the idea that even the floods of the heavens above and of the under world beneath could ever rise so high as to reach them. But slowly and surely the water arose. Higher and higher it came, until even the scoffers were silenced, and dumb dread filled their souls. In vain the priests of the various brotherhoods danced and sang, prayed and made the big smoke, made medicine and offered gifts. The anger of Those Above would not be turned away. At last the chief of the priests went away to a quiet part of the mountain summit where he could meditate and pray and more especially intercede for his people. He finally came back and said that Those Above could have their anger turned away from them in one way only. The choicest of the young men and the fairest and sweetest of the young maidens must be prepared for sacrifice, and then, with appropriate ceremonies, be flung into the waters. Thus could the wrath of the gods be appeased and their anger turned away. Sadly the people listened, and then discussed as to who should be offered as the needful sacrifice. A youth was found, handsome as a young god, athletic, healthful, radiant, fine-featured, beloved by all. Then, while no one dared whisper it, the thought went through the minds of all that the only maiden worthy was the beloved only daughter of their revered cacique. When he looked up to see whom the people had chosen and there was no maiden there, tears sprang into his eyes. Calling his sweet daughter to him he said a few words to which she reverently bowed her head. Taking her stand beside the youth, those present knew that the sacrifice would be complete. Carefully robing them both in their finest ceremonial costumes,

placing suitable decorations in their hair, around their arms and in their hands, the young pair were made ready. Then, slowly and quietly, but increasing in volume and agony, the death wail was sung, after which the cacique, blessing them both, and invoking the pardon of Those Above to be gained at so great a cost, flung them head long into the seething, swirling, angry waters. It was done not a moment too soon, for already the throng was standing on the small piece of high land left on the mesa top, with water completely surrounding them.

In less than an hour the water had gained its height, and began to subside. Days and weeks passed, however, before the valley was dry and the chastened people could return to their homes.

Not long after this one of the youths who had been foremost in wickedness happened to look up toward Taiyoallane and there saw two figures standing out clear and plain from the mesa top. Calling to his people, they were soon gazing with wonderment and awe at the sight, knowing that Those Above had given this to them as a sign. This was confirmed when the cacique solemnly assured them that these were the heaven-made images of their loved ones given as a sacrifice. The outer and large one was the youth, the inner and smaller was the maiden.

"But," said I to my informant, after thanking him for the beautiful story, "there are six figures or pillars up there, and not merely two."

"Ah," was the reply, "the youth and maiden cried out to Those Above that they were lonesome, so the gods married them, and by and by, four children, two boys and two girls, came to make them happy."

Thus the simple-hearted Zunis teach their youth the evil of sin, the need of self-sacrifice, the compassion of

Those Above, by means of the carvings made in their mountains by wind and water, storm and sand.

No account of Zuni would be complete without a description of one of the great ceremonial dances for which it has long been famous,— dances that are now attracting hundreds of visitors each year. No later writer has equaled Cushing in the vividness of his description of one of these dances and its accompaniments. It reveals, with wonderful clarity, some of the superstitions of the Zunis, and how he overcame their opposition and prejudice to his picture-making and writing. He says:

Although kinder than ever, the governor continued just as faithfully his nightly vigils. One night, after sitting close beside me, examining every word I wrote, he threw away his cigarette, and informed me that "it was not well for me to make any more marks on the paper — it was of no use." As I calmly persisted, the next night a grave council was held. It was in the same room, and as I lay in my hammock listening to the proceedings, the discussion grew louder and more and more excited, the subjects evidently being my papers and myself.

When at a late hour the council broke up, the governor approached me, candle in hand, and intently regarded my face for several minutes. He then said:

"The *Kea-k'ok-shi* (Sacred Dance) is coming to-morrow. What think you?"

"I think it will rain."

"And *I* think," said he, as he set his mouth and glared at me with his black eyes, "that you will not see the *Kea-k'ok-shi* when it comes to-morrow."

"*I* think I *shall*," was my reply.

Next morning before I was awake, the herald and two or three *tinientes* had come in, and, as I arose, were sitting along the side of the house. The old head chief had just prepared my morning meal, and gone out after something. I greeted all pleasantly and sat down to eat. Before I had half finished I heard the rattle and drum of the coming dance. I hastily jumped up, took my leather book-pouch from the antlers, and strapping it across my shoulder, started for the door. Two of the chiefs rushed ahead of me, caught me by the arms, and quietly remarked that it would be well for me to finish my breakfast. I asked them if the dance was coming.

They said they didn't know. I replied that I did, and that I was going out to see it.

"Leave your books and pencils behind, then," said they.

"No, I must carry them wherever I go."

"If you put the shadows of the great dance down on the leaves of your books to-day, we shall cut them to pieces," they threatened.

Suddenly wrenching away from them, I pulled a knife out from the bottom of my pouch, and, bracing up against the wall, brandished it and said that whatever hand grabbed my arm again would be cut off, that whoever cut my books to pieces would only cut himself to pieces with my knife. It was a doubtful game of bluff, but the chiefs fell back a little, and I darted through the door. Although they followed me throughout the whole day, they did not again offer to molest me, but the people gathered so closely around me that I could scarcely find opportunity for sketching.

As the month of November approached, the cold rains began to fall. Frost destroyed the corn-plants and vines. Ice formed over the river by night to linger a little while in the morning, then be chased away by the midday sun. Not in the least did these fore-runners of a severe winter cause the dance ceremonials to abate. The Indians were, to some extent, reassured, when, on the occasion of the next dance, which happened to be a repetition of the first, I did little or no sketching. At another dance, however, I resumed the hated practice, which made matters worse than before. A second council was called. Of this, however, I knew nothing until afterward told by the old chief. It seems that it was a secret. It discussed various plans for either disposing of me, or compelling me to desist. Among others was the proposal that I be thrown off the great mesa, as were the two "children of the angry water," but it was urged that should this be done, "Wa-sin-to-nia" might visit my death on the whole nation. In order to avoid this difficulty, others suggested that I be *ha-thli-kwish-k-ia* (condemned of sorcery) and executed. They claimed that sorcery was such a heinous crime that my execution would be pardoned, if represented to the Americans as the consequence of it. But some of the councilors reminded the others that the Americans had no sorcerers among them, and were ignorant of witchcraft.

At last a plan was hit upon which the simple natives thought would free them from all their perplexities. Surely, no objection could be offered to the "death of a Navaho." Forthwith the Knife Dance was ordered, as it was thought possible that the appearance of this dance would be sufficient to intimidate me, without recourse to additional violence.

One morning thereafter, the old chief appeared graver and more

affectionate toward me than usual. He told me the "*Ho-mah-tchi* was coming,—a very *sa-mu* (ill-natured) dance," and suggested that "it would be well for me not to sketch it." Unaware either of the council or of the functions of the angry dance, I persisted. The old man, a little vexed, exclaimed, "Oh, well, of course, a fool always makes a fool of himself." But he said no more, and I assigned, as the cause of his remarks, superstitious reasons, rather than any solicitude for my safety.

When the great dance appeared, the governor seemed desirous of keeping me at home. During most of the morning I humoured him in this. At last, however, fearing I would miss some important ceremonial, I stole out across the house-tops and took a position on one of the terraces of the dance court.

The dancers filed in through the covered way, preceded by a priest, and arranged themselves in a line across the court. Their costumes were not unlike those of the first dance I had witnessed, save that the masks were flatter and smeared with blood, and the beards and hair were long and streaming. In their right hands the performers carried huge, leaf-shaped, blood-stained knives of stone, which, during the movements of the dance, they brandished wildly in the air, in time and accompaniment to their wild song and regular steps, often pointing them toward me.

As the day advanced, spectators began to throng the terraces and court, few, however, approaching to where I was sitting; and the masked clowns made their appearance.

I had been busy with memoranda and had succeeded in sketching three or four of the costumes, when there dashed into the court two remarkable characters. Their bodies, nude, save for short breech-clouts, were painted with ashes. Skull-caps, tufted with split corn-husks, and heavy streaks of black under their eyes and over their mouths, gave them a most ghastly and ferocious appearance. Each wore around his neck a short, twisted rope of black fiber, and each was armed with a war-club or ladder-round.

A brief intermission in the dance was the signal for a loud and excited harangue on the part of the two, which, at first greeted with laughter, was soon received with absolute silence, even by the children. Soon they began to point wildly at me with their clubs. Unable as I was to understand all they had been saying, I at first regarded it all as a joke, like those of the *Keó-yi-mo-shi*, until one shouted out to the other, "Kill him! kill him!" and the women and children, excitedly rising, rushed for the doorways or gathered closer to one another. Instantly, the larger one approached the ladder near the top of which I sat, brandishing his war-club at me. Savagely striking the rounds and poles, he began to ascend. A few

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

Indians had collected behind me, and a host of them stood all around in front. Therefore, I realized that in case of violence, escape would be impossible.

I forced a laugh, quickly drew my hunting-knife from the bottom of the pouch, waved it two or three times in the air so that it flashed in the sunlight, and laid it conspicuously in front of me. Still smiling, I carefully placed my book — open — by the side of the pouch and laid a stone on it to show that I intended to resume the sketching. Then I half rose, clinging to the ladder-pole with one hand, and holding the other in readiness to clutch the knife. The one below suddenly grabbed the skirt of the other and shouted, "Hold on, he is a *ki-he!* a *ki-he!*[1] We have been mistaken. This is no Navaho." Jumping down to the ground, the one thus addressed glanced up at me for an instant, waved his war-club in the air, breathed from it, and echoed the words of his companion, while the spectators wildly shouted applause. The two held a hurried conference. They swore they must "kill a Navaho," and dashed through the crowd and passage-way out of the court.

The *Keó-yi-mo-shi,* freed from their restraint, rushed about with incessant jabber, and turned their warty eyes constantly in my direction. As I replaced my knife and resumed the sketching, the eyes of nearly the whole assemblage were turned toward me, and the applause, mingled with loud remarks, was redoubled. Some of the old men even came up and patted me on the head, or breathed on my hands and from their own.

Presently a prolonged howl outside the court attracted the attention of all, and the frantic pair rushed in through the covered way, dragging by the tail and hind legs a big yelping, snapping, shaggy yellow dog. "We have found a Navaho," exclaimed one, as they threw the dog violently against the ground. While he was cringing before them, they began an erratic dance, wildly gesticulating and brandishing their clubs, and interjecting their snatches of song with short speeches. Suddenly, one of them struck the brute across the muzzle with his war-club, and a well-directed blow from the other broke its back. While it was yet gasping and struggling, the smaller one of the two rushed about frantically, yelling, "A knife, a knife." One was thrown down to him. Snatching it up, he grabbed the animal and made a gash in its viscera. The scene which followed was too disgusting for description. It finds parallel only in some of the war ceremonials of the Aztecs, or in the animal sacrifices of the

[1] *Kihe* is an archaic term for "friend." It is now used to signify a spiritual friend, or one who is endowed with sacred powers for the good of mankind.

savages of the far Northwest. Let it suffice that what remained of the dog at sunset, when the dance ended, was reluctantly given over to its former owner by the hideous pair.

Whether the Indians had really designed to murder me, or merely to intimidate me, my coolness, as well as my waving of the knife toward the sun, both largely accidental, had made a great impression on them. For never afterward was I molested to any serious extent in attempting to make notes and sketches.[1]

[1] This and the former quotation are from Lieut. Cushing's interesting articles in the *Century Magazine*.

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE WITCHES

It seems incredible that in this age of progressive civilization there should be those who believe in witches and witchcraft. Yet it is the fact. I have been present at several witchcraft trials both among the Mexicans and the Indians of New Mexico. One race believes in witchcraft just about as much as the other, and to both it is a desperate crime deserving a desperate remedy.

Mrs. Stevenson, in her exhaustive monograph upon the Zunis, gives a finely philosophical analysis of witchcraft as understood, practiced and exercised by the Zunis. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject and well worthy a place in these pages. She says:

> Belief in witchcraft seems to be universal among the Indian tribes, and no great advance in civilization can be made among them until the beliefs and the accompanying practices are rooted out. It cannot be hoped that this will be accomplished at once, at least if strangers to the religion and social customs of the people undertake the task. When it is remembered how recently reputed witches were put to death among our own people, and how persistently the negroes and the more ignorant whites still cling to the belief, what can be expected from peoples in that stage of culture where superstition is the prime factor in their lives?
>
> Primitive man is less happy in his philosophy than enlightened man, because the latter has left behind many of his superstitions. The primitive man's world abounds in perplexing mysteries. All that his untutored mind fails to comprehend is associated with some occult power. This is the condition in which we find the North American Indians. These people are in constant terror of being conjured. Young mothers especially are solicitous for their infants, since these are the targets for the venom of diabolical beings. The child's head and face are always covered when a supposed witch

approaches. Again, no man or woman who is reduced to poverty or has some physical deformity, especially any peculiarity that might be taken for the evil eye, or has made an enemy of a prominent member of the tribe, feels safe from accusation. The owner of fine beads and other adornments experiences much bitter with the sweet of possession because of the fear that some witch, prompted by jealousy, will strike him with disease. Moonlight is a great boon to those who must go about at night, for it enables them to identify suspicious objects. They say that witches love the night and lurk in shadows and darkness. Witches are believed to be able to assume the shape of beasts, and the domestic cat, on account of its stealthy habits and its ability to pass through small openings, is a favourite form.

The philosophy of these people is such that though the witch may be regarded as all powerful, none but the poor and unfortunate are condemned. Few others are even brought to trial, for although it may be whispered about that certain ones are witches, their prominence prevents public accusation. Several years ago the droughts were very serious, and a retired sun-priest was suspected and impeached, and his place was filled by another. The people whispered among themselves, "He is a sorcerer." This man was in fact far superior in intelligence to his successor, who miscalculated altogether the winter solstice in 1894, and consequently threw the winter ceremonies out of time, much to the disgust of the wiser heads in Zuni, who, in spite of the assumed infallibility of a sun-priest, felt sure that this one had made a mistake. The previous incumbent, who had filled the office for many years, never miscalculated so far as the writer ever knew or heard.

While there are always among these people certain despised creatures who are referred to as witches or wizards, it remains for some direct cause, such as the illness or death of some resident of the village, to bring the supposed witch to trial. The attendant theurgist or some member of the invalid's family makes search for the person who has caused the trouble, and alas for the poor creature who has offended the theurgist or who has an enemy in the house of the invalid, for he is sure to be pounced upon. In rare instances a member of the family of a deceased person takes the matter into his own hands. Such a case occurred some years ago, and was witnessed by Mr. D. D. Graham, at that time trader at Zuni. A man shot and killed a woman whom he accused of having bewitched his child and caused it to die. The man was not brought to trial, the court being satisfied with the declaration of the murderer that the woman was a witch. As witches are believed to be the direct cause of death, on conviction they suffer capital punishment.

The usual procedure is for a member of the family to make known his suspicion to the attendant theurgist, or for the theurgist himself to decide upon the person to be accused. One is seldom brought to trial unless death has actually taken place or the patient is near death. The theurgist must account for his inability to cure the patient, and this he does by bringing to trial the supposed guilty person whose malevolence defies the powers of the theurgist. In ordinary cases of sickness patients are relieved by the theurgist, who pretends to extract foreign matter "shot" into the body, and the sorcerer or witch is thus left unmolested, with only whispers against him.

Mrs. Stevenson then proceeds to give several stories of witches related by a prominent member of the Badger clan, as follows:

I spent some days with the missionary's wife. She gave me a good bed to sleep in and blankets to keep me warm. She was very kind to me, and I was happy in her house, but after a time I grew very ill and had to return to my mother's home. A shaman was sent for and, through the power of the Beast Gods, he was enabled to discover the cause of my illness by placing pinches of sacred meal upon me, which opened to him the windows of my body. He discovered the disease and declared that I had been bewitched, and commanded the material which had been thrust into my body to come forth. He said he saw within me bits of the blankets I had slept between during my stay in the missionary's house, and bits of yarn and calico which the missionary's wife had given me. All this he commanded to come up through my mouth. The material ejected by me was so putrid that my mother and I could not distinguish the bits of blanket, yarn, and calico, but they were apparent to the all-powerful eye of the shaman. I do not know, but I think it was the old one-eyed woman who bewitched me. She was jealous of the good times I had at the mission.

At one time I had a very bad throat, which was much swollen and very painful. The theurgist came and soon discovered the cause of my suffering. A witch had shot a stone into my throat. The theurgist had to repeat many prayers to the Blest Gods before power was given him to extract the stone. He had to place his hands upon my throat and call with great power, but, obedient to his command, the foreign matter finally appeared. It was, he averred, a large, ugly stone, and he immediately cast it into the fire, as unfit for my mother and me to see.

A certain wizard painted his body red, and the scalp-knot was painted in white on his breasts and knees. He placed wreaths of yucca around his wrists and ankles, and then entered the whirlwind, which is the friend of witches, headforemost. He traveled to the great river of the west and returned to Zuni in one day. He went to the great river to steal the plume-offerings deposited by the rain-priests near Zuni and carried by the butterflies attached to the plume-sticks to the great river. (The spirit of the butterfly is supposed to carry the spirit of the plume offering.)

The whirlwind, becoming weary, dropped the wizard a short distance from Zuni, and as he fell, a youth passing by exclaimed: "Aha, where have you been? Man, you are a sorcerer or you would not be traveling in the whirlwind." And the youth followed the wizard to the village and told his story, and it was discovered that the man was a wizard and had stolen the plume-offerings of the rain-priests. This wizard belonged to the Dogwood clan. He was tried by the Bow priesthood and was convicted and hung by the arms. No food was given him, and at the end of one night and a day he died.

A wizard attached crow and owl plumes to his head that he might have the eyes of the crow to see quickly the approach of man and the eyes of the owl to travel by night. He flapped his arms and left Zuni after the people were asleep. He visited the Apaches and told them to come in four days and destroy the Zunis. At daylight a Zuni man was on his way to gather wood; hearing a cry like an owl, yet human, he looked about him and found a man whom he recognized as a Zuni. "Aha!" said he; "why have you those plumes upon your head? Aha, you are a sorcerer." "Do not betray me," said the sorcerer, "and I will give you many blankets and all my precious beads, and in four days, when the Apaches come, as I have told them to do, I will go out and have them kill me." "No," was the reply, "I do not wish your things; but if you will allow the Apaches to take your life when they come, I will not tell." The man, thinking that perhaps the sorcerer had lied and that the Apaches were already on their way to Zuni, hastened to a place near by, gathered such wood as he could, and returned home. His wife chided him for the poor quality of the wood: "You always bring good wood and a large back load; now you bring but little, and that very poor." But he did not betray the secret; and on the fourth morning he listened attentively, and when he heard the ax striking upon the rock, which was the signal given by the witch, he hurried from the village and found that the Apaches had indeed been met by this man and that they had killed him, not knowing him to be a sorcerer and their friend. The Apaches had gone, leav-

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

ing the body of the sorcerer lying upon crossed arrows. A Navaho, whom the Zuni met on the road, and who accompanied him to where the body lay, exclaimed: "The Apaches have killed a friend." "How do you know?" inquired the Zuni. "Because," said the Navaho, "it is their custom and ours when we kill a friend through mistake to place the body upon crossed arrows that all may know that a friend and not an enemy has been killed." "But how is it the Apaches value this man, who is one of your people?" asked the Navaho; and the Zuni replied, "He was a sorcerer."

All the crops of the Zuni farming district of Pescado were destroyed one year by grasshoppers, which came so thick that they made the air black. It was discovered by a man digging in the field that this misfortune was brought upon them by a witch or wizard, who had mixed together some blue and red beans, a grasshopper, finely ground corn meal, some wheat, and other varieties of seeds. These he wrapped first in a piece of white cotton cloth, afterward in red calico and buckskin, and buried three feet in the ground.

In her own experiences with the Zunis Mrs. Stevenson became fully aware of the Zuni habit of thought upon the subject. She relates the following:

A young man came to the writer's camp one morning in a state of great excitement. He had a very sick wife and related that upon leaving his house on the previous night to attend a meeting of his fraternity he noticed a queer looking burro lurking before the house. Upon his return he was told by those who sat with his wife that a large cat had entered the house, and he knew at once that a witch or wizard had been there. He hastened from the house to discover a man wrapped in a blanket, but not in the Zuni fashion; his head was sunk low in the blanket. Accosting this creature, whom he knew to be a wizard, he told him that if his wife died, he should inform Nai'uchi, the elder brother Bow priest, and have him hanged. Fortunately for the accused the wife soon recovered her health.

A singular feature associated with witchcraft is that accused persons are permitted to be conspicuous in religious entertainments and sometimes to aid in religious festivals. A man belonging to the *Hle'wekwe* (Wood) fraternity or Sword swallowers, which is one of the most important in Zuni, was regarded by a majority of the people as a wizard, yet he was not debarred from membership in his fraternity. During the last visit of the writer to Zuni this man entertained one of the *Sha'lako* (giant gods) at the annual ceremonial, at which six of these gods are per-

sonated, though it is regarded as a high privilege to prepare one's house, which must be thoroughly renovated for the reception of the *Sha'lako*. This poor fellow, who was poor also in worldly goods, after having the honour accorded to him, made every effort at his meager command to have his house suitable for the reception of the god he was to entertain. He laboured hard and long each day, for he was so much despised for his poverty that few would aid him. During his labours upon the improvement of his house, a favourite patient of Nai'uchi's died; but he was not allowed to die in peace. He was interrogated regarding the cause of his trouble and implicated the member of the Sword swallowers above referred to, and while the invalid lay dying, the accused man was summoned and tried by the Bow priesthood in his presence. The accused declared he knew nothing of witchcraft, but his judges pressed him to tell what he had done to the sufferer. Finally, realizing that pleading innocence would be of no avail, he declared that he injured the man by touching his throat with the tips of his fingers, hoping by this statement to inspire the jurors with his supernatural power and thus save himself from torture; but he was condemned, and returned to his home to await the hour of execution.

Near midnight the writer was notified that this man was to be put to death. It seemed too terrible to believe, and hastening from her camp to the village she met Nai'uchi as he was returning from the deathbed of his patient. The great theurgist and elder brother Bow priest was urged to withdraw his verdict on the ground that he might be mistaken. Since he was obdurate, he was told that the United States Government would certainly punish him. He retorted: "I am your friend. Friends do not betray one another. Would you betray me to the soldiers?" "I have not said I would inform upon you," was the reply; "I am too much your friend to see you suffer." "I shall hang this wizard, even though I displease you," he declared. "I shall hang him though the United States Government put me in prison for one month, six months, a year, or forever. He has killed my child, and he must die." The writer and the theurgist soon reached the house of the latter and stood by a lamp attached to the wall of the large living room. The light fell upon Nai'uchi's face and the expression, usually so kind, was now set and stern. There was nothing of rage expressed, only the firm determination of a man bent upon doing his duty though he lost his life by the act.

"Do you care for me at all?" asked the writer.

"I have told you I am your friend."

"Will you do one thing for me?"

"Anything but what you have just asked."

"I wish that you would delay hanging the man until to-morrow night."

"So that you can send to Fort Wingate and have the soldiers come for me?"

"No, I will not send for the soldiers, nor will I inform any one upon you."

"Then, I will wait until to-morrow night, but the wizard shall then be hanged." The position of the writer was a delicate one. The man must be saved, but she must not make an enemy of a tried friend and one of the men most important to her in her studies. All work was suspended on the improvement of the house of the accused. On entering a miserable apartment on an upper floor of his house early on the morning following the writer's conversation with Nai'uchi, a sad scene was presented. The accused sat upon the floor, leaning against the wall, a picture of abject despair, though perfectly calm. His wife, who was ill, sat on one side, and his young daughter, ready to become a mother, on the other. The eyes of both women were swollen and inflamed from weeping, and they continued to weep as they clung to the man they loved. It would not do for the writer's presence in this house to become known. Taking the man's hand she said: "Have faith in me; I will save you." His face became radiant for a moment; then the stoical sadness returned, and, smiling faintly as he thanked her, he said: "No, mother; you wish to save me, but you cannot. Nai'uchi has spoken." Adding another word of assurance the writer hurriedly left the house without being discovered. Before night came she held a court of her own, Nai'uchi, the younger brother Bow priest, and the accused being present, and the result was that the unfortunate was released. This was brought about by a declaration on the part of the writer that she had deprived the man of his power of sorcery; and he was soon at work upon his house, fitting it for the reception of a *Sha'lako* god.

My host, Tsnahey, was once intimately associated with a witchcraft case, the story of which cannot fail to be interesting. To the whites Tsnahey is known as Dick —Zuni *Dick*. Brought up in the family of the former Indian trader who lived at Zuni for over thirty years was Zuni *Nick*. Nick and Dick when I knew them did not speak as they passed by. All my efforts to bring them together failed, and from what each of them told me at different times I have pieced together the following.

Photograph by George Wharton James.

ZUNI NICK, SOON AFTER HE WAS TRIED AS A WIZARD.

Nick's bringing-up naturally led him to ignore and despise the superstitions of his people — he simply absorbed the ideas daily talked in his presence by white people when the ceremonials and dances were being performed. He was evidently somewhat of a freethinker and also an outspoken lad, and after he had been to the white man's school and returned to Zuni he did not hesitate openly to criticise the "ways of the old" as followed by the Zunis.

In course of time Nick fell in love with a Zuni girl and she reciprocated his affections. Although there was considerable opposition to their marriage, the young people finally had their way. Unfortunately the marriage was not a happy one. Nick's wife was the daughter of a true believer and she was as firm and faithful in her acceptation of the teachings of "The Old" as her parents. This in itself was enough to cause dissension between herself and her husband and as there were several other things that Nick constantly did which were very objectionable to his wife, it was not long before they quarreled and Nick sent her home in disgrace. This was equivalent to a divorce. Naturally this proceeding very much offended the parents and friends of Nick's wife, and there is little doubt but that this event was made the occasion for much that followed. Nai'uchi, one of the chief priests, had long looked with disfavour on Nick and his disrespectful attitude. He and his brother medicine men doubtless got together and hatched up the following scheme. Nick was to be accused of being a witch and if this could be shown, it would subject him to the severest punishments of the tribe. That year everything seemed to favour the plot. Crops had been bad for some time; several severe storms came and washed out their corn fields and gardens. A fierce wind blew off all the growing

peaches from the trees. A disease carried off a number of their sheep and goats, and to crown all, an epidemic of small-pox struck the village and carried off not only a number of children but several of the adults.

It was soon whispered about that Nick was responsible for all these evil happenings. Nick was a witch. He was shunned on every hand and although he knew that something serious was in the minds of the natives, it never occurred to him that he was being charged with sorcery.

But he was soon to have a rude awakening. One night he was awakened out of a sound sleep to find himself bound hand and foot and just about to have a gag placed in his mouth. He was conveyed to one of the underground *kivas* where, in solemn and silent conclave, the court that was to judge him was assembled. The head priest sprinkled a line of sacred meal before him, about three feet in length, at the east end of which he placed his *Me-le,*— the insignia of the order of "Life Givers." A crystal about two inches high was put about midway down the line. He had a medicine bowl and basket of sacred meal by his side. A woman of his household then brought a vase of water and a gourd dipper which she placed by his right side. Dipping up a gourd full of water, he began to pray in very gentle tones and then emptied the water into the medicine bowl. Six gourdfuls were thus emptied, each accompanied by prayers to the gods of the six regions where dwell the beast gods. Medicine was afterwards sprinkled into the water and six fetiches dropped in, one for each of the six regions, then a cross surrounded by a circle was formed on the surface of the water with sacred meal.

Quite a number of other ceremonies were gone through and then the accusers of Nick were called upon by Nai-

uchi to tell what they knew of his evil doings. During the whole of this time, Nick remained bound and gagged so that he could make no reply to the many accusations that were hurled against him. When all his accusers were done, Nai'uchi asked for his reply. As a rule at such trials, the accused make the most laborious efforts to free themselves from the charges, but Nick's training was such that he refused to enter into any defense and at the same time, defied the priest. This he did, as he afterwards told me, trusting that Mr. Graham would learn of his predicament and in some way extricate him.

He defied the court and used very strong language in denouncing their high-handed procedure. If he were injured in the slightest, he would have word sent to the soldiers at Fort Wingate who would certainly avenge any injustice. All this seemed to have no effect upon the court, and it was finally decided that he should be hanged. This hanging is not done as we do it, by placing a rope around the neck and strangling the victim. Instead, the elbows are brought together as far back as possible and tied together with a rawhide riata. One end of this is then thrown over a beam placed high up on one of the walls for this purpose. This beam, by the way, is a specially consecrated beam, taken from the old church built by the Franciscans. In very desperate cases the swinging up is done from the thumbs and wrists instead of from the elbows.

At the appointed time Nick was conducted to the large plaza where all the native priests and warriors assembled with Nai'uchi. Gathered around them was every youth, woman and child in the pueblo. At a given signal a half dozen willing pairs of hands pulled on the rope and Nick was hoisted into the air. Unfortunately for the priests they had forgotten to replace the gag in Nick's mouth.

When the first twinges of pain caught him, he shrieked aloud and realizing that things were now becoming desperate, he shrieked and yelled with such vigour that fortunately for him, his cries were heard by Mr. Graham who, having had occasion to call him a short time before, and receiving no answer, had somehow become suspicious that all was not well. Hurrying across the stream to the plaza with a loaded revolver in each hand, Mr. Graham was in time to prevent further injury to Nick. He commanded the warriors to lower the unfortunate man, and then without any argument, cut him loose and took him back home, threatening dire vengeance on the priest and all the others if they dared again to interfere with his favourite who had now become his regular assistant in his store.

Undoubtedly had not Mr. Graham appeared in time, Nick would have been suspended until death occurred. When death is delayed beyond what the priests consider a reasonable time, one of them takes a club and by vigorous blows on the head of the victim puts an end to his life.

At the time this occurred *Dick* was the governor of the pueblo, and while he had nothing to do with the religious ceremonies or the organization that had arrested and tried Nick, the latter felt that he ought to have exercised his power as governor to put a stop to the proceedings. Accordingly he went down to Fort Wingate and instead of laying a complaint against Nai'uchi and those who had actually punished him, he asked that Dick be punished for his failure to protect him. The officers at Wingate took his view of the question and sent up for Dick, and then, without a trial, or any explanation, kept the latter in captivity for several months. The result is that Dick and Nick do not speak as they pass by. Each feels

that he was cruelly wronged by the other and though, for years, I have tried to heal the breach and bring them together, as yet I have not succeeded.

The Zunis still believe in witchcraft, and there is to be found in the National Museum at Washington, a complete set of prayer plumes and other medicines used for the detection of witches. They were given by Nai'uchi to Mrs. Stevenson.

On one of my visits I entered Zuni just at the critical time in a "witch's" hanging. The poor old wretch, friendless and forlorn, had been accused of causing the death of Wé-wha, one of the most noted women of the tribe. Refusing to confess she was strung up *by the thumbs,* her hands tied behind her.

Before my horses were out of the wagon I was informed of what was transpiring. But I was watched, and as I hastened to the scene, the poor old witch, Melita, was hurried to what was supposed to be a place of secrecy. Going to Nai'uchi, the Chief Priest of the Sacred Bow, I sought to find what had become of her. He refused to let me know, but I was later assured that she was somewhere in the great community house. Again asking to be led to her I was again refused most positively.

Then I began the search and after several hours found her, sick almost to death as the result of the cruel treatment she had received. Her wrists were cut through to the bone, her back all lacerated with the beatings she had received, and her cheeks even were broken where the blood had burst through the veins. When I asked her who had beaten her so cruelly, she cried out "Hay-tot-si, Haytotsi," who was one of Nai'uchi's assistants, the other being Ne-mó-si.

After caring for her wounds, white friends were noti-

fied, who brought her food. To prevent further molestation the officers were sent for, and this time, no tender sentiment was allowed to stand in the way of the actual culprits being arrested. They were taken to jail, kept there *without trial,* and then, many months later, were released, to return to Zuni and discuss the wisdom and justice of the white man, who so prides himself on his fairness and honour, and yet could keep prisoners in jail, contrary to law, and finally release them contrary to law.

Of Nai'uchi's sincere belief in witchcraft Mrs. Stevenson writes:

> Nai'uchi presented the complete set of prayer plumes and medicines to the writer, requesting her to show them to the President as proof that witches do exist in Zuni; for these people had had threats from the United States Government regarding their practice of hanging persons accused of witchcraft. These threats, however, were never carried into execution until after the writer had left Zuni in 1896, when Nai'uchi and several others were arrested for hanging a woman they had accused of witchcraft. Help came in time to save the woman and troops were stationed in Zuni to protect the Government teachers while Nai'uchi and others were in prison in Albuquerque, awaiting their trial. During this period the words of the writer's poor, misguided, but dear and tried, friend, Nai'uchi, came often to her: "They may imprison me for one month, six months, a year, or forever, but I shall hang the witch who destroys the life of my child."

The case referred to by Mrs. Stevenson is the one I have already related, in which Melita was rescued from Nai'uchi.

Cushing gives a most graphic account of a witchcraft trial he attended, and of the way he saved the victim's life.

> It was well that we returned! The wind-storms were growing worse: day after day they had drifted the scorching sand over the valley, until the springs were choked up and the river was so dry that a stranger could not have distinguished it from a streamless

Photograph by George Wharton James.
MELITA, THE DAY AFTER SHE WAS RESCUED FROM HANGING AS A WITCH.

arroyo. The nation was threatened with famine. Many were the grave speculations and councils relative to the "meaning of the gods in thus punishing their children."

Strange to say, I was given a prominent place in these, and was often appealed to, on account of my reputed "knowledge of the world." More and more frequent and desperate grew these gatherings, until at last a poor fellow named "Big Belly" was seized and brought up before them, accused of "heresy." The trial — in which I had taken no part — lasted a whole day and part of a night, when to my surprise a body of elders summoned me, and placed me at the head of their council. They addressed and treated me as chief counselor of their nation, which office I held thenceforward for nearly two years. Among other things, they asked what should be done. I inquired minutely into the case, and learned that the culprit had opened one of the sand-choked springs, which proved to be sacred. The gods were supposed to be angry with the nation on account of his transgression — demanding the sacrifice of his life. As impassionately as possible, I pleaded that the wind-storms had set in long before he opened the spring, and suggested that he be made to fill it up again and to sacrifice bits of shells and turquoise to it. The suggestion was adopted! The additional penalty of ostracism, however, was laid upon him, and to this day he lives in the farming pueblo of *Ki-ap-kwai-na-kwin,* or Ojo Caliente.

One evil followed another. Many deaths occurred, among them, that of a beautiful girl, who had been universally liked. Nor did the wind-storms abate. As a consequence, I heard one night a peculiar, long war-cry. It was joined by another and another, until the sound grew strangely weird and ominous. Then three or four men rushed past my door yelling: "A wizard! a wizard!" The tribe was soon in an uproar. The priests of the Bow had seized an old man named the "Bat," and in one of their secret chambers were trying him for sorcery. I was not present, of course, at the trial; but at three o'clock in the morning they dragged him forth to the hill on the north side of the pueblo. There they tied his hands behind him with a rawhide rope; and passing the end of the latter over a pole, supported by high crotched posts, they drew him up until his toes barely touched the ground and he was bent almost double.

Then the four chief-priests of the Bow approached and harangued him one by one, but provoked no reply save the most piteous moans. Day dawned; yet still he hung there. The speeches grew louder and more furious, until, fearing violence, I ran home, buckled on my pistol and returned. I went straight to the old man's side.

"Go back," said the accusers.

"I will not go back; for I come with words."

"Speak then," said they.

"These," said I. "You may try the old man, but you must not kill him. The Americans will see you, or find it out, and tell their people, who will say: 'The Zunis murdered one of their own grandfathers.' That will bring trouble on you all."

"What! murder a wizard?" they exclaimed. "Ho!" and for a few moments I grew hopeless; for the chief-priests turned to the old man, and asked, with mock tenderness:

"Father, does it hurt?"

"Ai-o," moaned the old man, in a weak voice, "I die, I am dying."

"That's right," retorted the priest. "Pull him up a little higher, my son," said he, addressing an assistant. "He says it hurts, and I have hopes he will speak." Then he turned to me again.

"This is our way, my son, of bringing bad men to wisdom. I have worn my throat out urging him to speak; he shall be let to go."

"What shall I say?" piteously moaned the suffering man.

"Say *yes* or *no!* dotard," howled the priest.

"Speak, grandfather, speak!" said I, as reassuringly as I could, at the same time laying my hand on his withered arm.

"Tell them to let me down, then," he pleaded, "for I can speak not long as I am; I shall die. Oh! I shall die."

"Thanks! father, thanks!" said the priest, briskly. "Let him down; he is coming to his senses, I see."

They let the sufferer down for a moment; and gazing on the ground, he began:

"True! I have been bad. My father taught me fifty years ago, in the mountains of the summer snows. It was medicine that I used. You will find a bundle of it over the rafters, in my highest room."

One of the attendants was immediately despatched, and soon returned with a little bunch of twigs.

"Aye! that it is, I used that. It has covered me with shame; but I will be better. I will rejoin my *ti-kia* (sacred order). It will surely rain within four days, for if you but let me go, I shall join my *ti-kia* again."

"Will you be wise?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you stay in Zuni?"

"Yes! believe me."

"Will you never more cause tears?"

"No! It were a shame."

"Will you never teach to others your magic?"

"No! believe me—"

"Thanks! You have spoken. Let him go!" said the priest, as he walked hastily through the crowd toward his home.

Four days passed, and no rain came; nor did the "Bat" do as he had promised, for he returned home only to threaten revenge on the priesthood, and since the fifth day no one outside of that priesthood has ever seen a trace of the "Bat."

In Zuni law-custom there are but two crimes punishable by death — sorcery and cowardice in battle. If, however, a man attempt the life of another, or even threaten it, he is regarded as a wizard; but no immediate measures are taken for his correction. Should crops fail, wind-storms prevail, or should the threatened man die, even from natural causes, the reputed wizard is, when he least expects it, dragged from his bed at night by the secret council of the *A-pi-thlan-shi-wa-ni,* taken to their chamber and tried long and fairly. Should the culprit persist in silence, he is taken forth and tortured by the simple yet excruciatingly painful method I have described, throughout a "single course of the sun;" and if still silent, again taken to the chamber of the priesthood, whence he never comes forth alive; nor do others than members of the dread organization ever know what becomes of him. Rare indeed is the execution for which no other than superstitious reasons be adduced. Even in case of the "Bat," I learned that he had attempted to poison his own niece, the girl heretofore mentioned, the death of whom, a few weeks afterward, rendered him a criminal and liable to condemnation, not only as such but as a sorcerer. Thus, like a vigilance committee, the priesthood of the Bow secretly tries all cases of capital crime under the name of sorcery or witchcraft,— the war-chief of the nation, himself necessarily a prominent priest of the Bow, acting as executioner, and, with the aid of his sub-chiefs, as secretly disposing of the body. On account of this mysterious method of justice crime is rare in Zuni.

Lummis, in his association both with Mexicans and Indians, constantly came in contact with witchcraft, and he relates some amusing incidents in connection therewith. He says:

Of later years the intelligence of the educated Mexicans has rendered such trials no longer possible, and no Mexican would think now of bringing a witch into court; but proceedings outside the law are not entirely done with. In the year 1887, to my knowledge, a poor old Mexican woman was beaten to death in a remote town by two men who believed they had been bewitched by her; and no attempt was ever made to punish her slayers! A few months later I

had the remarkable privilege of photographing three "witches" and some of the people they had "bewitched." One Mexican, of whom I have also a picture, claims that he was permanently crippled by these poor women, and his right leg *is* sadly twisted — though most of us would see in it more of rheumatism than of witchcraft. But you never could make *Patapalo* believe that. He had offended the women, and afterward thoughtlessly drank some coffee they proffered; and his leg at once grew crooked — what could be plainer than that they had bewitched him?

A much more intelligent man than the poor town-butcher, Patapalo, tells — and believes — a much more astounding story. He incurred the displeasure of a witch in San Mateo, and is ready to make oath that she turned him into a woman! He had to pay another witch in the distant canyon Juan de San Tafoya to turn him back to a man again! He is a person of whose sincere belief in this ridiculous statement there can be no doubt, and his intelligence in other matters emphasizes the depth of his superstitious ignorance in this. I know several other Mexicans who claim to have been bewitched in the same way; and the stories of minor misfortunes at the hands of the witches are innumerable. They can be heard in any New Mexican hamlet.

. . . . . .

There are many very curious details in the Mexican witch-faith. No witch, for instance, can pass a sign of the cross; and a couple of pins or sticks placed in that shape effectually bars witches from entering the room or from emerging if the holy emblem is between them and the door. The spoken name of God or the Virgin Mary breaks a witch's spell at once. It is soberly related by many people of my acquaintance that they employed witches to bear them pick-a-back to great distances; but becoming alarmed at the enormous height to which the witches flew with them, they cried, "God save me!" or something of the sort, and instantly fell thousands of feet to the ground, but were not badly hurt!

Mexican witches do not fly about on broomsticks, like those in whom our forefathers believed, but in an even more remarkable fashion. By day they are plain, commonplace people, but at night they take the shapes of dogs, cats, rats, or other animals, and sally forth to witch-meetings in the mountains, or to prowl about the houses of those they dislike. So when the average Mexican sees a strange cat or dog about his home at night he feels a horror which seems out of place in a man who has proved his courage in bloody Indian wars and all the perils of the frontier.

When witches wish to fly, they generally retain their human form, but assume the legs and eyes of a coyote or other animal, leaving

their own at home. Then saying (in Spanish, of course), "Without God and without the Virgin Mary," they rise into the air and sail away. A sad accident once befell a male witch named Juan Perea, whom I knew in San Mateo, but who died a couple of years ago. It was asserted that one night he went flying off with the eyes and legs of a cat, leaving his own on the kitchen table. His poor starved shepherd-dog overturned the table and ate the eyes, and Juan had to go through the rest of his life wearing the green eyes of a cat!

In condemning these primitive peoples for their tenacious adherence to this superstition let us not forget that it is but little over two hundred years ago that the most cultured, refined, educated and pious of the people of New England were guilty of the most hideous and monstrous cruelties to poor and helpless people, generally old women, who had been accused of being witches. When we rise in our superiority to condemn the Indian and Mexican it might be well to picture before our mind's eyes the dignified and holy Cotton Mather expounding the biblical text with all sincerity, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

When we exclaim at the horror of the treatment of Nick and Melita let us recall the stocks, the whippings at the cart's tail, the ear- and nose-slitting and then the hanging and burning of the helpless accused of New England.

Our own savageness is too recent to justify our too severe condemnation of those who, at the present time, are still groping in the darkness from which we have but just emerged.

CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING WITH INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO [1]

WHITE people have gained a slight insight into the wonderful hunting lore of the Pueblo and other Indians of New Mexico, but few have more than the faintest inkling of the fascinating field it covers.

On my first visit to Zuni, I purchased from a youth,—who had been to the Indian School at Carlisle, and, therefore, had become skeptical and "superior to the religious ideas of his people,"—a small but beautifully carved stone figure of a mountain lion which he said was used in hunting. This was all he would tell me, so, when I met others of the tribe I showed it and asked them about it. No sooner did they see it than, almost breathless with awe, in whispers they exclaimed: "We-ma-he," clearly showing that they were astounded at my possession of the creature, and surprised that no harm had come to me. Possibly I never might have learned the significance of the we-ma-he had I not later read Lieut.

[1] This chapter is far too profound a discussion and presentation of this subject to have been written by this, or any other, author, who had not actually lived with the Zunis for many years and become intimately acquainted with their inmost life. There are but two men who could have written it. One was Lieut. Frank Hamilton Cushing, the other his worthy successor in this field, Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes. It was written (and buried to all but scientists in the Government publications) by Lieut. Cushing, and in accordance with a pledge made to him some short time before he died I am now presenting it in this book designed for popular reading, that a far wider circle may become familiar with his wonderfully illuminative work among these interesting aboriginal people.

PUEBLO INDIAN, WITH THROWING STICK, READY FOR A RABBIT HUNT.

Cushing's lucid monograph on the subject, published in the *Second Annual Report* of the Bureau of Ethnology. In this he explains the religion or philosophy of the Zuni and how his mind works in regard to the objects of Nature. As I have endeavoured to show, in the chapter on the *Religion of the Indians,* he looks up to, worships, Nature and all animals, birds, fishes, reptiles. Naturally the white man asks why? He cannot see any reason for this.

All this is fully explained in the myths of the Zuni — called by Cushing the Zuni "Iliad." Here is the story as translated by him:

In the days when all was new, men lived in the four caverns of the lower regions. In the lower-most one of these men first came to know of their existence. It was dark, and as men increased they began to crowd one another and were very unhappy. Wise men came into existence among them, whose children supplicated them that they should obtain deliverance from such a condition of life.

It was then that the "Holder of the Paths of Life," the Sun-father, created from his own being two children, who fell to earth for the good of all beings. The Sun-father endowed these children with immortal youth, with power even as his own power, and created for them a bow — the Rain-bow — and arrow — the Lightning. For them he also made a shield like unto his own, of magic power, and a knife of flint, the great magic war knife. The shield was a mere network of sacred cords, of cotton on a hoop of wood, and to the center of this net-shield was attached the magic knife.

These children cut the face of the world with their magic knife, and were borne down upon their shield into the caverns in which all men dwelt. There as the leaders of men, they lived with their children, mankind.

They listened to the supplication of the priests — the wise men. They built a ladder to the roof of the first cave and widened with their flint knife and shield the aperture through which they had entered. Then they led men forth into the second cavern, which was larger and not quite so dark.

Ere long men multiplied and bemoaned their condition as before. Again they besought their priests, whose supplications were once more listened to by the divine children. As before, they led all mankind into the third world. Here it was still larger and like

twilight, for the light of the Sun himself sifted down through the opening. To these poor children of the dark the opening itself seemed a blazing sun.

But as time went on men multiplied even as they had before, and at last, as at first, bemoaned their condition. Again the two children listened to their supplications, and it was then that the children of men first saw the light of their father, the Sun.

The world had been covered with water. It was damp and unstable. Earthquakes disturbed its surface. Strange beings rose up through it, monsters and animals of prey. As upon an island in the middle of a great water, the children of men were led forth into the light of their father, the Sun. It blinded and heated them so that they cried to one another in anguish, and fell down, and covered their eyes with their bare hands and arms, for men were black then, like the caves they came from, and naked, save for a covering at the loins of rush, like yucca fiber, and sandals of the same, and their eyes, like the owl's, were unused to the daylight.

Eastward the two children began to lead them, toward the home of the Sun-father.

Now, it happened that the two children saw that the earth must be dried and hardened, for whenever the foot touched the soil, water gathered — as may be seen even in the rocks to-day — and the monsters which rose from the deep devoured the children of men. Therefore they consulted together and sought the advice of their creator, the Sun-father. By his directions, they placed their magic shield upon the soft sands. They drew four lines a step apart upon the wet earth. Then the older brother said to the younger, Wilt thou, or shall I, take the lead?

"I will take the lead," said the younger.

"Stand thou upon the last line," said the older.

And when they had laid upon the magic shield the rainbow, and across it the arrows of lightning, towards all the quarters of the world, the younger brother took his station facing toward the right. The older brother took his station facing toward the left. When all was ready, both braced themselves to run. The older brother drew his arrow to the head, let fly, and struck the rainbow and the lightning arrow midway where they crossed. Instantly, *thlu-tchu!* shot the arrows of lightning in every direction, and fire rolled over the face of the earth, and the two gods followed the courses of their arrows of lightning.

Now that the surface of the earth was hardened (by the heat of the lightning), even the animals of prey, powerful and like the fathers (gods) themselves, would have devoured the children of men; and the Two thought it was not well that they should all be

permitted to live, "for," said they, "alike will the children of men and the children of the animals of prey multiply themselves. The animals of prey are provided with talons and teeth; men are but poor, the finished beings of earth, therefore the weaker."

Whenever they came across the pathway of one of these animals, were he great mountain lion or but a mere mole, they struck him with the fire of lightning which they carried in their magic shield. *Thlu!* and instantly he was shriveled and burnt into stone.

Then said they to the animals that they had thus changed to stone, "That ye may not be evil unto men, but that ye may be a great good unto them, have we changed you into rock everlasting. By the magic breath of prey, by the heart that shall endure forever within you, shall ye be made to serve instead of to devour mankind."

Thus was the surface of the earth hardened and scorched and many of all kinds of beings changed into stone. Thus, too, it happens that we find, here and there throughout the world, their forms, sometimes large and like the beings themselves, sometimes shriveled and distorted. And we often see among the rocks the forms of many beings that live no longer, which shows us that all was different in the "days of the new."

The Zunis regard any one who finds these concretions as blessed with great good fortune and they call upon him (or her) to care for them for the sake of the magic power that was given to them by the Two in the "days of the new." "For," say they, "the spirits of the *we-mahe* still live, and are pleased to receive from us the offerings of the heart and the sacred necklace of treasure, hence they turn their ears and the ears of their brothers in our direction that they may hearken unto our prayers and know our wants."

The Zuni also believes that the hearts of the great animals of prey are infused with a spirit of magic influence over the hearts of the animals they prey upon — the game animals; that their breaths derived from their hearts, and breathed upon their prey, whether near or far, never fail to overcome them, piercing their hearts and causing their limbs to stiffen, and the animals themselves

to lose their strength. Moreover, the roar or cry of a beast of prey is accounted its magic medicine of destruction, which, heard by the game animals, is fatal to them, because it charms their senses, as does the breath their hearts. Since the mountain lion, for instance, lives by the blood and flesh of the game animals, and by these alone, he is endowed not only with the above powers, but with peculiar powers that they possess in the senses of sight and smell. Moreover, these powers, as derived from his heart, are preserved in his fetich, since his heart still lives, even though his person be changed to stone.

But the Zuni believes, also, that a special fetich belongs to a special world region, six of which he recognizes, naming each with his poetic conceptions of its distinguishing characteristic: the North with its auroral hues, the Direction of the Swept or Barren Place; the West, with its blue Pacific, the Direction of the Home of the Waters (for the Zunis regard the Pacific as the original home of all waters); the South, with its rosy hues, the Direction of the Place of the Beautiful Red; the East, with its white dawn, the Direction of the Home of Day; the upper Region or Above, with the many hues of the clouded sky, the Direction of the Home of the High; and the Lower Regions, or Below, the Direction of the Home of the Low.

How the fetiches came to be allotted to the guardianship of these respective world sections and at the same time have authority committed to them to control the "medicine powers," etc., which are supposed to inhere to these sections and be drawn from them for man's benefit is told in the following legend of Po-shai-an-k'ia. This personage is said to have appeared in human form, poorly clad, and therefore reviled by men. He taught the ancestors of the Zuni, Taos, Oraibi (Hopi) and

Coconino (Havasupai) Indians their agricultural and other arts, their systems of worship by means of plumed and painted prayer-sticks; organized their medicine societies; and then disappeared by way of an opening to the underworld known as *Shi-pa-pu-li-ma,* whence he departed for the Home of the Sun. He is still the conscious auditor of the prayers of his children, the invisible ruler of the spiritual Shi-pa-pu-li-ma, and of the lesser gods of the medicine orders, the principal "Finisher of the Paths of our Lives." The legend is as follows:

In ancient times, while yet all beings belonged to one family, Po-shai-an-k'ia, the father of our sacred bands, lived with his children in the City of the Mists — the center of the Medicine Societies of the world. There he was guarded by his six warriors, toward the north by the Mountain Lion (Long Tail); toward the west by the Bear (Clumsy Foot); toward the south by the Badger (Black Mark Face); toward the east by the Wolf (Hairy Tail); above by the Eagle (White Cap); and below by the Mole. He then divided the universe into the six regions named above. In the center of the Great Sea of each of these regions stood a very ancient Sacred Place,— a great mountain peak. In the north was the mountain Yellow, in the west the mountain Blue, in the south the mountain Red, in the east the mountain White, above the mountain All-colour, and below the mountain Black.

Po-shai-an-k'ia then said to the mountain lion: Long Tail, thou art stout of heart and strong of will. Therefore give I unto thee and unto thy children forever the mastership of the gods of prey, and the guardianship of the Great Northern world (for thy coat is of yellow), that thou guard from that quarter the coming of evil upon my children of men, that thou receive in that quarter their messages to me, that thou become the father in the North of the Sacred Medicine orders all, that thou become a Maker of the Paths (of men's lives).

Thither went the mountain lion.

Then in turn the Bear was sent to the west, for his coat was ruddy and marked with black and white equally, the colours of the land of summer, which is red and stands between the day and the night; the white wolf to the east, for his coat was white and gray, the colour of the day and dawn; the eagle to the upper regions, for he flies through the skies without tiring and his coat was speckled like the clouds; the prey mole to the Lower regions, for he burrows

through the earth without tiring, and his coat was black, the colour of the holes and caves of the earth.

Thus these animals possess (to the Zuni mind) not only the guardianship of the six regions, but also the mastership, not merely in a geographic sense, but in the more mysterious "medicine" sense of the powers which are supposed to emanate from these regions. They also act as mediators between men and Po-shai-an-k'ia and conversely, between the latter and men. By means of the prayer-plumes they convey messages from him and his associated gods to men. It is important that these two phases of the power and mission of the prey animals be understood and kept mentally separate, for they explain clearly (when so recalled) much of what otherwise would be incomprehensible in the hunting and other ceremonials of the Zuni.

If a member of any of the Zuni religious orders is neglectful of his religious duties he is liable at any time to be punished by Po-shai-an-k'ia through some one of his animal warriors and defenders. Illustrative of this, the following story is often told by the priests with great emphasis to any neglectful member.

Mi-tsi was long a faithful member of the Little Fire order, but he grew careless, neglected his sacrifices, and resigned his rank as "Keeper of the Medicines," from sheer laziness. In vain the "fathers" (chief priests) warned him. He only grew hot with anger. One day Mi-tsi went up on the mesas to cut corral poles. He sat down to eat his dinner. A great black bear walked out of the thicket near at hand and leisurely approached him. Mi-tsi dropped his dinner and climbed a neighbouring little dead pine tree. The bear followed him and climbed it, too. Mi-tsi began to have sad thoughts of the words of the fathers.

"Alas!" he cried; "pity me, my father from the westland!" In vain he promised to be good. Yet he knew it was useless to plead and that the bear could not listen, for had not Po-shai-an-k'ia commanded him?

So the black bear seized him by the foot and pulled until Mi-tsi

screamed with pain; but, cling as he would to the tree, the bear pulled him to the ground. Then he lay down on Mi-tsi and pressed the wind out of him so that he forgot. The black bear started to go; but eyed Mi-tsi. Mi-tsi kicked. Black bear came and pressed his wind out again. It hurt Mi-tsi, and he said to himself, "Oh, dear me! What shall I do? The father thinks I am not punished enough!" So he kept very still. Black bear started again, then stopped again, growled and moved off, for Mi-tsi kept very still. Then the black bear went slowly away, looking at Mi-tsi all the while, until he passed a little knoll. Mi-tsi crawled away and hid under a log. Then, when he thought himself man enough, he started for Zuni. He was long sick, for the black bear had eaten his foot. He "still lives and limps," but he is a good religionist and attends strictly to his duties in the Little Fire order. Who shall say that Po-shai-an-k'ia did not command?

Owing to their relationship to Po-shai-an-k'ia the prey gods are given high rank among the gods, as "Makers of the Paths of Life." The medicine priests therefore hold their fetiches in high veneration, keeping them "as in captivity" as mediator between themselves and the animals represented. In this character they are exhorted with elaborate prayers, rituals, dances and other ceremonials, the mere recital of which would completely fill this book. Grand sacrifices of plumed and painted prayer-sticks are annually made by the "Prey Brother Priesthood," of the medicine societies, and at the full moon of each month lesser sacrifices of the same kind by the male members of these societies, at which elaborate prayers are offered.

While from all that has been said it is evident that the fetich worship of the Zunis has a most important place in their life the practical considerations of food call forth the highest manifestations of this form of worship. It is as aids or directors in the chase that the *Wemahe* are preëminently important. The special priests of the fetiches used in the chase are all members of the "Great Coyote People," and their keepers certain members of the

Eagle and Coyote gentes and the Prey Brother priesthood.

The hunting fetiches are the same as those supposed to guard the six world regions, with but two exceptions. These are, the Coyote, which takes the place of the Black Bear of the west, and the Wild Cat which takes the place of the Badger of the south.

While all these prey gods of the chase have functions different from those of the six regions they are yet referred to special divisions of the world. In explanation of this, however, quite another myth is given. This myth is part of the great epic from which the former story was taken, and it pictures the tribes of the Zunis, under the guidance of the Two Children, and the Ka-ka at a marsh-bordered lagune situated on the eastern shore of the Little Colorado, about fifteen miles north and west from the pueblo of San Juan, Arizona, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Rio Concho. This lagune is probably formed in the basin or crater or some extinct volcano or volcanic spring, as the two high and wonderfully similar mountains on either side are identical in formation with those in which occur the Cave-craters further south on the same river. It has, however, been largely filled in by the débris brought down by the Zuni river, which here joins the Little Colorado.

The following is the myth of the "Distribution of the Animals."

Men began their journey from the Red River, and the Ka-ka (Zuni ancient mythical beings) still lived, as they do now, at Ko-thlu-el-lon-ne (the Standing Place or City of the Ka-ka), when the wonderful family of the Snail People, caused, by means of their magic power, all the game animals in the whole world round about to gather together in the great forked canyon-valley under their town, and there to be hidden.

The walls of this canyon were high and unsurmountable, and the

whole valley, although large, was filled full of game animals, so that their feet rumbled and rattled together like the sound of distant thunder, and their horns crackled like the sounds of a storm in a dry forest. All round about the canyon these passing wonderful Snail People made a line of magic medicine and sacred meal, which road, even as a corral, no game animal, even though great Elk or strong buck Deer, could pass.

Now, it rained many days, and thus the tracks of all these animals tending thither were washed away. Nowhere could the Ka-ka, or the children of men, although they hunted day after day over the plains and mountains, on the mesas and along the canyon-valleys, find prey or trace of prey.

Thus it happened that after many days they grew hungry, almost famished. Even the great strong Sha-la-ko and the swift Sa-la-mo-pi-a walked zigzag in their trails, from the weakness of hunger. At first the mighty Ka-ka and men alike were compelled to eat the bones they had before cast away, and at last to devour the soles of their moccasins and even the deer-tail ornaments of their dresses, for want of the flesh of the game animals.

Still, day after day, though weak and disheartened, man and the Ka-ka sought game in the mountains. At last a great Elk was given liberty. His sides shook with tallow; his dew-lap hung like a bag, so fleshy was it; his horns spread out like the branches of a dead tree; and his crackling hoofs cut the sands and even the rocks as he ran westward. He circled far off toward the Red River, passed through the Round valley, and into the northern canyons. The Sha-la-ko was out hunting. He espied the deep tracks of the Elk and fleetly followed him. Passing swift and strong was he, though weak from hunger, and ere long he came in sight of the Great Elk. The sight gladdened and strengthened him; but alas! the Elk kept his distance as he turned again toward the hiding-place of his brother animals. On and on the Sha-la-ko followed him, until he came to the edge of a great canyon, and, peering over the brink, discovered the hiding-place of all the game animals of the world.

"Aha! so here you all are!" said he. "I'll hasten back to my father, Pa-u-ti-wa, who hungers for flesh, alas! and grows weak." And like the wind the Sha-la-ko returned to Ko-thlu-el-lo-ne. Entering, he informed the Ka-ka, and word was sent out by the swift Sa-la-mo-pi-a to all the We-ma-a-ha-i for counsel and assistance, for they now were the fathers of men and the Ka-ka. The mountain Lion, the Coyote, the Wild Cat, the Wolf, the Eagle, the Falcon, the Ground Owl, and the Mole were summoned, all hungry and lean, as were the Ka-ka and the children of men, from want of the flesh of the game animals. Nevertheless, they were anxious for the

hunt, and moved themselves quickly among one another in their anxiety. Then the passing swift runners, the Sa-la-mo-pi-a, of all colours,— the yellow, the blue, the red, the white, the many coloured, and the black,— were summoned to accompany the We-ma-a-ha-i to the Snail People. Well they knew that passing wonderful were the Snail People, and that no easy matter would it be to overcome their medicine and their magic. But they hastened forth until they came near to the canyon. Then the Sha-la-ko, who guided them, gave directions that they should make themselves ready for the hunt.

When all were prepared, he opened by his sacred power the magic corral on the northern side, and forth rushed a great buck Deer.

"Long Tail, the corral has been opened for thee. Forth comes the game, seize him!" With great leaps the Mountain Lion overtook and threw the Deer to the ground, and fastened his teeth in his throat.

The corral was opened on the western side. Forth rushed a Mountain Sheep.

"Coyote, the corral has been opened for thee. Forth comes thy game; seize him!" The Coyote dashed swiftly forward. The Mountain Sheep dodged him and ran off toward the west. The Coyote crazily ran about, yelping and barking after his game, but the Mountain Sheep bounded from rock to rock and was soon far away. Still the Coyote rushed crazily about until the Mountain Lion commanded him to be quiet. But the Coyote smelled the blood of the Deer and was beside himself with hunger. Then the Mountain Lion said to him disdainfully: "Satisfy thy hunger on the blood I have spilled, for to-day thou hast missed thy game; and thus ever will thy descendants like thee blunder in the chase. As thou this day satisfiest thy hunger, so also by the blood that the hunter spills on the flesh that he throws away shall thy descendants forever have being."

The corral was opened on the southern side. An Antelope sprang forth. With bounds less strong than those of the Mountain Lion, but nimbler, the Wild Cat seized him and threw him to the ground.

The corral was opened on the eastern side. Forth ran the O-ho-li-o, the Albino Antelope. The Wolf seized and threw him. The Jack Rabbit was let out. The Eagle poised himself for a moment, then swooped upon him. The Cotton Tail came forth. The Prey Mole waited in his hole and seized him; the Wood Rat, the Falcon made him his prey; the Mouse, and the Ground Owl quickly caught him.

While the We-ma-a-ha-i were thus satisfying their hunger, the game animals began to escape through the breaks in the corral. Forth through the northern door rushed the Buffalo, the great Elk,

and the Deer, and toward the north the Mountain Lion and the yellow Sa-la-mo-pi-a swiftly followed and herded them to the world where stands the yellow mountain, below the great northern ocean.

Out through the western gap rushed the Mountain Sheep, herded and driven by the Coyote and the blue Sa-la-mo-pi-a, toward the great western ocean, where stands the ancient blue mountain.

Out through the southern gap rushed the Antelope, herded and driven by the Wild Cat and the red Sa-la-mo-pi-a, toward the great land of Summer, where stands the ancient red mountain.

Out through the eastern gap rushed the Albino Antelope, herded and driven by the Wolf and the white Sa-la-mo-pi-a, toward where "they say" is the eastern ocean, the "Ocean of Day," wherein stands the ancient white mountain.

Forth rushed in all directions the Jack Rabbits, the Cotton Tails, the Rats and the Mice; and the Eagle, the Falcon, and the Ground Owl circled high above, toward the great "Sky Ocean," above which stands the ancient mountain of many colours; and they drove them over all the earth, that from their homes in the air they could watch them in all places; and the Sa-la-mo-pi-a of many colours rose and assisted them.

Into the earth burrowed the Rabbits, the Rats, and the Mice, from the sight of the Eagle, the Falcon, and the Ground Owl; but the Prey Mole and the black Sa-la-mo-pi-a thither followed them toward the four caverns of earth, beneath which stands the ancient black mountain.

When the earth and winds were filled with rumbling from the feet of the departing animals, the Snail People saw that their game was escaping; hence the world was filled with the wars of the Ka-ka, the Snail People, and the children of men.

Thus were let loose the game animals of the world. Hence the Buffalo, the great Elk, and the largest Deer are found mostly in the North, where they are ever pursued by the great Mountain Lion; but with them escaped other animals, and so not alone in the North are the Buffalo, the Great Elk, and the Deer found.

Among the mountains and the canyons of the West are found the Mountain Sheep pursued by the Coyote; but with them escaped many other animals, hence not alone in the West are the Mountain Sheep found.

So, for the same reason, that other animals escaped in the same direction, while we find toward the South the Antelope, pursued by the Wild Cat; toward the East the Albino Antelope, pursued by the Wolf; they are not found there alone.

In all directions escaped the Jack Rabbits, Cotton Tails, Rats, and Mice; hence over all the earth are they found. Above them in the

skies circle the Eagle, the Falcon, and the Ground Owl; yet into the earth escaped many of them, followed by the Prey Mole; hence beneath the earth burrow many.

Thus, also, it came to be that the yellow Mountain Lion is the Master Prey Being of the North; but his younger brothers — the blue, the red, the white, the spotted, and the black Mountain Lions — wander over the other regions of earth. Does not the spotted Mountain Lion (evidently the Ocelot) live among the high mountains of the South?

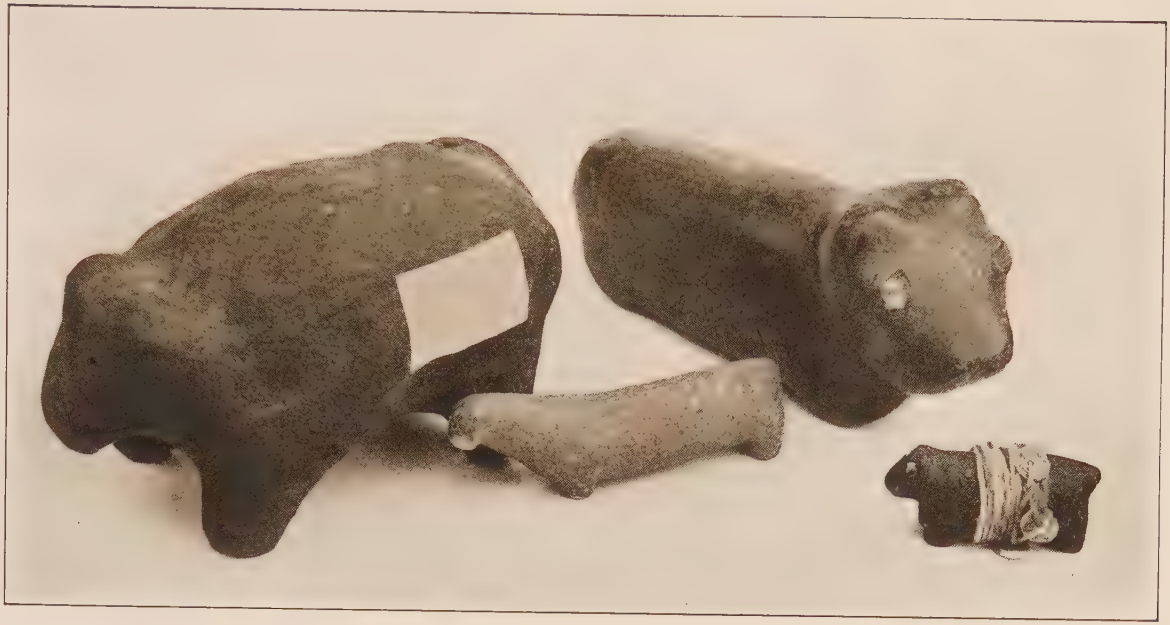
Thus, too, was it with the Coyote, who is Master of the West, but whose younger brothers wander over all the regions; and thus, too, with the Wild Cat and the Wolf.

This legend thus explains why each of the Prey Animals is found in Six colours, each colour determining the world division to which it belongs. Yet all are supposed to yield allegiance to the chief representative of the family to which they belong. For instance, the Mountain Lion is primarily god of the north, but he is supposed to have younger brothers in each of the five other world divisions: in the West the Blue mountain lion; in the South the Red; in the East the White; in the Upper Regions the Spotted; in the lower Regions the Black.

The result is that one can find a wonderful variety of these We-ma-he, made in different colours and material, the yellow of yellow limestone, the blue of finely veined azurite, or carbonate of copper, the white of white limestone, etc.

In some cases the eyes are inlaid pieces of turquoise, and the figures are generally smoothly carved and polished with great age and constant usage.

The relative value of these fetiches depends largely upon the rank of the animal god they represent. For instance, the mountain lion is not only master of the North, which takes precedence over all the other Ancient Sacred Spaces or regions, but is also the master of all the other Prey Gods, if not of all other terrestrial



FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION OF *WE-MA-HE,* OR PREY FETICHES.

animals. Notwithstanding the fact that the Coyote, in the Order of the Hunt (the Coyote Society) is given, for traditional reasons, higher *sacred* rank than the Mountain Lion, he is, as a Prey Being, one degree lower, being god of the West, which follows the North in the order of importance. Hence we find the Mountain Lion and Coyote fetiches far more prized than any of the others and correspondingly more numerous. The Coyote in rank is younger brother of the Mountain Lion, just as the Wild Cat is younger brother of the Coyote, the Wolf of the Wild Cat, and so on to the Mole, and less important ground Owl. In relationship by blood, however, the yellow Mountain Lion is accounted older brother of the red, white, yellow, mottled or spotted and black Coyotes. So the Wild Cat of the South is regarded as the older brother of the wild cats of all the other five regions and thus it is respectively with the wolf, the eagle, and the mole. We find, therefore, that in the north all the gods of Prey are represented, as well as the Mountain Lion, only they are yellow. In the west all are represented as well as the Coyote, only they are blue; and thus throughout the remaining four regions.

The Mountain Lion is further believed to be the special hunter of the Elk, Deer, and Bison (no longer an inhabitant of New Mexico). His fetich, therefore, is preferred by the hunter of these animals. So also, is the fetich of the Coyote preferred by the hunter of the Mountain Sheep; that of the Wild Cat, by the hunter of the Antelope; that of the Wolf by the hunter of the rare and highly valued Albino Antelope; those of the Eagle and Falcon by the hunter of Rabbits; and that of the Mole, by the hunter of other small game.

The exception to this rule is individual, and founded on the belief that any one of the Gods of Prey hunts

to some extent the special game of the other Gods of Prey. Hence, any person who may discover either a concretion or natural object or an ancient fetich calling to mind or representing any one of the Prey Gods will regard it as his special fetich, and almost invariably prefer it, since he believes it to have been meted to him by the gods.

Although these fetiches are thus often individual property, members of the Coyote Society, and of the Eagle and Coyote gentes, as well as priests included in the Prey God Brotherhood, are required to deposit their fetiches, when not in use, with the "Keeper of the Medicine of the Deer," who is usually, if not always, the head member of the Eagle gens.

It rests with these memberships and these alone to perfect the fetiches when found, and to carry on at stated intervals the ceremonials and worship connected with them.

When not in use, either for ceremonials or for the hunt, these tribal fetiches are kept in a very ancient vessel of wicker-work, in the House of the Deer Medicine, which is usually the dwelling place of the keeper.

The principal ceremonial connected with the worship of the Prey Beings takes place either a little before or a little after the winter solstice, or the national New Year, and is called "The Day of the Council of the Fetiches."

They are all taken from their place of deposit, and arranged, according to species and colour, in front of a symbolic altar on the floor of the underground council chamber. The Eagles and other winged fetiches are suspended from the rafters by means of cotton cords.

The ceremonials last through the latter two-thirds of a night. Each member on entering approaches the altar and with prayer-meal in hand addresses a long prayer

to the assembly of fetiches, at the close of which he scatters the prayer-meal over them, breathes on and from his hand, and takes his place in the Council. An opening prayer-chant lasting from one to three hours, is then sung at intervals, in which various members dance to the sound of constant rattles, imitating at the close of each stanza the cries of the beasts represented by the fetiches.

At the conclusion of the song, the "Keeper of the Deer Medicine," who is the master priest of the occasion, leads off in the recitation of a long metrical ritual, in which he is followed by the two warrior priests with shorter recitations and by a prayer from another priest (of uncertain rank). During these recitations, responses may be heard from the whole assembly, and at their close, at or after sunrise, all members flock around the altar and repeat, prayer-meal in hand, a concluding invocation. This is followed by a liberal feast, principally of game, which is brought in and served by the women, with additional recitations and ceremonials. At this feast, portions of each kind of food are taken out by every member for the Prey Gods, which portions are sacrificed by the priests, together with the proper plume-sticks, several of which are supplied by each member.

Similar midnight ceremonials, but briefer, are observed on the occasion of the great midwinter tribal hunts, the times for which are fixed by the Keeper of the Deer Medicine, and the master and warrior priests of the Coyote Society.

Any hunter, provided he be one privileged to participate in the above described ceremonials — namely, a Prey Brother — supplies himself, when preparing for the chase, not only with his weapons, etc., but also with a favourite or appropriate prey fetich. In order to pro-

cure the latter he proceeds, sooner or later before starting, to the House of the Deer Medicine, where the vessel containing the fetiches is brought forth by the Keeper or some substitute and placed before him. Facing in the direction of the region to which belongs the particular fetich he desires to use, he sprinkles into and over the vessel sacred prayer or medicine meals.

Then, holding a small quantity of the meal in his left hand, over the region of his heart, he removes his headband and utters the following prayer:

This day, my father (or, my mother), here I (as if), unexpectedly, meet thee with whatsoever I have made ready of the sacred things of my father, the priest-gods of the sacred dances, the priest-gods of the Prey beings. These sacred things bringing I have here overtaken thee, and with their good fortune I here address thee. Wishing for that whereby thou hast being, I shall go forth from here prayfully upon the trails of my earth-mother.

Throughout the whole of this great country, they whereby thou hast being, the deer, by the command of thy wind of life (breath), wander about. It is wishing for their flesh and blood that I shall go forth yonder prayfully over the trails.

Let it be without fail that thou shalt make me happy with that whereby thou hast being. Grant unto me the height of thy favour.

Then scattering forth the prayer-meal in the direction he proposes to take on the hunt, he chooses from the vessel the fetich, and pressing it to or toward his lips, breathes from it and exclaims:

Ah, thanks, my father, this day I shall follow thee forth over the trails. Prayfully over the trails shall I go out.

Should a party be going to the hunt together, all repair to the House of the Deer Medicine, repeating, one by one, the above prayers and ceremonials as the fetiches are drawn.

The fetich is then placed in a little crescent-shaped bag of buckskin which the hunter wears suspended over

the left breast (or heart), by a buckskin thong, which is tied above the right shoulder. With it he returns home, where he hangs it up in his room and awaits a favourable rain- or snow-storm, meanwhile, if but a few days elapse, retaining the fetich in his own house.

If a hunter be not a member of the orders above mentioned, while he must ask a member to secure a fetich for him, in the manner described, still he is quite as privileged to use it as is the member himself, although his chances of success are not supposed to be so good as those of the proper owner.

During his journey out the hunter picks from the heart of the *yucca,* or Spanish bayonet, a few thin leaves, and on reaching the point where an animal which he wishes to capture has rested, or whence it has newly taken flight, he deposits, together with certain sacrifices, a spider knot, made of four strands of the yucca leaves. This knot must be tied like the ordinary cat-knot, bent invariably from right to left, so that the ends of the four strands shall spread out from the center as the legs of a spider from its body. The knot is further characterized by being tied quite awkwardly, as if by a mere child. It is deposited on the spot over which the heart of the animal is supposed to have rested or passed. Then a forked twig of cedar is cut and stuck very obliquely into the ground, so that the prongs stand in a direction opposite to that of the course taken by the animal and immediately in front, as it were, of the fore part of its heart, which is represented as entangled in the knot.

The hunter then imitates the roar of the animal which his fetich represents, and this whole ceremonial is complete. It is supposed to limit the power of the flight of the animal sought, to confine him within a narrow circle, and, together with an additional ceremonial which is in-

variably performed, even without the other, is supposed to render it a sure prey. This is performed only after the track has been followed until either the animal is in sight, or a place is discovered where it had lain down. Then, in exactly the spot over which the heart of the animal is supposed to have rested, the hunter deposits a sacrifice of corn pollen, sacred black war paint,— a kind of plumbago, containing shining particles, and procured by barter from the Havasupai Indians, and the sacred mines of the West — and prayer or sacred meal, made from white seed-corn (emblematic of terrestrial life or of the foods of mankind), fragments of shell, sand from the ocean, and sometimes turquoise of green stone, ground very fine, and invariably carried in pouches by all members of the sacred societies of Zuni. To this mixture sacred shell-beads or coral are sometimes added. Then, taking out the fetich, he breathes on it and from it, and exclaims "Si!" which signifies "the time has come," or that everything is in readiness. He then prays:

Si! This day, my father, thou game animal, even though thy trail one day and one night hast (been made) round about; however, grant unto me one step of my earth-mother. Wanting thy life-blood, wanting thy flesh, hence I here address to thee good fortune, address to thee treasure.

All ye woods that fill (the country) round about me, (do) grasp for me strongly. [This expression beseeches that the logs, sticks, branches, brambles, bushes, and vines shall impede the progress of the chased animal.] My fathers, favour me. Grant unto me the light of your favour, do.

The hunter then takes out his fetich, places its nostrils near his lips, breathes deeply from them, as though to inhale the supposed magic breath of the God of Prey, and puffs long and quite loudly in the general direction whither the tracks tend. He then utters three or four times a long, long cry of "Hu-u-u-u!" It is supposed

that the breath of the god breathed in temporarily by the hunter, and breathed outward toward the heart of the pursued animal will overcome the latter and stiffen his limbs, so that he will fall an easy prey; and that the low roar, as from a beast of prey, will enter his consciousness and frighten him, so as to conceal from him the knowledge of any approach.

The hunter then rises, replaces his fetich, and pursues the trail with all possible ardour, until he either strikes the animal down by means of his weapons, or so worries it by long-continued chase that it becomes an easy capture. Before the "breath of life" has left the fallen deer (if it be such), he places its forefeet back of its horns and, grasping its mouth, holds it firmly closed, while he applies his lips to its nostrils and breathes as much wind into them as possible, again inhaling from the lungs of the dying animal into his own. Then letting go he exclaims:

Ah! Thanks, my father, my child. Grant unto me the seeds of earth (daily bread), and the gift of water. Grant unto me the light of thy favour, do.

As soon as the animal is dead he lays open its viscera, cuts through the diaphragm, and makes an incision in the aorta, or in the sac which encloses the heart. He then takes out the prayer fetich, breathes on it, and addresses it thus:

Si! My father, this day of the blood of a game being thou shalt water thyself (drink). With it thou shalt enlarge (add unto) thy heart.

He then dips the fetich into the blood which the sac still contains, continuing the prayer meanwhile, speaking very quietly but with the utmost solemnity, as follows:

Likewise, I, a done being, with the blood, the flesh of a raw being (game animal), shall enlarge (add unto) my heart.

Which finished, he scoops up, with his hand, some of the blood and sips it, then, tearing forth the liver, eagerly devours a part of it, and exclaims, "Thanks!"

While skinning and quartering the game he takes care to cut out the *tragus* or little inner lobe of the ear, the clot of blood within the heart, and to preserve some of the hair. Before leaving, he forms of these and of the black paint, corn-pollen, beads of turquoise and turquoise dust, and sacred shell of broken shell and coral beads before mentioned, a ball, and on the spot where the animal ceased to breathe, he digs a grave, as it were, and deposits therein, with prayer-meal, this strange mixture, meanwhile saying the following prayer:

Si! This day, game animal, even though, for a day and a night thy trail above (the earth) circled about — this day it has come to pass that I have embraced thee upward (from it). To thee here I address good fortune. To thee here I address the (sacred) pollen. To thee here I address treasure. By thy (magic) knowledge dressing thyself with this good fortune, with this yellow, with this treasure, do thou, in becoming a new being, converse with (or, of) my prayer as you wander to and fro.

That I may become unfailing toward the game animals all, I have here addressed myself unto thee good fortune, the yellow and treasure.

Grant unto me the light of thy favour.

Grant unto me a good (journey) over the trail of life, and, together with children, make the road of my existence, do.

During the performance of these ceremonials the fetich is usually placed in a convenient spot to dry, and at their conclusion, with a blessing, it is replaced in the pouch. The hunter either seeks farther for game, or, making a pack of his game in its own skin by tying the legs together and crossing them over his forehead like a burden strap, returns home and deposits it either at the door or

just within. The women then come, and breathing from the nostrils, take the dead animal to the center of the room, where, placing its head toward the east, they lay on either side of its body next to the heart an ear of corn (significant of renewed life), and say prayers, which, though short, are not less interesting and illustrative of the subject than those already given.

The fetich is returned to the Keeper of the Deer Medicine with thanksgiving and a prayer, not unlike that offered on taking it forth. It contains a sentence consigning the fetich to its house with its relatives, speaking of its quenched thirst, satisfied hunger, and the prospects of future conquests, etc.

It is believed that without recourse to these fetiches or to prayers and other inducements toward the game animals, especially the deer tribe, it would be useless to attempt the chase. Untrammeled by the Medicine of the Deer, the power of the fetiches, or the animals of prey represented, the larger game is unconquerable; and no man, however great his endurance, is accounted able to overtake or to weary them. It thus happens that few hunters venture forth without a fetich, even though they belong to none of the memberships before mentioned. Indeed, the wearing of these fetiches becomes almost as universal as is the wearing of amulets and "medicines" among other nations and Indian tribes; since they are supposed to bring to their rightful possessors or holders, not only success in the chase and in war (in the case of the warriors or Priests of the Bow), but also good fortune in other matters.

The successful hunter is typical of possession, since the products of the chase yield him food, apparel, ornament, and distinction. It is therefore argued with strange logic that, even though one may not be a hunter, there must

exist a connection between the possessions of the hunter and his own possessions and that he comes by these principally through the fetiches. A man therefore counts it the greatest of good fortune when he happens to find either a natural or artificial object resembling one of the animals of prey. He presents it to a proper member of the Prey Brotherhood, together with the appropriate flint arrow-point and the desirable amount of ornaments for dressing and finishing, as soon as possible.

With the Zunis as with other Indian peoples there are many religious societies. One of the most influential of these is the "Priesthood of the Bow." This priesthood has its fetiches, similar to the ones described, and in addition a higher being or god known as the "Knife-Feathered Monster." This curious god is the hero of hundreds of folk-lore tales, and the tutelary deity of several of the societies of Zuni. He is represented as possessing a human form, furnished with flint knife-feathered pinions, and tail. His dress consists of the conventional terraced cap, representative of his dwelling-place among the clouds, and the ornaments, badge and garments of the Ka-ka. His weapons are the Great Flint Knife of war, the Bow of the Skies (Rainbow), and the Arrow of Lightning, and his Guardians or Warriors are the great Mountain Lion of the north and that of the upper regions.

He was doubtless the original War God of the Zunis, although now secondary, in the order of war, to the great god, Unahikah, and the two Children of the Sun mentioned elsewhere.

Anciently he was inimical to man, stealing and carrying away to his city in the skies the women of all nations, until subdued by other gods and men of magic powers. At present he is friendly to them, rather in the sense of

an animal whose food temporarily satisfies him, than in the beneficent character of most of the gods of Zuni.

These fetiches of the Priesthood of the Bow are carried by the warriors, when abroad, in pouches like those of the hunters, and in a similar manner. They are, however, not returned to the headquarters of the society when not in use, but, being regarded as parts of a warrior's personal medicine of destruction are always kept near him.

The ceremonial observed by a Priest of the Bow when traveling alone in a country where danger is to be apprehended from the enemy, may be taken as most illustrative of the regard in which the fetiches of his order are held.

Under such circumstances the warrior takes out his fetich from the pouch, and, scattering a pinch or two of sacred meal toward each of the four quarters with his right hand, holds it in his left hand over his breast and kneels or squats on the ground while uttering the following prayer:

Si! This day, my fathers, ye animal gods, although this country be filled with enemies, render me precious. That my existence may not be in any way so ever unexpectedly dared by the enemy, thus, O! Shelter give ye to me (from them).

At this point, while still continuing the prayer, he scratches or cuts in the earth or sands with the edge of the arrow-point, which is lashed to the back or feet of the fetich, a line about five or six inches in length.

(In order) that none of the enemy may pass through (this line) hence, O! Shelter give ye to me (from them). Long Tail (Mountain Lion), Knife-feathered (God of the knife wings), O, give ye shelter of my heart from them.

On the conclusion of this prayer the fetich is breathed upon and replaced, or sometimes withheld until after

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

the completion of the war song and other chants in which the three gods mentioned above are, with others, named and exhorted, thereby, in the native belief, rendering protection doubly certain.

Before following the trail of an enemy, on finding his camp, or on overtaking and destroying him, many ceremonials are performed, many prayers are uttered, much the same as those described relative to the chase, save that they are most elaborate. As with the hunter, so with the warrior, the fetich is fed on the life-blood of the slain.

There are other fetiches that the Zuni prize highly and use as implements of worship, and as amulets or charms for a variety of purposes. They may rudely be divided into three classes:

1. Concretions and other strange rock formations, which, on account of their forms, are thought to have been portions of the gods, of their weapons, implements, and ornaments or their "wherewithals of being."

2. The sacred relics of the gods, which are supposed to have been given to man directly by their possessors, in the "days of the new," and include the "Gifts of the Gods."

3. The magic "medicines" which are used as protective, curative, and productive agencies and are known as the "contained," and the "medicines."

One object, a mere concretion, will have something about it suggesting the human scrotum. This will be regarded as having belonged to some ancient being, and will be highly prized, not only as a means of approaching the spirit of the god to whom it is supposed to have once belonged, but also, to a young lover, as a valuable aid in his conquests of the woman of his choice, or to a young married woman in her hope to bear male children.

Certain minerals or fossils, etc., are regarded as belonging to, or parts of, the gods, yet will be used as medicines of war or the chase, or for the purpose of producing water, or stimulating the growth of crops, to say nothing of their efficacy as cures, or sources of strength, etc. One fetich by its shape is supposed to be the relic of the weapon or tooth of a god, and therefore endowed with magical "medicine" powers. Hence it is preserved for generations — with an interminable variety of other things — in the Order of the Warriors, as the "protective medicine of war." A little of it, rubbed on a stone and mixed with much water, is a powerful medicine for protection, with which the warrior fails not to anoint his whole body before entering battle.

CHAPTER IX

ACOMA, THE CITY OF THE CLIFFS

UNDENIABLY one of the scenic wonders of the world, Acoma, to me, is the most fascinating city in America. Yet it is but an Indian pueblo, inhabited by a mere handful of people — a few hundred,— and they possess none of the wealth, learning, science, arts, craftsmanship, progressiveness that go to make up so much of the charm of the general run of our American cities.

There certainly is no "general run" in determining the place Acoma shall hold in one's affections. It stands almost alone,— not quite, for there are other mesa cities in the West — in its pure originality and strikingly assertive individuality, qualities that present themselves so daringly that one feels them almost flaunting in their insistence.

Imagine riding over a country of valleys, ravines cut through great table-lands, mesas or almost mountain ranges of red or pinkish sandstone. There are thousands of acres of lava, which in past ages flowed from an adjacent volcano, now a snow-clad mountain, 11,000 feet high. Yonder are vast piles of accumulated sand, blown hither by the winds of the centuries. At our feet flows the lazy creek of San Jose de Guadalupe. We pass Laguna — an Indian pueblo — on the main line of the Santa Fe, seventy-one and a half miles west of Albuquerque, and ten miles further on turn squarely to the south. In a few minutes we are in a valley elsewhere described in these pages that transcends the imaginative powers of all but world-wide mountain travelers. There is noth-

ing like it in all the Middle West, East, North and South and scarce anything that approximates it in Europe. The far-famed Garden of the Gods in Colorado is a child's playroom compared with its grand majesties. Gibraltar after Gibraltar arises, sheer and precipitous, out of the sand, with this difference, that from whichever way you approach them they are equally bold and striking. Five or six miles down the valley we come to the most commanding "rock island" of them all. Nearing its base are a number of gnarled and scraggly junipers, while at its very foot, on all sides, are piles of talus showing the cliff is still in the process of disintegration. This is the *Mesa Encantada,* called by the Indians "Katzimo," and which forms the subject of the next chapter.

Passing this noble rock we can see, on a similar, but broader-faced, cliff, three miles away, a long ridge that we are told is Acoma — the City of the Cliffs. First seen of white men by Hernando de Alvarado and twenty men, sent on by the wounded Coronado from Zuni, it dazzled and astounded him as it has since done every traveler that has gazed upon it.

There are some scenes looked upon for the first time, and perhaps never seen again, that yet fasten themselves forever in one's memory. Such is the first sight of New York's gigantic buildings and spider-web-like bridges from the deck of an incoming steamer; St. Paul's towering over London; the Pyramids from Cairo; the Grand Canyon; Fuji-Yama above the clouds; or better still, Popocatapetl or Mt. Everest. Of a similar character is Acoma; and it is not a view that grows less impressive with the lapse of time. There is a power, a dignity, a majesty, that ever remains, and the oftener it is seen the more one yields to its allure.

Apparently inaccessible, how can one reach the sum-

mit? There are several trails, none of them boldly apparent, however. If one can spare the time before climbing to the top he should go completely around the mesa. He will find it precipitous from every side, irregular in shape, almost divided into two parts, like a pair of eye-glasses, a small saddle representing the bridge. But almost in every direction, detached from the main walls, are towers and pillars, columns and rocky masses one finds it hard to describe, but all alike of great height and ponderous majesty. Here is one of Lummis's fine descriptions:

> Three miles south of the *Mesa Encantada* is the most splendid specimen of fantastic erosion on this continent. An "island" in the air; a rock with overhanging sides nearly four hundred feet high, seventy acres in area on the fairly level top, indented with countless great bays, notched with dizzy chasms, flanked by vast buttresses so sheer Assyrian in their chance carving by the rain that one could believe the builders of Nineveh had learned their trade here, so labyrinthine in its perimeter that no man will find the last word of it.

The commonest used trail to the top is on the southeast, where, originally, toe- and finger-holds alone made ascent possible. In late years rocks and split pieces of cord-wood have been laid up as steps, rendering the trail much easier of negotiation. Yet there are places where the timid and fearful, men as well as women, hesitate and question their ability to climb.

A little further around, where the sand has been whirled about by the winds of centuries and piled close to the rocky wall, a horse trail has been laboriously built up, and one *may* ride to the summit. I say *may* advisably, for only the more daring and expert of cowboys would venture to do so. On the north side is still another trail, practically made by the piled-up sand. It is not a commonly traveled trail, however, the only time I know of its being used by any outsider was when a

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE CLIFFS OF ACOMA, SHOWING THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSION.

dramatic representation of the coming of San Diego to Spain was given in Acoma. The other trails are mere toe- and finger-holes cut into the rocks where clefts of erosion have rendered ascent possible.

Imagine an enemy attempting to scale trails of this nature, with its defenders aware and alert. We often hear the expression about one man standing off an army. Here, were old methods of warfare followed, it would be literally true, for he would be more than athlete who would hang on by toes and fingers and yet use any primitive weapon of offense or defense.

How can people live on such a barren rocky height? Where is their water supply? Whence do they gain their food?

These, indeed, are practical questions, and in the light of our civilization alone would be hard to answer, for the nearest spring is about half a mile from the *base* of the cliff, and the cornfields, gardens, and orchards of the Acomese are several miles away.

Watch these maidens, bearing *ollas* on their heads! They are coming down the trail for water. Do they take the comparatively easy horse trail? No! See! They balance their empty water-jars on their heads as nonchalantly and easily as though they were a part of themselves, and fairly glide — almost fly it seems — down from toe-hole to toe-hole. Their return is even more wonderful, for with the ollas filled they make the same precarious ascent in the same easy fashion without spilling a drop.

When the corn and other produce is brought from the fields it is now generally taken upon the backs of burros, yet I have seen the heaviest loads " packed " up these toe-trails on the back of a man as readily as the maidens carry their water-jars.

"But why is it necessary for them to live on such inaccessible heights?" asks the incredulous visitor, who has not yet adjusted himself to the strange conditions, and can hardly believe what his own eyes see.

Go back a few centuries, when these mesa heights were first chosen as dwelling places. These were a peaceful and sedentary people. They were weary of the nomadic life. They wanted to settle down. Around them were predatory tribes, wild, savage, hungry peoples, who knew no law but that of the present-day Hun — the law of desire and brutal seizure. If they accumulated food it was liable to be ruthlessly taken from them when most necessary to their existence. If they made blankets, dressed the skins of animals, prepared sandals, wove garments for their women, made pottery — all, all, was subject to plunder, and, indeed, served as an invitation to the lawless roaming bands to come and help themselves. Hence a site must be chosen for their homes that was hard of access and easily defensible, where, the major part of the men being away, a few, even the women alone, could hold the fort.

This motive is more clearly seen when the top of the trail is reached. The town is built in three great parallel blocks, with the merest suggestion of an alley-way between them. Seen from below the outer wall seems to be part of the mesa height, or carved out of the solid rock. This sheer, blank wall is three stories high and presents a bold, naked, inhospitable front to the invader. On the other side is one of the few remaining examples of true Pueblo architecture,— changed, of course, to meet the conditions of our kinder and more protective civilization, but still speaking clearly to those who can hear of the savage and cruel days when it was first erected. Three stories high, each story a terrace, the second receding

from the first and the third from the second, the inhabitant climbed twelve or fifteen feet to the first roof, pulled the ladder up after him and was secure against an enemy who had no other weapons than bow and arrows, a lance, or a battle-ax. He lived in the upper stories, using the ground floor as storage, making of the roof of one story a courtyard, and an open-air living-place of the one above, or spreading thereon his corn, melons, or beans to dry in the midday sun.

Even those least susceptible to the hardships and dangers in the lives of others must be touched by what this type of architecture reveals. The dwellers in these homes were surrounded by Indians who were hostile, cruel and rapacious. Every comfort must be secondary to safety. Here, indeed, was the motto practically invented and perforce used in every movement of life.—Safety first!

In our life it requires vision, knowledge, and imagination to conceive of such conditions. Their every thought must be for safety, every eye trained to watchfulness, every muscle to activity, every child to readiness. Danger, wounds, pillage, abduction, death, might lurk behind every rock. Every moment cried out be vigilant, be watchful, be aware. Here was a compulsory education in a far sterner school than a weak and flabby civilization has dreamed of. Our entry into the great war has given us a taste, under new and more inventive conditions, of what these primitive inhabitants of America had as their steady diet.

There are two great, natural, rocky reservoirs on the Acoma mesa. One is a little below the tall black wall of defense, and the other is on the other section, away from the houses. To reach the first one, the maidens and women descend a steep trail and then go down a precipi-

tous wall as if into a gigantic well, scaling it as if they were big flies, their ollas, empty or full, as skillfully balanced on the tops of their heads as if Nature had fitted them there. On my last visit, in December of 1917, the water was quite low, and until the sun had reached beyond the intervening walls, was frozen over. A score or more of the boys and girls had followed me around for the candy they knew my pockets were always full of, and laughingly I threw a handful of it on to the ice below. In a moment there was a wild race and scramble down the precarious footholds to get the coveted " dulces " and the spectators above had not only the fun of watching the sliding and falling of the youngsters on the ice and their eager and good natured scuffling for the candy, but also the thrill at their skillful daring and perfect unconsciousness, as they flew down that terrible and breathless trail.

Let us study the houses of these pleasant-faced, soft-voiced, gentle and hospitable people. Doors and windows have been placed in first story rooms, now, and they are dwelling places instead of storage rooms and cellars. Yet most of the people follow " the ways of the old " and live in the rooms on the second and third stories. The quaintest little steps lead from the one to the other, built upon the dividing walls, and here and there one finds chimneys made by a convenient adaptation of ollas, the bottoms knocked out, piled, half a dozen of them, one above another and cemented together. In harvest time the roofs are covered with spread out fruit, vegetables, grains, etc., for drying, before they are removed to the store-rooms below. Here and there, in hidden corners, are bee-hive-like ovens, by the side of which are great piles of cedar wood, and interesting it is to see the busy housewives at their cooking and baking. The fire is

Photograph by George Wharton James.

A STREET IN ACOMA.

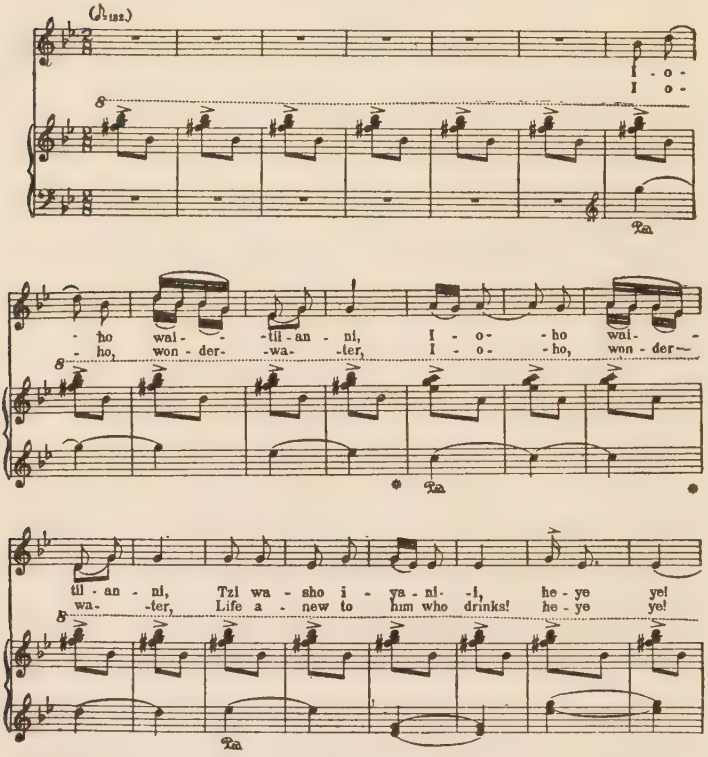
made in the oven and allowed to burn down to the hottest kind of coals. These are then scraped out, the oven floor hastily swept or mopped out, and the bread or meat to be baked thrust inside. Then a slab of rock is placed as a door and its edges plastered with mud so that no heat or vapours can escape. When the food is taken out no chef in the well-equipped kitchen of a modern hotel can find fault with the way the oven has performed its functions.

The corn-grinding troughs are inside the houses. In square compartments like boxes on the floor, the slabs of basic rock are laid at an angle. Three, four, six of these boxes form a continuous series across one end of the room. Kneeling before these, the grinding stone sloping as does a washboard in a tub, the woman picks up a narrow slab of similar rock, which, holding in both hands, she moves up and down upon the fixed and larger slab in the trough or box. Between these two rocks the grain is thrown, the upper side of the narrow slab being beveled to allow the kernels to fall in between the two slabs and thus be ground. With a dexterous hand the grinder, now and again, reaches down, picks up the unground or half ground grain, and tosses it along the line of the bevel, not losing her rhythmic up and down movement. Generally she sings,— unless, of course, when white "company" is present,— and when a dozen, twenty, or more women, at adjacent troughs, or in near-by houses, all sing together the effect is unusually pleasing. To those who deem Indian music a poetryless, meaningless, melodyless jumble of sounds, I commend the following, transcribed by Natalie Curtis — now Mrs. Burlin. Many a time I have heard a solitary grinder begin this song, then in a few moments, another voice in another house would take up the melody: soon a third, then a fourth, until the whole street, or, mayhap, the whole pueblo would resound and

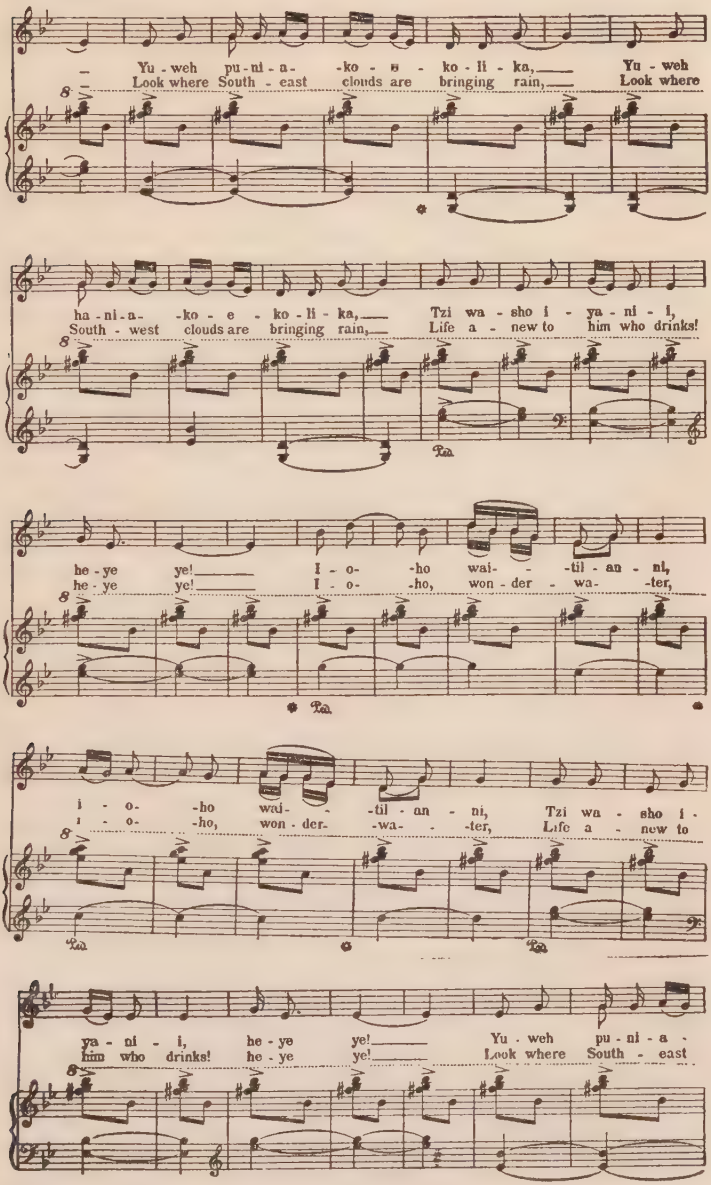
reëcho the melody from housetop to housetop. Then the sun would shine the brighter and the air become more exhilarating because of its sweetness and cheer.

Near the grinding trough is the "pole of the soft stuff" suspended by rawhide thongs from the roof beams. Upon this hang the blankets, mantas and other woven materials, and the dressed skins of deer and antelope, for this is the clothes-closet, the wardrobe, the chiffonier of the Indian woman.

CORN-GRINDING SONG [1]


I - o -
I o -
- ho wai - - til - an - ni, I - o- - ho wai - -
- ho, won - der- -wa- -ter, I - o- - ho, won - der-
til - an - ni, Tzi wa - sho i - ya - ni- -i, he - ye ye!
wa- -ter, Life a - new to him who drinks! he - ye ye!

[1] Copyright. Used by kind permission of the author and arrangement with the publisher, G. Schirmer, New York.


Yu - weh pu - ni - a - ko - e - ko - li - ka, Yu - weh
Look where South - east clouds are bringing rain, Look where
ha - ni - a - ko - e - ko - li - ka, Tzi wa - sho i - ya - ni - i,
South - west clouds are bringing rain, Life a - new to him who drinks!
he - ye ye! I - o - ho wai - til - an - ni,
he - ye ye! I - o - ho, won - der - wa - ter,
i - o - ho wai - til - an - ni, Tzi wa - sho i -
i - o - ho, won - der - wa - ter, Life a - new to
ya - ni - i, he - ye ye! Yu - weh pu - ni - a -
him who drinks! he - ye ye! Look where South - east

ko - e - ko - li - ka,
clouds are bringing rain,
Yu - weh ha - ni - a - ko e - ko - li - ka,
Look where South - west clouds are bringing rain,
Tzi wa - sho i - ya - ni - i he - ye ye!
Life a - new to him who drinks! he - ye ye!
I - o - ho wai - til - an - ni, i - o -
I - o - ho, won - der - wa - ter, i - o -
ho wai - til - an ni, Tzi wa - sho i - ya - ni - i,
ho, won - der - wa - ter, Life a - new to him who drinks!
he - ye ye! Yu - weh pu - ni - a - ko - e - ko - li - ka,
he - ye ye! Look where South - east clouds are bring - ing rain,

Yu - weh ha-ni-a- -ko - e - ko - li - ka,— Tzi wa - sho i -
Look where South - west clouds are bring-ing rain,— Life a - new to
ya - ni - i, he-ye ye!— he-ye ye!—
him who drinks! he-ye ye!— he-ye ye!—

The sleeping room is also the living quarter and except where the inhabitants have been to one of our many Indian schools, such as Carlisle, Phœnix, Riverside, or have attended an agency school and there learned to sleep on a white man's bedstead and mattress, the bed is the floor. Sheep or deer skins are thrown down or blankets spread out, and the sleep there is just as refreshing, nay, far more so, than upon the soft mattress of our luxurious-loving age.

When I first visited the Indians there were no tables in use; nor did one think of a table-cloth. The food was placed upon the floor, the liquids in baskets or clay bowls, and the solids on saucer-like or plaque-baskets made by the women. The family and guests squatted down wherever each one desired, and the women either served, or each one helped himself. It is hard to make a stranger to the Indians either understand or believe that such a meal, served in this primitive fashion, could be dignified or accompanied with a courtesy that would make it long remembered. Yet it is so, and no observing person could

partake of such a meal without being impressed and delighted, for it demonstrates that real " manners " are not solely the result of civilization and the possession of the white race, but are the unconscious expression of the dignity and kindness that may exist within the heart of the rudest man.

The fire-place of these quaint houses is an open hearth, generally located in a corner of the room, the walls of which are white and clean, being plastered with adobe and freshly white-washed each year before one of the annual fiestas. Cooking, boiling, etc., used to be done in baskets, hot rocks being taken from the fire and thrown into the substance to be cooked for that purpose. A stick with a hooked or looped end was used to pick up the rocks from the fire, or fish them out of the heated water, stew, or mush.

Nowadays, however, modern pots, pans, kettles, skillets and broilers are used, the Indian having taken kindly to our foods, and our methods of preparing them, though they still preserve many of their old habits of eating and indulge in their ancient foods, ours being a graft upon their own rather than a substitution.

In marriage they are generally monogamous, though polygamy is not infrequent among them. The influences of the church and the agent have been in favour of the former, of course, but to the Indian it is not a matter of morals or righteousness. Whether he has one wife or more depends entirely upon his own will, his attractiveness to the women, and somewhat upon his readiness and willingness to assume the responsibilities of an enlarged matrimonial experience. I was about to write after the word " willingness " something about " supporting " an additional partner, but this was purely involuntary upon my part, a proof of the natural operations of the brain

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE GOVERNOR OF LAGUNA.

along instinctive lines. For, naturally, a white man assumes, without thought, that he, the man, must "support" the woman. With the Pueblos no such thought arises. The sexes help support each other; it is a genuine partnership; there is no "economic dependence." The woman is as good a farmer as the man, and while it is freely confessed that it is the duty and privilege of the man to do the hunting of wild animals, the flocks of the domestic sheep and goats are more often the property of the woman, which her husband must not touch or sell without her permission.

In government each of the pueblos has ever been a true republic, with each man and woman having a voice in all of its affairs. Officers are elected annually and perform the duties of governor, lieutenant governor, war-chief, etc., and a board of *principales* discusses and decides upon matters of every kind pertaining to the welfare of the people. More important in their functions than any other officers are the *caciques*. These are men instinctively chosen, rather than elected or appointed, because of their high moral character, wisdom and general helpfulness. They are more than the shamans or medicine men, although they often act in this capacity. To them are referred all the weightier concerns of the pueblo, such as the disposal of a witch or wizard, of special petitions to Those Above to turn away pestilence or famine. Perhaps their chief function is that of the professed penitent for the sins of the tribe. It will be recalled that among the ancient Hebrews the custom prevailed of sending a scape-goat into the wilderness upon which had been "laid" all the sins of the people. In Leviticus xvi, 21, 22, we read:

> And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and

all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness:

And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.

The highest duty performed by the cacique is analogous to that of the scape-goat. He himself, however, is the priest who takes upon his own head the sins, errors, mistakes, evils of his people. With fastings and prayers, which often last for many days, he petitions "Those Above," and then, solitary and alone, he departs into the wilderness to be gone so long as he shall deem the sins of the people require. All this is done quietly and without display. No one knows formally when it is done. But, generally, a deep feeling of solemnity reigns in the pueblo during the fasting and prayer period of the cacique.

There are a score, a hundred, things connected with pueblo life that one would enjoy describing, but in the narrow limits of even a lengthy chapter of this book it is not possible. The Indian affords many and varied points for study — his mythology, cosmogony, his folk-lore, his legends, his religion, his ceremonies, his clan-relationship, his language, his social customs, and the like. A score of volumes as large as this would not suffice to contain a simple presentation of them. The interested reader must familiarize himself with the literature of the subject, a few of the most important and interesting books being listed in the Bibliography.

But this chapter would be incomplete without the recital of some salient points in the history of Acoma, the account of its siege and storming by the Spaniards, its old church, the amusing story of its old painting of San Jose, with a description of one of its annual fiestas.

When Coronado was detained at Zuni by the wound inflicted upon him by one of its militant citizens, he sent on Hernando de Alvarado with twenty men to explore the regions beyond. Thus Alvarado was the first white man to see Acoma, or Ah-co, in 1540, and he reported "it is one of the strongest places we have seen, because the city is on a very high rock, with a rough ascent that we repented having gone up to the place."

Castañada gives a fuller description which is worth quoting complete. He says:

> These people were robbers, feared by the whole country round about. The village was very strong, because it was up on a rock out of reach, having steep sides in every direction, and so high that it was a very good musket that could throw a ball as high. There was only one entrance by a stairway built by hand, which began at the top of a slope which is around the foot of the rock. There was a broad stairway for about 200 steps, then a stretch of about 100 narrower steps, and at the top they had to go up about three times as high as a man by means of holes in the rock, in which they put the points of their feet, holding on at the same time by their hands. There was a wall of large and small stones at the top, which they could roll down without showing themselves, so that no army could possibly be strong enough to capture the village. On the top they had room to sow and store a large amount of corn, and cisterns to collect snow and water. These people came down to the plain ready to fight, and would not listen to any arguments. They drew lines on the ground and determined to prevent our men from crossing these, but when they saw that they would have to fight they offered to make peace before any harm had been done. They went through their forms of making peace, which is to touch the horses and take their sweat and rub themselves with it, and to make crosses with the fingers of the hands. But to make the most secure peace they put their hands across each other, and they keep this peace inviolably. They made a present of a large number of (turkey-) cocks with very big wattles, much bread, tanned deerskins, pine (pinion) nuts, flour (corn meal), and corn.

A little later Espejo, on that interesting trip described in another chapter, visited Acoma, which he thus describes:

We set out from this province (Emexes, now known as Jemez) toward the west, and after going three days, or about fifteen leagues, we found a pueblo called Acoma, where it appeared to us there must be more than six thousand souls. It is situated on a high rock more than fifty *estados* in height. In the very rock stairs are built by which they ascend and descend from the town, which is very strong. They have cisterns of water at the top and many provisions stored within the pueblo. Here they gave us many mantas, deerskins, and strips of buffalo-hide, tanned as they tan them in Flanders, and many provisions, consisting of maize and turkeys. These people have their fields two leagues from the pueblo ôn a river of medium size, whose water they intercept for irrigating purposes, as they water their fields with many partitions of the water near this river, in a marsh. Near the fields we found many bushes of Castilian roses. We also found Castilian onions, which grow in the country by themselves, without planting or cultivation. The mountains thereabouts apparently give promise of mines and other riches, but we did not go to see them as the people from there were many and warlike. The mountain people come to aid those of the settlements, who call the mountain people *Querechos*. They carry on trade with those of the settlements, taking to them salt, game, such as deer, rabbits, and hares, tanned deerskins, and other things, to trade for cotton mantas and other things with which the government pays them.

In other respects they are like those of the other provinces. In our honour they performed a very ceremonious *mitote* and dance, the people coming out in fine array. They performed many juggling feats, some of them very clever, with live snakes. Both of these things were well worth seeing. They gave us liberally of food and of all else which they had. And thus, after three days, we left this province.

From this it would appear that the Snake Dance, which now is to be seen only at the Hopi pueblos, used to be performed at Acoma. Indeed, Walter Hough assures us that this ceremonial was wide-spread in former days among the New Mexico pueblos, and that even the Yokuts of California and the Mexico Indians had a similar ceremony.

Fifty-eight years after Alvarado's appearance, Juan de Oñate, the real conqueror of Arizona and New Mexico,

came to receive anew the submission of the people of this "City of the Cliffs." Treachery was in the hearts of the *principales* when they solemnly pledged themselves to be true and submissive vassals to the crown of Spain. They were diplomats of an early American era. To them, the end justified the means, and lies and treachery were legitimate weapons in dealing with hostile forces of such overwhelming power.

Having subscribed to the oath, the Acomas invited Juan de Oñate to climb the steep and perilous trails and visit the city whose submission he had received. After gazing upon its scenes of interest, he was taken to the head of a ladder, which led into the depths of one of the underground ceremonial chambers, termed kivas by the Indians, but named *estufas,* or stoves, by the Spaniards, on account of their stifling heat. Would he go below and see the ceremonial chamber? Just as he was about to descend, the darkness below sent a shaft of suspicion into his fearless heart, and he refused to go. Well for him was it that he let prudence control his acts at that time; for, in the darkness of the kiva a score or more of armed warriors were stealthily in waiting, watching for his steps upon the ladder, and, ere he had reached the bottom, a score of willing hands would have been dyed in his life blood, while armed men above would ruthlessly have murdered his little band of followers.

This course of procedure had been urged by Zutucapan, the *cacique,* who saw in the presence of the white-faced strangers a deep menace to the welfare of his people.

The fact that Oñate escaped with his life added to the bitterness of Zutucapan. He urged upon his people the importance of waging war upon the Spaniards should they reappear. His hostility knew no bounds; the outsiders must meet nothing but a firm, determined, and

continuous resistance. Such was his power and influence over the Acomese that when, a few weeks later, Oñate's *maese de campo,* Juan de Zaldivar, with thirty men, on their way to join their leader, stopped at Acoma, the Indians were ready to fall in with a plan that he formulated for the complete destruction of the strangers. Offering food and making every demonstration of friendship to the Spaniards, these foolishly allowed themselves to be separated into small groups on different parts of the mesa, ostensibly for the purpose of securing supplies the Indians generously had offered. Suddenly like a whirling cyclone all the warriors of the town fell upon the hapless Spaniards with flint knives, stone battle axes, heavy hammers, bows and arrows, and war clubs. Surprised, apart, unready, these adventurous warriors, who had braved the savages of thousands of miles of desert marches, one by one were slain. Here would be seen a desperate but hopeless conflict; a mailed warrior, back to wall, blood streaming through his broken helmet, surrounded by yelling, screeching, howling, naked savages, all attacking at once and with a ferocity altogether irresistible. Juan was slain, others of his officers and men, one by one, licked the barren rock in the agonies of death, and, at last, five soldiers only remained. Fortunately, they were able to get together, and thus, side by side, encouraging each other, they fought, striking and thrusting at every good opportunity into the dusky mass of surging savagery which determinedly forced itself upon them. Back, foot by foot, they were driven. Step by step they came nearer to the edge of those frightful cliffs. Yet death at the foot of a yawning precipice was preferable to captivity and torture at the hands of ruthless savages; so, cheering each other with brave words, they flung themselves over the brink and commended their bodies

and souls to Santiago, the patron saint of Spain. Courage and bravery were rewarded in all but one, who, falling on the solid rocks, was dashed to pieces. The other four, fortunately, breaking their fall on the soft, ever-changing sand-heaps, escaped with their lives, and were soon in the soothing care of their comrades. The fear of their horses kept the camp below from the attacks they dreaded, and, just as soon the wounded soldiers were able to travel, the little, sad-hearted band hastily set forth, some for the main army of Juan de Oñate, at San Gabriel de los Caballeros, and others to give warning to the scattered Spaniards at Zuni and elsewhere to gather together at San Gabriel for mutual protection.

What, now, should Oñate do? To let the Acomese go unpunished was to loosen the hold of the Spaniards upon the whole country, yet he was under orders not to make war unless it was absolutely necessary. In his dilemma he turned to the priesthood and asked that the friars give him an opinion as to what justified war. This "opinion" is still preserved. It is an interesting piece of reading, a translation of which is found in Read's *History of New Mexico* (pp. 226–7–8). It is signed by Fray Alonzo Martinez, apostolic commissary, and was concurred in by all the other missionaries of the province.

Fortified with this document, which he deemed would shield him from the censure of his superiors, Oñate sent Juan de Zaldivar's brother, Vicente, with seventy men to punish the Acomese. Think of the audacious courage of these men! In the heart of a hostile country, seventy men, ill-armed and poorly equipped, setting forth to wreak vengeance upon a city of stalwart Indians, who were so warlike that the surrounding country was in terror of them. Their city was a fortress, and it was built upon the summit of an almost inaccessible cliff, and according

to reports, there were not less than three thousand warriors to defend their homes against this little band of Spaniards. Only a few of the latter carried the rude flintlock guns of that time, the rest being armed solely with sword and lance. The artillery consisted of one small howitzer, carried on the back of a pack-mule. It seemed a "forlorn hope" that any of the Spaniards would ever return alive, yet they sternly and silently marched. Arrived at the foot of the cliff, Vicente sent his sergeant to demand the surrender of the inhabitants and that they come down to be punished for the murders they had committed. Howls and shrieks of derision and defiance answered the voice of the herald. The women added their voices of mockery to those of the men, and the medicine-men spat out their hatred as venom. Why need they fear? Upon that rocky height no foe could assail them; they were safe, secure, and anyhow, what could such a paltry little handful accomplish against them?

Who of us is there who would not like to have been present, in spirit, at least, to have heard the conversation of the little band as they camped that night at the foot of the cliff? With sentries posted to prevent surprise, did they sleep much? Were they confident of their ultimate success, relying upon their superior weapons and skill, or were they fearful of the outcome? Whatever their thoughts, they acted as brave men, for, early in the morning they began their attack at the north end of the mesa, firing their few flintlocks to the great astonishment and fear of the Indians. But fear did not last long. While some were wounded and others slain, the vast horde poured down a shower of rocks, arrows and other missiles upon the soldiers beneath. But they were not as crafty as they were defiant. During the darkness of the night

twelve of the strongest of the Spanish *arquebusiers* hid themselves and the cannon under one of the overhanging cliffs, and under cover of the confusion caused by the early attack, stealthily made their way to the other end of the cliff, and then, weighted down though they were with their heavy armour and unwieldy guns, scaled the heights, dragging their cannon up, ledge by ledge, until it also, with themselves, was secure upon the top of the mesa upon which no houses were built. This was separated from the main mesa by a narrow chasm. Still undiscovered, the Spaniards loaded their howitzer with powder and a cobble-stone and fired at the houses beyond, thus signaling to their comrades of their safe location and also apprising the Acomese of the new danger that threatened them.

That night, while some guarded the horses, others went and cut several logs which they succeeded in dragging, with incredible effort, to the top of the cliff, where their gun was, and the redoubtable twelve were hidden behind the rocks.

Daybreak saw the two forces divided, some at the north end, while others joined the twelve with the gun. The tactics of the latter were soon apparent. Making a rush, several of them managed to throw one of the logs so that one end lodged on the further side of the chasm, forming a bridge for the invaders to cross. Now let Charles F. Lummis tell the story as gained from Villagra's *History of New Mexico.* This poet-soldier — for he wrote his *History* in verse — was himself the hero of the event to be related. His story, while pretty poor poetry, is one of the chief sources of our knowledge of this interesting epoch in New Mexican history, and further reference is made to it elsewhere. To return to the fight. Lummis says:

Out dashed the Spaniards at their heels, and began balancing across that dizzy "bridge" in the face of a volley of stones and arrows. A very few had crossed, when one in his excitement caught the rope and pulled the log across after him. It was a fearful moment. There were less than a dozen Spaniards thus left standing alone on the brink of Acoma, cut off from their companions by a gulf hundreds of feet deep, and surrounded by swarming savages. The Indians, sallying from their refuge, fell instantly upon them on every hand. As long as the Spanish soldier could keep the Indians at a distance, even his clumsy firearms and inefficient arms gave an advantage; but at such close quarters these very things were a fatal impediment by their weight and clumsiness. Now it seemed as if the previous Acoma massacres were to be repeated, and the cut-off Spaniards to be hacked to pieces; but at this very crisis a deed of surpassing personal valour saved them and the cause of Spain in New Mexico. A slender, bright-faced young officer, a college boy who was a special friend and favourite of Oñate, sprang from the crowd of dismayed Spaniards on the farther bank, who dared not fire into that indiscriminate jostle of friend and foe, and came running like a deer toward the chasm. As he reached its brink his lithe body gathered itself, sprang into the air like a bird, and cleared the gulf! Seizing the log, he thrust it back with desperate strength until his companions could grasp it from the farther brink; and over the restored bridge the Spanish soldiers poured to retrieve the day.

Then began one of the most fearful hand-to-hand struggles in all American history. Outnumbered nearly ten to one, lost in a howling mob of savages who fought with the frenzy of despair, gashed with raw-edged knives, dazed with crushing clubs, pierced with bristling arrows, spent and faint and bleeding, Zaldivar and his mere handful fought their way inch by inch, step by step, clubbing their heavy guns, hewing with their short swords, parrying deadly blows, pulling the barbed arrows from their quivering flesh. On, on, on they pressed, shouting the gallant war-cry of Santiago, driving the stubborn foe before them by still more stubborn valour, until at last the Indians, fully convinced that these were no human foes, fled to the refuge of their fort-like houses, and there was room for the reeling Spaniards to draw breath. Then thrice again the summons to surrender was duly read before the strange tenements, each near a thousand feet long, and looking like a flight of gigantic steps carved from one rock. Zaldivar even now wished to spare unnecessary bloodshed, and demanded only that the assassins of his brother and countrymen should be given up for punishment. All others who should surrender and become subjects of "Our Lord

the King" should be well treated. But the dogged Indians, like wounded wolves in their den, stuck in their barricaded houses, and refused all terms of peace.

The rock was captured, but the town remained. A pueblo is a fortress in itself; and now Zaldivar had to storm Acoma house by house, room by room. The little *pedrero* was dragged in front of the first row of houses, and soon began to deliver its slow fire. As the adobe walls crumbled under the steady battering of the stone cannon-balls, they only formed great barricades of clay, which even our modern artillery would not pierce; and each had to be carried separately at the point of the sword. Some of the fallen houses caught fire from their own *fogones;* and soon a stifling smoke hung over the town, from which issued the shrieks of women and babes and the defiant yells of the warriors. The humane Zaldivar made every effort to save the women and children, at great risk of self; but numbers perished beneath the falling walls of their own houses.

This fearful storming lasted until noon of January 24. Now and then bands of warriors made sorties, and tried to cut their way through the Spanish line. Many sprang in desperation over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces at its foot; and two Indians who made that incredible leap survived it as miraculously as had the four Spaniards in the earlier massacre, and made their escape.

At last, at noon of the third day, the old men came forth to sue for mercy, which was at once granted. The moment they surrendered, their rebellion was forgotten and their treachery forgiven. There was no need for further punishment.

We should certainly think not if Villagra's statements are to be believed. Here is a translation of his story of the capitulation of the Acomese, as given in Read's *History:*

> Returning to the frightful conflagration
> Whose blaze, vibrating savagely, forth belched
> Its lightning bolts with sparks and cinder mixed,
> Enveloping the lofty houses in
> Their awe-inspiring and consuming flames.
> See here, my Lord, high roofs, and walls and lofts,
> And dwellings that break in a thousand portions
> Open, and crumbling swift roll on the ground
> In sudden crash, and, like a living fire
> Deep in the scorched earth do bury all

The wretched dullness, leaving not a trace
Of anything that's not devoured, consumed.
See, too, my Lord, the many corpses that
In their despair fall from the summit of
The wall, and torn by rocks lie on the earth
Outstretched in the minutest fragments of
Flesh and bone. The savages, both men
And women, who roast with their little ones,
Most piteously lament their misery
And fate. The sergeant to compassion moved
Before that harvest woeful, grim of death,
As when a skilful pilot's wont to exert
Himself amid the storm and tempest of
The Ocean, leaping to and fro, and for
The common safety strives, commanding crew
And passengers with anxious shouts; and then
All join and rush in fervid haste to aid
Themselves and save the slender vessel from
The wrath of angry wave and raging wind
Which toss it 'mid a thousand watery mountains,
So he (the sergeant) urging Chumpo and
Other barbarians who wished for peace,
Assures and promises upon his faith
As honoured knight, that he will spare the lives
Of all if they but do abstain from that
Most dreadful butchery and cruel strife
Which they — unhappy wretches — called upon
Themselves. No sooner had the poor old man's
Ears caught the words of the chivalrous youth
Than, clamouring in loud wild voices with
The few barbarians attending him,
He did persuade them and exhort by signs
And earnest pleadings of a father, to
Desist and not to sacrifice themselves
To a much horrid death; for he had pledged
His knighted word to spare their lives and give
Them noble treatment — not in doubtful terms,
But certainly, without suspicion and
Without disguise, and free from vile intent.
As after lighting's shock has passed, we see
Our neighbours in suspense, with death's pale hue
Upon their cheeks, their throbbing hearts within
Their breasts in palpitation, they came out
Mistrustful still, to see and ascertain

The wreck caused by the fight already passed:
In similar manner many others in
Dull, timorous solemn pace approached
Quite careful not to step upon the bloody
Corpses of friends, the loyal shield of those
Grim walls that with their blood were bathed and dyed.
So, too, sad, trembling, and afflicted, hemmed
In on both sides they nearer came and nearer
Caressing the Castilian band and all
Their kin with pallid features, yet with signs
Of cordial pleasure beaming on their faces.
On seeing them reduced, and now withdrawn
From that fierce, mortal struggle which they had
Invited, they appeared as do the fields
Of wheat that nod and bend before
The furious blowing of the mighty winds,
Whose heavy gusts rush fiercely through their stalks
And crush them in the ground: Ev'n so
Six hundred warriors, conquered and disarmed,
Surrendered, and within the town, with their
Wives and their children prostrate, gave their arms
And altogether placed themselves without
Condition at the hands and mercy of
The sergeant in most quiet stillness, moved
By the good Chumpo, who had promised all
Their lives, and there and then gave it to them.
And I doubt that we could without his help
Have taken that *numancia* which, though now
Lost and unhappy, was determined to
Rather remain deserted and unpeopled
Than ever to surrender to that small force.

Thus the Acomese were brought into subjection. Their pueblo was almost entirely destroyed by fire and had to be rebuilt, eighty of their girls were marched away to Santa Fe, and Lummis says they were "sent to be educated by the nuns in Old Mexico."

There seems to be some question as to the population of Acoma at this time. Oñate estimated it at three thousand and as only six hundred were said to survive the siege, twenty-four hundred must have been slain in the

conflict. This unquestionably was an exaggeration, for Benavides, thirty years later, figures out the population at two thousand. Of this latter figure Bandelier states it is twice as many as the rock will hold, hence we may cut the figures of Oñate in half, and even then the slaughter is enough to satisfy the most bloody of minds.

And all for what? Simply because a primitive people had slain the minions of a foreign prince who had dared to come and assert sovereignty over the land, the homes, the hunting-fields they had occupied for centuries. Instead of our siding with those who punished them so cruelly, our sympathy the rather should go out to them, true patriots as they were, shedding their blood so freely in defense of their homes and native land.

There is one incident said to have occurred during this fierce conflict, that must not be overlooked. Read tells of it thus:

> The act of surrendering being over, the Indians inquired after that valiant rider with the gray beard, who, on a brisk, white steed and accompanied by a handsome queen, was helping the Spaniards. The Spaniards considered that a miracle had been performed, saying that the rider the Indians saw must have been Santiago (St. James), and the queen, the Virgin, an apparition which they did not see.

The effect of the victory of the Spaniards at Acoma was felt throughout the whole of the pueblo region. With Acoma the inaccessible, defended by the bravest of the brave, brought to defeat, what hope was there for the others? Better meet the evil condition, and submit to the yoke of the invader. This, undoubtedly, was the reasoning followed, and for a time New Mexico had peace.

Then, strange to say, fierce, sullen, recalcitrant Acoma was stormed again, but this time not by warriors with guns and swords, but by a cheerful, sunny Franciscan,

Fray Juan Ramirez, who walked alone to Acoma to undertake the task of christianizing its people. He was not greeted with kindness. Indeed, the Acomese tell a story handed down to them that the good father was thrown off the cliff, and that by the miraculous intervention of the saints he worshiped, his life was saved. Anyhow he succeeded in gaining the right to stay with them and in a short time won their friendship. For twenty years he remained, teaching them the ways of the new religion, and so powerfully did he influence them, they built a mission church under his direction. This, says Hodge, "was dedicated to San Esteban (St. Stephen) and stood just to the north of the present remarkable edifice, but no trace of it now remains if we bar some carved beams which form part of one of the houses of the old north tier."

But this peaceful condition was not to last for long. The Acomese hated the Spaniards as a whole and that their desire for vengeance was but smoldering is evident by the fact that they joined in the rebellion of 1680 and slew their missionary, Fray Lucas Maldonado. Many a time as I have strolled about the mesa top, looking down the steep cliffs, and into the deeply eroded clefts that seam the walls, my mind has turned to this period of rebellion. I have imagined the good father, suddenly awakened out of his sleep, dragged out of his bed and room into the open air, under a sky so pure and blue that it seemed as if no evil could exist under its pellucid serenity, and then, horror of horrors, a blow here, a thrust there and the life blood of the good man trickled in ruddy streaks over the very pavement, perhaps, on which I now walked. And where and how was he buried? Did they cast his still warm body off the cliff? Did the coyotes rend the flesh before some compassionate soul

stole away from the rest and scooped a hole in the sand, and reverently placed the desecrated and broken body into its last earthly tenement? Desecrated, broken, defiled, possibly; yet, if one tear fell upon that rigid face, one glimpse of love, one throb of sympathy, it was a sanctified grave.

Oh, blood of the martyrs, shed the world over for ideas, how much of it has been spilled needlessly, aimlessly, almost foolishly, because men have not known enough to be loving and kind to their brother men of different races and civilizations throughout the earth? I believe firmly that had our Indians of the Southwest been treated by the Spanish officials, soldiers, and colonists with proper decency, there would have been little rebellion and few or no murders.

And yet the thoughts intrude: Has a conquering race ever shown brotherly kindness to the race it has conquered? Has any people a right to its own home, its own mode of life, its own religion, without the interference of outsiders? Until the great European war drew the American people into its seething whirlpool, there had never been found a statesman with vision enough, purity of heart sufficient, and moral courage assertive enough to dare to defend the rights of all *people* to determine the course of their own lives.

Lincoln came nearer to doing it than had any one prior to his time. It was left for Woodrow Wilson, however, when announcing the entry of the United States into the war on the side of the Allies, boldly to enunciate the principle that, in future, no large or powerful nation should be allowed to subjugate a smaller or weaker one.

The Spaniards held to no such frivolous idea. Might meant right, and, anyhow, what rights, possibly, could a lot of ignorant savages have? It was against this arro-

gant spirit that the Acomese and other Indians of New Mexico arose.

While the first church of Acoma was dedicated to San Esteban (St. Stephen), the name of the patron saint was changed about this time to San Pedro, and the bell in the northeastern tower bears the inscription, "San Pedro, 1710." But the original name was afterwards restored, and a quaint wooden figure of St. Stephen has ever since adorned the altar, from which it is taken and heads the great procession on the fiesta day of the Acomese, St. Stephen's, September 2.

It is interesting here to note that the San Esteban, of Acoma, is not Stephen the Martyr, whose apology and death are recorded in *Acts vi and vii.* The Acoma St. Stephen was a king of Hungary, named after Stephen the Martyr, but canonized by Pope Benedict IX, because of his zeal in converting the Magyars, who really were Tartars from the Caspian Sea region, and had invaded and conquered Hungary — from paganism to Christianity. There was little of sentiment in his methods. He overthrew all the old altars and ruthlessly destroyed all the old heroic and mythologic poems, and put to death by drowning every Magyar found worshiping under the sacred oaks, by fountains, or before lichened rocks, as their ancient method required.

Of the mission church of San Esteban much might be written. In the rebellion of 1680 the first church was destroyed — razed to the very rock upon which it stood. All the furniture, vestments and paraphernalia were burned, and with them the first record of the mission's history. How priceless would they be to us to-day!

When de Vargas came on his first triumphal march the Acomese could scarce believe they were to be pardoned so easily for their misdoings. In 1696, they rebelled

again, keeping the governor at bay when he came to punish them, although he succeeded in capturing five of their number, four of whom were shot. The sternly repressive measures of the governor soon brought the other pueblos to subjection and the Acomese, seeing the heavy hand of punishment fall upon their brothers, decided that it would be wise to cease their armed opposition, hence they sued for peace, and, in due time, a new friar was sent to them. Then they built the existent remarkable church, with its massive walls, double bell towers, and outbuildings that ever since has been the delight of all who have seen it.

Its walls are sixty feet high and ten feet thick, and the timbers upon which the roof rests are fourteen inches square and forty feet long. The Indians say they were cut on Black Mesa, over twenty miles away, and carried or dragged by sheer human muscle to their present location. The building, with its house for the padres and rooms for the neophytes, etc., says Lummis, "covers more ground than any modern cathedral in the United States." It was the building that furnished the chief *motif* for the unique and fascinating New Mexican building at the San Diego Exposition of 1915–6. And while features of other mission structures have been introduced, it was the main "inspiration" of the splendid "Cathedral of the Desert," the fine Art Museum, that to-day is the modern glory of the City of Santa Fe.

While undoubtedly the pieces of stone used in its construction were picked up on the mesa top, it is equally certain that every pound of adobe, of which perhaps more was used than of stone, was carried up from the valley beneath. Up the precipitous stone ladders in the clefts of the cliff, patient women bore blankets full of the heavy earth, and when the building of the church was done they

Photograph by George Wharton James.

INTERIOR OF THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSION AT ACOMA.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

carried up as much more to fill up the great "box" that had been made with stone walls, and that was to act as a *Campo Santo* for those Acomese who afterwards "died in the Lord." No wonder the toe-holes of the rocky wall trails are worn down several inches by the constant imprint of the moccasined feet.

Some ten or a dozen years ago the roof leaked and the towers were so rounded by the weather that something had to be done. There was no floor in the church, and as the rain came through by the bucketful during a storm, the sacristan hit upon the plan of cutting a small drainage trench down the center of the church. Later a board floor was put in, the decaying timbers of the roof were replaced with new ones, a new covering of earth put over them, and the towers built up and squared. This latter change may have been necessary from the preservation standpoint, but it certainly has taken away some of the peculiar charm of the old, weather-rounded towers.

Here upon the walls, by the altar, are two or three paintings. Ordinarily one might pass them by, but when he is informed that one of them, that of San José (St. Joseph) is, perhaps, the same painting that was presented to the church by Charles II of Spain, and that it certainly and positively is a picture that not only almost provoked a civil war but was the object of a sensational suit in the courts of New Mexico, upon which decisions were rendered by the superior and supreme judges of the Territory, he will turn and take more than a cursory glance at it. Whether it is an "old master" or not I do not know — nor does any one else. It is so dim and faded and weather-worn that no one, however expert, can decide.

It is well known how objects as strange as they are various will, for some reason or none, become the sub-

ject of an aboriginal people's reverence, superstition, or regard. Even while the Acomese hated the Spanish missionaries they gradually began to attach importance to this picture. This can well be understood when we recall how the old padres reverenced the husband of the Virgin Mother, and doubtless incited the Acomese to pray to him for all good and to avert from them all evil. Possibly the serene quiet face of the "Father of God," gazing steadily, persistently, never-changing, out of his canvas upon them affected their imagination. Slowly importance changed to regard, and regard to reverence, and — when and where does superstition come in? and what is superstition anyhow? Certain it is that "the veneration for the painting grew stronger and more clear, while oil and canvas were growing dim and moldy." While they prayed and followed the new way of the padre, things seemed to go well with them and they prospered in all things, which he, of course, constantly and faithfully attributed to the good influences of the saint.

Perhaps the Navaho and the Apache were less warlike for a generation or so; perhaps crops were better than they had been; perhaps flocks and herds increased; perhaps a pestilence that had devastated Zuni or the faraway peoples of the province of Tusayan had not reached them. Anyhow, as generation after generation passed away, the veneration for the picture grew, until in the minds of young and old alike it was recognized as "good medicine." The faith people have in signs and symbols, in objects and methods of worship, is both touching and pathetic and never more so than in the perfect faith of the people of Acoma in their picture of San José.

In the meantime the leaven of their faith was reaching the people of Laguna, and the elements and circumstances were helping. Whatever one family asserts to

another is the secret of the former's good luck or fortune, is bound to become an object of interest to those who do not enjoy that luck. That the Acomese were enjoying good luck was apparent to everybody, and that the Lagunas were not was equally apparent. The flocks and herds at Laguna did *not* increase: their crops were *not* good; their irrigating ditches broke, and the water-supply ran short; a terrible epidemic of small-pox left several houses childless and took away quite a number of husbands, fathers and lovers; and the fierce Navahos came and robbed them of sheep and their meager field store.

What was the reason?

The wise Gray-gowns (the Franciscan missionaries) long ago had told the people of Laguna that San José would bring them good fortune (for their Mission was dedicated to San José), but they had no picture and they had not paid much heed to the Gray-gowns anyhow. But here were the Acomese, who were their Indian kinsfolk: they were not likely to give San José credit for anything that did not absolutely belong to him. It must be San José!

As soon as this conclusion was reached it was natural for them to long for a San José to bring them good fortune.

A solemn conclave of the *principales* and officers of Laguna was called, and it was finally decided that they should go, in all ceremony, and humbly ask their brothers at Acoma to lend them their source of good fortune. A specially sacred time was coming, according to the Gray-gowns' teaching, and if they obeyed and paid due attention to San José the good they needed would assuredly come to them.

They presented their petition. Their Acoma brothers

duly considered it and finally consented to loan San José, on the explicit pledge that at the end of a month he should be returned.

How happy the Lagunas were as they bore the magic picture of the sainted "Father of Jesus" down the steep trail and over the sandy miles to their own rudely decorated church. Two of them carried it, and as they did so were guarded more carefully than they ever guarded themselves or their children. The whole town came out to meet them. A procession of joyous, happy, hopeful men, women and children followed the carriers and watched breathlessly until the picture was duly hung up in the little church.

Then day by day everybody paid his, her, devotions to the pictured saint. Everybody was "good." During "Holy week" the canvas was brought out and carried through the pueblo at the head of the procession and all paid San José due honour and reverence.

Now, strange to say,— or is it not strange,— the "luck" of the Lagunas changed from that day. Things began to boom that had hitherto languished. Sick children became well; the flocks lost their diseases; lean, gaunt cattle and sheep began to gain flesh; and crops no longer looked as if they would not repay the labour of planting.

These facts, instead of filling the hearts of the Lagunas with thankfulness, seemed to have had the opposite effect. Or was it that they were afraid their good fortune would cease if the magical picture were returned? When the month was up the Acomese waited for the return of San José and he did not come. With a trifle of anxiety they sent messengers to enquire the reason, and their astonishment, indignation and rage knew no bounds when these returned with the reply that the Lagunas

refused to give up the picture unless it were taken by force. The young men were for going down and seizing it, but some of the wiser, older, calmer heads suggested that the priest first of all be consulted. He was Fray Mariano de Jesus Lopez, a Franciscan, and a worthy successor to the men who had founded the missions, and he called upon the *principales* of both Laguna and Acoma to appear before him and explain the cause of the difficulty, bringing the picture with them.

When all were assembled, prayers were offered, calling upon God to see that justice was done, and mass was then held, so that all might enter into the discussion with due solemnity. It was finally decided that they should draw lots for the picture — it was the old biblical way — and God, not chance, would guide the result. Twelve ballots were prepared, eleven blank and one marked with a rude sketch of the saint. Two little girls were appointed to draw the ballots from an *olla* into which they were placed and shaken up. On the fifth ballot the Acoma girl drew out the pictured ballot, and "God has decided in favour of Acoma," declared Fray Mariano.

Never was the village happier than was Acoma that night when San José was restored to his former place on the wall of the church. Everybody hugged everybody else, and rejoicing filled each heart. But the Lagunas scowlingly climbed down the rocky trails as though they were on their way home.

In the morning some of the more devout Acomese went to the church a little earlier than usual, but, as they approached the altar in the dim morning light, they speedily noticed that something was wrong. The first one who saw, scarcely dared breathe it to the next, and when they did speak it was in an awed whisper: "Why, He has gone!" Hurriedly the news was given to the governor

and the *principales* and the padre and not one of them could scarce believe his ears. At last a careful examination was made and then tell-tale tracks told the story. The Lagunas stealthily had come up the steep stone staircase in the dead of the night, and knowing the unsuspicious character of the Acomese, had entered the church, taken down the picture and triumphantly, though silently, borne it back to Laguna.

Others tell the story a little differently. They claim that an armed band of Lagunas, having pledged themselves not to go home without the picture, stealthily returned, seized the sacristan while he was in bed, gagged him, and taking the church key from him, went to the sacred building and possessed themselves of the picture.

Anyhow it was gone, and now the great question was, "What shall we do?" War loomed in sight! The theft was an open insult to the whole of the people, and doubtless had not Fray Lopez been there blood would have been shed and many lives lost ere the dispute was settled. He, however, had friends at San Mateo to whom he could appeal for wisdom. These in turn knew lawyers at Santa Fe. They would place the matter before the courts — the American way of quieting disputes which seemed too difficult for ordinary people to settle.

Hence the chancery suit in the District Court of the Second Judicial District of New Mexico, asking that a receiver be appointed for the picture of San José, and that the ownership be judicially declared. The Lagunas employed an American lawyer who made the usual formal reply, but setting forth things that startled the Acomas. They claimed that the picture originally belonged to them, that by tradition it was surely theirs, that the "drawing of lots" was not agreed to by them, and that they had simply seized and taken home their own property.

THE PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

The Hon. Kirby Benedict, sitting as chancellor, had the honour of settling this remarkable case. He heard the evidence and decided in favour of Acoma. Laguna appealed to the Supreme Court, which also made a thorough, and for it, rather extra judicial investigation, and then, in 1857, affirmed the original decision. Part of the Supreme Court's decision reads as follows:

> The history of this painting, its obscure origin, its age, and the fierce contest which these two Indian pueblos have carried on, bespeak the inappreciable value which is placed upon it. The intrinsic value of the oil, paint, and cloth of which San José is represented to the senses, it has been admitted in argument, probably would not exceed twenty-five cents; but this seemingly worthless painting has well-nigh cost these two pueblos a bloody and cruel struggle, and had it not been for weakness on the part of one of the pueblos, its history might have been written in blood.

As soon as the news of the decision reached Acoma a band of happy and eager men started to Laguna for the picture. To their amazement, when about half way, they found San José, with his face turned homeward, and to this day the simple-hearted Acomese, provided they can be induced to tell you the foregoing story, will assure you that the saint, knowing of the decision by the Supreme Court, had started on his way home, but, growing weary, had waited by the tree to rest himself, when found by his happy people going to fetch him home.

This is the picture that, tattered and faded, now stands over the altar, one of the most treasured of all the possessions of the simple people who worship there.

From this story it might be implied that the Acomese are devout Catholics, and I doubt not there be those who will assert that they are. Yet as one watches many of their ceremonies and familiarizes himself with their details, he finds that, even in their celebration of their Saint's days, they still retain many of their original aboriginal

and heathen customs. Indeed it appears to me it would be far more exact to say that the Acomese have allowed Catholic ceremonial to be grafted upon their ancient customs, so that, at this day, they are a peculiar combination.

In illustration of this let me give a fairly detailed account of one Saint's day fiesta, of which I have seen many, both at Acoma and at other New Mexican pueblos.

The *fiesta* of the Indian is a peculiar mixture. The word, of course, is Spanish, and means a festival. Yet it must not be assumed, therefore, that the Indians knew nothing of festivals before the coming of the Spaniards. They were full of fiestas — only to them they were religious ceremonials, with an occasional dash of clownish fun. In their handling of aboriginal peoples the Catholic church learned a wonderful amount of worldly wisdom. They soon discovered that to attempt to prohibit the Indian ceremonials was to bring down on them the fiercest wrath of the medicine men. So they worked in two ways. One was to introduce new ceremonies, dramatic plays, etc., which immediately engaged the interest of the Indians, for any kind of a "show" attracts them as it does children. The other was to take the heathen ceremonial, even though to the Indian it implied Sun-worship, prayers and invocations to a hundred and one of their Katchinas — or lesser divinities — and graft upon it a Christian significance. In some cases it was remodeled — as Belasco would remodel a play — new parts being introduced, old ones changed, or ostensibly given a new significance.

September the second is the day of St. Stephen, Acoma's patron saint. The priest in charge of the "parish" at that time of which I write was the Reverend George Juillard, a Frenchman of high culture and great ability. He spoke several modern languages fluently and

was more familiar with the modern poets of England, appreciatively quoting them, than most well-read Americans. He had arranged to be present at Acoma on this great feast day, and cordially had invited me to go with him. We drove out from Laguna, enjoying the scenery on the way, and arriving at the foot of the mesa in the early afternoon. Our approach evidently had been heralded, for, waiting for us at the foot of the trail was a group of men, youths and children, ready and anxious to take our bedding, food supplies, camera outfit and our personal belongings to the house apportioned to us for our visit.

The following morning we were to witness a dramatic representation of the coming of St. James to Spain. Here was an out-door drama, taught to the Acomese by some long-dead Spanish friar, handed down to this day, and now to be performed in our honour.

Long before we had breakfast we could feel that something exciting was in the air. The men were decked in their finest costumes, and the women were still arraying themselves in their most gaudy apparel. Bands of horses had been clattering up and down the naturally stone-paved streets for hours and the noise had awakened us in the early morning. Soon after breakfast we were all drawn, as by a magnet, to one spot on the mesa top. It was near the head of the trail which had been built up by the drifting sands on the northeast face of the cliff. Every eye that knew what to expect was gazing off in the far-away distance where pinions and junipers hid the sandy soil. Soon two young men on fiery broncos came dashing up as if they were messengers of importance. Riding as far as it was possible up the steep trail, and greeted on every hand by buzzing tongues, they came to the governor and *principales* who awaited them in a dig-

nified group near the head of the trail. There they announced the fact that Saint James was on his way to Acoma and would soon arrive. Though no public announcement of what the messengers had said was made, everybody seemed to understand and every gaze became more fixed and insistent than before. Soon the quaintest and queerest little figure that was ever seen appeared among the trees on the plain, surrounded by a hundred horsemen, not riding sedately and soberly, but all in a hurry of bustle and excitement. Single horsemen and groups darted off, like the wind, in every direction on apparently aimless errands and came back with equally aimless speed. They were messengers sent out by the Saint to inform the people along the way of his arrival. For that comical little figure, which, at first, we could make nothing of, at last came near enough for us clearly to see what it was. It was a man riding some kind of a figure draped in white with a small horse's head, neck, mane, back, and tail attached to him, which he made to prance and cavort around in a series of fantastic movements that were as interesting as the movements of the great Chinese dragon of San Francisco. This was Santiago — St. James — himself.

When the foot of the sand trail was reached, the couriers of Saint James dismounted from their horses, which they left there in charge of one of their number, and then, solemnly and with reverence, formed as a bodyguard around the peculiar figure which continued his prancings and curvetings, and accompanied him up the trail to the mesa top. Here he was received with the greatest respect and marks of veneration by the governor and the other town officials, and with deep and earnest, but nevertheless hearty cordiality, by the people. After a few minutes spent in exchange of salutations, the whole

party wended its way toward the church. Here mass was said by Father Juillard, followed by an address in which he told the story of St. James's coming to Spain, the great blessing it had been to that country, and how, through the priests, these same blessings were to be bestowed upon the Acomese.

While the morning proceedings had been going on a small *Kisi,* or bower, had been built of poles covered with cottonwood, pinion, quaken aspen, and juniper branches, on the main street. We were soon to see what this was for.

The service ended, a procession was formed. First came the mayor-domo, or director of proceedings,— a stalwart Mexican dressed in cowboy fashion, with wide-spreading sombrero on his head and jingling spurs on his heels, and with a heavy blacksnake whip in his hands. He was followed by St. James, riding his peculiar little sham horse, then another Mexican, dressed almost like the other, carrying an accordeon, which he wielded with considerable earnestness and vigour. Next came an Indian bearing the processional cross, then the governor and his officers, followed by the priest in his robes of office. Behind him, seated in a cabinet evidently made for the purpose and born aloft over the heads of the bearers, was the wooden figure of Saint Stephen taken down from its place on the altar. Over the figure of the saint a cloth canopy was held, the four corners of which were supported by staffs in the hands of four Indian men. Then came the band of singers and the whole of the population, men, women and children. This procession solemnly wended its way up and down every street of the pueblo.

In order to obtain different photographs of the procession I hurried ahead and caught it at several points.

We were all much amused; not only by the antics of the "Saint" and his "hobby-horse," but more particularly by the Mexican musician who, every now and again, struck up some wildly hilarious or popular air or dance-tune which shortly before had been ground out from every hand-organ and mechanical-piano on the streets of our eastern cities. To us the effect seemed funny and incongruous in the highest, but the Mexicans and Indians heard in it nothing strange or peculiar and received the suggestive strains of the dance-tune with as much solemnity as if it had been the staidest hymn-tune ever written.

As soon as the procession reached the *kisi* the figure of St. Stephen solemnly was put in position at the head of an extemporized altar, while the governor and *principales* sat on benches on each side of the bower, with two armed sentinels outside. These formed the guard of honour for the sacred figure and also gave official sanction and approval to the fiesta.

During the rest of the morning all the devout members of the tribe, men and women, came to pray at the little shrine, each one bringing some gift-offering of bread, baked-meat, clothing, pottery, corn, melons, jewelry, or other article, all of which were deposited around the foot of the altar and left there. In the meantime Santiago must have retired to refresh himself. Anyhow, he disappeared for a time, after which he returned at intervals always accompanied by the Mexican *mayor-domo* with the heavy rawhide whip.

Soon after the noon hour the dances began, and it required no explanation to see that these were a remnant of the old heathen part of the ceremonies upon which the civilized and Christian part had been grafted. The head-dresses of the women clearly symbolized the old time Acoma worship of the sun. They also showed other

symbols as of the clouds, falling rain, growing corn, etc. Some of the songs that accompanied the dances were ancient songs of thanksgiving to Those Above for all the good things the pueblo had received throughout the year, and their dances were clearly prayers for rain.

The men wore a kilt, or apron, reaching from the loin to their knees, embroidered and fringed garters and moccasins. Dependent from the loins at the back was the skin of the silver gray fox, and around both arms above the elbow were tied twigs of juniper or pine. In the left hand more twigs were held, while in the right was the whitewashed gourd-rattle used in all ceremonial dances. Around each forehead was the inevitable banda or handkerchief, and nearly all wore a shell and turquoise necklace. Their bodies and legs were nude, painted with oxide of iron. The women, on the other hand, were bedecked with all the gorgeous finery they could muster. *Jotsitz* (robe), girdle, moccasins, leggings, necklaces, etc., that were too good for common use, or were especially made for this great occasion, were donned, and in addition, the peculiar symbolic head-dress made of board or raw-hide which I have already described. To and fro they danced, the men two together, giving the singular hippety-hop movement peculiar to Indian dances, and shaking their rattles, the women, likewise in twos, following in alternate order, gently waving bunches of wild flowers, and shuffling forward with their feet as the men hopped. On the other side of the street stood the *tombes* — drums — and the chorus, the leader occasionally making gestures, all of which were imitated by the singers, expressive of their thankfulness to "Those Above."

The dancing was done in relays, as it is no easy thing to keep up the strenuous and vigorous stepping of the Indian dances in the broiling hot sun for long at a time.

Only those who have tried the peculiar step of these dances know what hard work it is and how difficult. The time is kept by a statuesque old man whose wrinkled face shows that he has participated in these festivals for many generations. The *tombe* is a wonderful old instrument, made perhaps six or seven centuries ago, by hollowing out a section of the solid trunk of a tree with the rude flint knife of the ancients. The two ends were then covered with green rawhide on which some of the hair was still allowed to remain, which was then laced together with green rawhide thongs. When these became dry they pulled the two drum-heads as taut as if they were stretched by the most approved method of modern instrument makers.

Tum, tum, tum, beat the drums, all in perfect time. All together, as if they were controlled by machinery, each man-dancer raised his right foot with a quick jerk to the height of eight or ten inches above the ground. The next moment, but all in time, he gives a tiny hitch forward or hop with his left foot, while the right foot is suspended in the air. Then, bringing the right foot down, he lifts his left foot with the same quick jerk, following the movement with the tiny hop of the right foot. It is this little and almost imperceptible hop, following the main step, that gives the peculiar character to the Indian's dances. As the afternoon progressed and the fervour of the dancers increased, the step became higher and more vigorous and the little hitch of the other foot more marked. To dance such dances the Indians must need be athletes, as no others could possibly endure the physical labour for any length of time.

The chorus was particularly interesting. The leaders were young men dressed in snow-white shirts, and many of them wore regular sombrero hats of civilized make.

A few had on coloured calico shirts and the usual Indian headband. Their singing was in perfect time and their voices were rich, resonant, strong and pleasing, entirely different from the nasal, high-pitched, falsetto screeching often indulged in by the Navahos and Mexicans. While most of the songs were of their own peculiar type there was one chorus, oft repeated, that was certainly of Spanish origin, and questioning Tata Lorenzo, he informed me that it was taught to his ancestors, long, long years ago by the padres.

The dancing kept up until near the time of the setting-sun. Then all the crowd seemed to center in front of one of the house-tops on which the *caciques* and medicine men were seated, calmly smoking cigarettes and awaiting the arrival of some one. Almost simultaneously with our own arrival at the rear of the crowd there came two stalwart young fellows, followed by two buxom Indian maidens, each laden down with the gifts that had been deposited during the day in front of the altar. Setting these down by the side of the *caciques,* they withdrew to watch the fun they knew would follow. The *caciques* arose, and, picking up the articles one by one, hurled them out into the midst of the crowd. One can imagine the shouts, yells and cheers that followed. A baked shoulder of mutton was followed by a half dozen loaves, baked in a peculiar mold to conform to certain religious ideas. Pieces of red calico were whirled out, followed or preceded by a squash or watermelon. If either of the latter happened to miss the hands of its would-be catcher and was smashed in its fall, the jollity and merriment seemed only to be increased. The skill of the catchers was equaled only by the speed with which they disposed of that which they caught, each catcher evidently having an accomplice to carry what was caught, and with whom,

possibly, he shared his plunder later on. This merry scene continued until all the gifts were distributed, and that brought to a close the ceremonies of that particular day.

On one occasion, however, I was present at the *Fiesta de San Esteban* at Acoma, when I had several friends with me. There were two ladies, Gardner Symons, the well-known artist, and a distinguished French priest, who afterwards became the bishop of an adjoining state. Father Juillard was also present, and he had brought with him a fine silver cornet upon which he played with considerable ability. Having in mind what we now proceeded to carry out I had provided myself with some fifty pounds of cheap candy. While everybody was having time to eat after the violent exertions of the day — either as participants or sight-seers — messengers were sent to announce that all the children of the pueblo were to meet me at Tata Lorenzo's house, to have a procession of their own, and be treated to "dulces." In half an hour we were surrounded by a happy, shouting, gesticulating mob, howling and laughing, as we threw handfuls of candy in the air in every direction, and let the youngsters scramble for it.

Then, as the padre played the airs on his cornet, I taught the youngsters to sing them, which they did with a vim and an accent that made them very amusing. When they had learned "John Brown's Body Lies Mold'ring in the Grave" and "Marching Through Georgia," we formed a procession, and, led by the cornet, the whole mob of us started to procession the town, singing these two songs, just as the religious procession had marched through the town in the morning. In a few moments every housetop had its Indian occupants, and smiling bronzed faces of papas and mamas, aunts and

uncles, cousins, grandpas and grandmas, were waving and shouting greeting to the happy, boisterous band of youngsters and the jolly-hearted priest and the white men who were making a festival for the little ones.

No idea of hurting the Indians' feelings entered our minds, for I knew they were too simple-hearted, too fond of their own fun to regard this as any other than good-natured amusement. Indeed, in several of their ceremonies — as with the Zunis and other Pueblos — they have "Delight Makers" who openly caricature nearly everything done by their shamans in their sacred ceremonials.

Everybody was delighted. Everybody was radiantly happy. Everybody thought it a grand conclusion to the interesting and happy day.

But even when all the children had been dismissed and we had returned to Lorenzo's house, we found the program was not yet completed. Tata Lorenzo had so enjoyed the playing of the cornet that he had requested the *padre* to give him and his family a little more music. Gladly the genial *padre* responded to his request, and for an hour or more played all kinds of American, French and other airs in which we now and again joined in chorus.

Some of these songs were college songs, and in these Symons joined with all the swing and vigour and, by and by, some of the "cutting-up" spirit of our college youth when they are bent on having a good time. He and Tata Lorenzo were already great friends, and it must have been the very opposite of their characters that had bound them together. Tata Lorenzo was the most solemn, dignified, stately Indian we met on the whole trip; while Mr. Symons was of that excitable, vivacious, jolly temperament that made fun of, for, and with everything

and everybody. Yet it mattered not what he did, his every act seemed to meet the approval of Lorenzo, and now, all at once, he started a fantastic, dramatic representation of that wild, foolish, frivolous and ridiculous song, "The Wild Man of Borneo Has Just Come to Town." Thrusting his fingers through his long hair and making it stand on end, turning up his coat collar and acting like a veritable wild man, dancing and gesticulating with a fantastic ferocity and vigour that only a wild African could have emulated, he sung in inimitable style this excruciatingly ridiculous thing — that is, it was excruciatingly ridiculous as he sung it. In front of him sat the dignified Lorenzo. Advancing toward him, retreating from him, dancing to the right and left of him, making all kinds of dramatic gestures, couth and uncouth, he sang until the rest of us were hysterical with laughter. Without a change of facial expression to signify what he thought, the immobile Indian sat looking and listening, and only at the conclusion of the song, his hearty congratulations as he arose and patted his white friend on the back, affectionately putting his arm around him, showed how sincerely he meant it when in his simple way he exclaimed in Spanish, "Esta bueno! Esta mucho bueno!"

Symons is now the dignified artist, not only a proud and happy benedict, but the winner of several notable prizes eagerly coveted by artists, but I doubt not he often looks back with feelings of merriment to that riotous day on the mesa at ancient Acoma.

My last visit to Acoma was at the beginning of winter at the close of the year 1917. Several lectures I had given in Albuquerque had aroused the desire of a number of its citizens to see Acoma and the Enchanted Mesa. Accordingly I was asked if I would accompany a party.

In two days thirty-five — some of them students of the Albuquerque Business College — were ready to go in automobiles that were provided. Part of the way the roads were fairly good; and of the rest the less said the better. Lunching on the way and considering the roads we made fairly good time, though we got lost after making the turn south into the valley so eloquently described on another page by Mr. Lummis. Hence, that night, though it was cold and frosty, we camped at the foot of *Katzimo,* the Enchanted Mesa. After a rousing fire had been built, coffee and Horlick's malted milk made and our supper partaken of, all of us well wrapped up and as comfortable as we could make ourselves, I read to the party Lummis's version of the "Enchanted and Enchanting Mesa," after which I told how Professor Libbey scaled the height and of the great discussion that followed (as related in the chapter devoted to this subject). To say that the party as a whole slept comfortably that night would be a stretching of the truth. I verily believe I did better than any one else, though none of us was extra well provided with bedding. In the morning, however, a rejuvenation of the fire, a hearty breakfast, with one or two cups of steaming hot coffee, put jollity into all of us, and we proceeded to Acoma. There, before ascending the trail, I deemed it well to notify the governor of our arrival and ask his permission to visit the village, enter the church, and see all the interesting sights. I also sent word to a former governor, who was now a *principale,* and with whom I had foregathered a number of times at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915, and in whose home at Acoma I had been a guest on half a dozen different occasions, that I should be pleased to see him. Our Indian messenger soon returned with the information that the governor and the *principales* were engaged in a solemn

ceremonial in the *kiva,* which would last eight more days, and at the end of that time, *and not before,* we were welcome to ascend the trail and see Acoma.

Here was cheering tidings! Some members of the company, having the ordinary Eastern conception of the quarrelsomeness and blood-thirstiness of the Indian, were for retiring immediately. But I urged them to wait awhile. Asking the party to keep together and when I signaled them to come ahead in perfect silence, I reconnoitered, found no sentinels watching, or guards to prevent our ascending by the southwest trail, so I decided to steal a march upon the Indians and reach the top and then defy them to send us down.

Almost breathlessly, some of the party scared white with the daring of the adventure, and all of us out of breath before we reached the top, as silently as an American patrol crossing No Man's Land to reach the Hun trenches, we scaled the height and stood near the rear of the old Mission church. Here our presence was soon detected, and the governor and official interpreter, having hastily been summoned, appeared to bar our way. "Were we not told that we could not come? Did we not know we were unwelcome? Had we not been informed that sacred and secret ceremonies were going on? That the presence of white people at such a time might drive away the gods?"

Resolved to be as courteous and considerate as the conditions would allow, but feeling that in forbidding us the mesa and the village they were transcending their power I insisted that Tata Lorenzo (my old friend) be sent for. In a short time he came from the depths of the *kiva.* In his eyes were the mysteries of the important rites, in the performance of which he was engaged, and instead of his ordinary warm hand-clasp and embrace,

he looked right through me, refusing to speak or to recognize me.

This was immediately taken by some of the party as a sign that we should speedily be thrown from the mesa as were the daring Spaniards of old. But recognizing the fact that Lorenzo was now engaged in one of those mystic rites *that required that he see and speak with no outsider during its continuance* — even as the Navahos officially and formally may never see their mothers-in-law — I turned my attention to the governor. He then handed me a paper on which was written in handwriting I immediately recognized the following notice:

To whom it may concern:

Any person or persons desirous to visit the old historic village of Acoma will please see the Governor or some one of the principales.

There will be a charge of one dollar for each person for just visiting around the old pueblo of Acoma.

These shall have an escort to show places of interest.

If any person or persons desiring to take pictures for private use will be charged a fee of five dollars for the liberty to do so.

We desire to be courteous to all and wish the same good will of people.

We will be glad to show and explain to all persons coming to us the right way any place or places of importance.

Please see or arrange with some official and principale of the Acomas.

Very respectfully yours,

Rio Garcia,
Governor Acoma.

January 12, 1917.

As soon as I had read this document I asked, "Who wrote this?" and immediately the interpreter replied, "I did!"

"You," I exclaimed; "this was written by James Miller," my Acoma friend of long ago.

"What do you know of James Miller?" he asked.

I began to tell him, and at the same time to look more carefully at him than hitherto I had done. In the midst of my explanation I burst out, "Why, you are James Miller, you rascal! What do you mean by holding us up in this inhospitable fashion?"

In two or three minutes everything was made clear and straight, and all difficulties removed. He had aged so much in a few years that I had not recognized him. I promised that we would keep away from the *kiva* (in which I had spent several nights in Miller's company at ceremonies I have never yet seen described). We merely wished to see the homes of the people, one of the reservoirs, and the old mission church. Himself acting as our guide we were shown all we wished to see, the only halt being a diplomatic one at the church, the key of which could not be found. Taking up a collection I suggested that the amount would be transferred *inside* the church. In three minutes the transfer was made and Miller was giving the party the history of the old painting and answering the thousand and one questions that were asked him. A happy morning was spent and it was with reluctance we tore ourselves away, feeling to the full what Lummis declares:

> It is a labyrinth of wonder of which no person alive knows all, and of which not six white men have even an adequate conception, though hundreds have seen it in part. The longest visit never wears out its glamour: one feels as in a strange, sweet, unearthly dream —as among scenes and beings more than human, whose very rocks are genii, and whose people swart conjurors. It is spendthrift of beauty.

We had all felt its glamour and went away forever to be under its spell, glad to be able to call up its wonderful memories and let our imaginations conjure back its unearthly beauties, its weird romances, its thrilling history, and its unguessed mysteries.

Of the other Pueblos of New Mexico one could write not one but many books. This chapter, and those on Zuni and Taos, however, must serve as an introduction to the reader if he be unfamiliar with them. Each has its own peculiar fascination, Santo Domingo, for instance, to this day, strongly resenting the presence of any white persons at their ceremonials.

CHAPTER X

KATZIMO — THE ENCHANTED MESA

One of the most romantic of all the many romantic spots of New Mexico is the Enchanted Mesa, not far from Acoma, the city of the Sky. This was first brought into public prominence by Charles F. Lummis, who, in a volume of New Mexico stories,[1] tells its fascinating story in his best style. The basis of the story is a legend told by the Acoma Indians that, long centuries ago, they occupied the summit of the Enchanted Mesa — Indian, *Katzimo* — as their home. The quotations are all from Mr. Lummis's book.

The story opens with the proclamation of the Governor:

> Hear ye, people of Acoma, for I, the Governor, speak. To-morrow, go ye down to the fields to plow; already it is the month of rain, and there is little in the storerooms. Let all go forth, that we build shelters of cedar and stay in the fields. The women, also, to cook for us. Take ye, each one, food for a month. And pray that the Sun-Father, *Pa-yet-yama,* give us much corn this year.

The people gladly obeyed this official summons save one boy whose father thus charged him:

> Thy mother is very sick and cannot go to the fields, and it is not kind to leave her alone. Only that I am a councilor of the city and must give a good example in working, I would stay with her. A hundred children will go to the fields, but thou shalt be a man to keep the town. Two other women lie sick near the *estufa,* and thou shalt care for thy mother and for them.

[1] *A New Mexico David,* By Charles F. Lummis.

Photograph by George Wharton James.

KATZIMO, OR THE ENCHANTED MESA, FROM THE NORTH.

Though the fifteen-year-old lad was exceedingly disappointed that he could not go, he bravely acquiesced in his father's command, and the next morning soon after sunrise the exodus began.

Already a long procession of men, women, and children, bearing heavy burdens for the packs, was starting toward the southern brink of the cliff. A deep, savage cleft, gnawed out by the rains of centuries, afforded a dangerous path for five hundred feet downward; and then began the great Ladder Rock. A vast stone column, once part of the mesa, but cut off by the erosion of unnumbered ages, had toppled over so that its top leaned against the cliff, its base being two hundred feet out in a young mountain of soft, white sand. Up this almost precipitous rock a series of shallow steps had been cut. To others, this dizzy ladder would have seemed insurmountable; but these sure-footed Children of the Sun thought nothing of it. It gave the only possible access to the mesa's top, and a well-aimed stone would roll a climbing enemy in gory fragments to the bottom. They could afford a little trouble for the sake of having the most impregnable city in the world — these quiet folk who hated war, but lived among the most desperate savage warriors the world has ever known.

Left alone, the boy proceeded to care for his mother and the two other sick ones, and, fearful lest the hated Apaches might come in the absence of the warriors, he piled up stones as weapons at the head of the stone trail to throw down upon them should they appear.

For two days things moved along uneventfully, though the lad slept at night at the sentry post above the ladder to guard against surprise.

This night when he had fed the sick, A'-chi-te took his bow and quiver and started for his post. It was already growing dark, and the storm showed no sign of abatement. It was a fearful climb down to his little crow's nest of a fort. The narrow, slippery path was at an average angle of over fifty degrees, and was now choked with a seething torrent. He had at one time to climb along precarious ledges above the water, and at another to trust himself waist deep in that avalanche of foam — keeping from being swept down to instant death only by pressing desperately against the rocky walls of the gorge, here not more than three feet apart.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

But at last, trembling with exhaustion, he drew himself up to his little niche and sank upon his drenched bed, while the white torrent bellowed and raved under his feet, as if maddened at the loss of its expected prey. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, fiercer the storm. Such a rain had never been seen before in all the country of Hano Oshatch. It came down in great sheets that veered and slanted with the desperate wind, dug up stout cedars by the roots, and pried great rocks from their lofty perches to send them thundering down the valley. To the shivering boy, drenched and alone in his angle of the giant cliff, it was a fearful night; and older heroes than he might have been pardoned for uneasiness. But he never thought of leaving his post; and, hugging the rocky wall to escape as he could the pitiless pelting of the cold rain, he watched the long hours through.

Then he heard the call of his mother. The house had fallen and had broken her arm and she requested him to descend to the valley and run at once and bring his father, ere she died.

It was a terrible task to descend that rocky ladder-way, and several times the rushing waters almost swept him away. He was sure, as he climbed down the slippery slope, that the great Ladder Rock trembled.

It took him half an hour to reach the bottom of the rock, and then, when he looked downward, he was aghast. In the great heap of sand upon which the Ladder Rock had rested for centuries, the dashing waters had gnawed a gully fifty feet deep. There was but one way of escape, and that was to jump into the pinion tree ten feet below and fifteen feet away. Desperately he made the leap and fell crushing through the brittle branches, catching himself, and breaking his fall. Then dashing off down the valley to the fields eight miles away, he felt assured that his errand would succeed.

Suddenly he felt the ground quiver beneath his feet. A strange rushing sound filled his ears; and, whirling about, he saw the great Ladder Rock rear, throw its head out from the cliff, reel there an instant in mid-air, and then go toppling out into the

plain like some wounded Titan. As those thousands of tons of rock smote upon the solid earth with a hideous roar, a great cloud went up, and the valley seemed to rock to and fro. From the face of the cliffs, three miles away, great rocks came leaping and thundering down, and the tall pinions swayed and bowed as before a hurricane. A'-chi-te was thrown headlong by the shock, and lay stunned. The Ladder Rock had fallen — the unprecedented flood had undermined its sandy bed!

When the flood subsided the Acomas returned to their mesa to find the steep walls forbidding access to their former home, and though they heard the wails of their despairing women, there was no scaling those precipitous cliffs.

Thus, forever afterwards, this rock of startling grandeur to the stranger was to them *Katzimo,* the accursed.

Thus the legend. Reading this charming story as thousands of others had done, Professor William Libbey of Princeton, determined to make the ascent of the Mesa and see what he could find on its summit.

Not a few people, myself among the number, had essayed this task but without success. Professor Libbey determined to waste no efforts. Securing a mortar from which a life-saving line is shot to a wrecked vessel, he fired a rope over the Mesa, securely fastened it, and then made the ascent in a boatswain's chair. He failed to find any evidence of former occupation, and so reported.

At once a bitter controversy was started that, in fury and virulence, almost equaled the vindictive assaults of rival theologians. A little later Frederick W. Hodge, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, made the ascent and found many evidences of human presence and thus regarded the legend as confirmed.

When I entered the controversy my opinion was ex-

pressed in the *Scientific American Supplement* (April 22, 1899) as follows. I have seen no reason to change it in the years that have since elapsed:

To my mind the question to be decided is: Does anything on the summit or near the Mesa Encantada bear out the centuries-old tradition of the Acomas that this was once the home of their ancestors?

And this point, I think, it will be conceded, must be settled by one or more of the following:

1. By discovery of ruins on the Mesa large enough to account for the residence of a whole people.

2. By discovery of such evidences of occupation by large numbers of people as to reasonably satisfy the seeker, if the ruins mentioned in proposition one are absent.

3. By satisfactorily accounting for the absence of either ruins or direct evidences of occupation, if neither are found.

The importance of settling the discussion in a legitimate manner is evident to the student of Indian lore and tradition. It is readily apparent that, if this tradition is discredited, a first and great step is taken toward discrediting all Indian tradition, and thus another obstacle is placed in the way of arriving at reasonably accurate conclusions in regard to the prehistoric life of all Indian peoples. So, personally, I am profoundly anxious that the main and important features of the Katzimo tradition of Acoma should be preserved in all their integrity and fullness, and ultimately demonstrated, beyond all question, to be true.

That evidences of human presence were found on Katzimo all agree, but there is a vast difference between evidences of human presence and evidence that a large village or city was once here occupied.

Had the Acomas lived on the Mesa Encantada, several things are morally certain. These are:

1. They undoubtedly would have built their houses as elsewhere in this region we find mesa cities built, viz., not of adobe, which would have to be carried by arduous labour from the valley beneath, but of the chips and pieces or blocks of sandstone left by erosion on the mesa top and on side terraces, easily accessible and far more suitable than adobe.

Ruins of such cities are found all through this region on mesas. On the mesa just above the Cibolleta ranch is a large circular fort ruin, with a circumference of nearly a thousand feet, built of sandstone, and in a fair state of preservation. About fifteen miles further west is another ruin on a mesa overlooking the lava fields. A wall 150 feet long (or more) crosses the mesa, and behind it is a large area covered with ruins. On the top parts of El Morro, or Inscription Rock, are also two stone ruins covering moderate sized areas. All these ruins are in a fair state of preservation.

2. Had such a city existed on Mesa Encantada, the ruins undoubtedly would have remained exactly as in the cases referred to. I do not think large blocks and pieces of sandstone would have been eroded or washed away. The sloping condition of the Mesa Encantada summit is by no means unusual. The Circular Ruins at Cibolleta are on a sloping mesa, so also are the other two sets of ruins mentioned. And yet, according to the Indian traditions recounted to me both at Acoma and Zuni, and verified by Navahos, Hopis, and Lagunas, all these ruins are as ancient (or more so) as the ruins of Acoma would have been had they occupied Katzimo.

3. Another matter of importance should be considered. The village of the Acomas in the early days must neces-

sarily have been much larger than the modern Acoma. For Juan de Oñate estimated its population at 3,000, and Villagra in his epic says it was 6,000 when the attack of Capt. Vicente de Zaldivar took place on January 22, 1599. Only 600 of these people remained after the conflict. The present-day population of Acoma is less than 600, and yet six or more large blocks of three-storied houses are all occupied in housing them on their present site. Now, taking the population of 3,000 of Oñate's estimate — leaving Villagra's estimate out of the question — and then reducing the number to 2,000, or even 1,000, it is apparent that a large number of buildings would have been required to house them, even according to early Pueblo methods, and such a town would neither blow away nor wash away easily, or during many times many furious storms. That a half a score or more of such ruined cities still exist on wind, cloud, rain, and storm-swept mesa summits almost, if not equally, as exposed as the Mesa Encantada city (had it existed) would have been, nullifies, I would venture to suggest, that hypothesis.

Hence my own conclusions, viz.:

1. That while Mesa Encantada was undoubtedly the scene many times of human presence; and,

2. While the worn trail and other evidences clearly demonstrate that the Indians have often visited it, these facts ought not to be accepted as conclusive evidence of the truth of our interpretation of the Acoma tradition, viz., that their ancient city of a thousand or two inhabitants was once located here.

3. And that, in my opinion, both Indian and white man are at fault in regard to the exact location of Katzimo, and that further research will yet discover it and show far more positive and ocular demonstration of its having been the occupied site of a large city than the so-called Kat-

zimo and Mesa Encantada of the present discussion has done. My reasons for advancing this last idea are:

1. My firm belief in the general truth and reliability of the tradition.

2. The unsatisfactory evidence adduced in favour of the village occupancy of the mesa hitherto known as the Mesa Encantada.

3. My knowledge of the possibility of error, both by Indian and white, owing to the lapse of centuries, in determining the location.

4. My actual conversations with Indians of Acoma, who definitely assert that the scaled mesa is not their Katzimo, and that "may be so" some day they will conduct me to the real, genuine, sole, and only Katzimo or Mesa Encantada, where many ruins are to be found.

CHAPTER XI

THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF THE INDIANS

Crude and primitive though the creations of Indians may seem at first sight there are many things of historic interest, of inventive genius, and of decided artistic merit among them that are deserving of extended notice.

Among Indians, as with the whites, there are people who have their art specialties, and among the Pueblos, these, in general terms, may be stated to be pottery, silversmithing, and bead-making. We must not ignore the fact, however, that the Pueblos build their own houses — the women doing much of the work, which, by the way, they perfectly delight in. Nothing pleases a woman more than to plaster a new house or to replaster an old one. While among the Hopis of Arizona, the women practically do all the work, the Zunis and other New Mexico Pueblos require their men to lay the stone foundations, build the major part of the walls, and place the heavy ceiling beams in position. The women act as assistants, preparing the clay for mortar, bringing up the stones, and gathering the willow boughs and brush that are to be placed across the beams and covered with a thick layer of mud to make the roof. The little girls also help, especially in carrying water from the reservoirs or stream to the mortar mixers, and the scene is enlivened by their graceful movements, bright coloured dresses, and cheery chatter as they pass to and fro.

There are also some weavers among them, though few blankets are made, that art having been absorbed almost

entirely by the Navahos. A few men are to be found, however, even at this late date, who weave the dresses of the women, in rich diagonal patterns, with wool or cotton dyed deep blue. When first I visited the New Mexico pueblos, over thirty years ago, there were many such weavers, but it is a rare thing to find these garments made now-a-days. Our flimsy, civilized, cheap, coloured calico garments have taken their place.

The same may be said of the beautifully woven garters, head-bands and girdles still worn by both men and women. These are woven by either men or women, generally the latter, and it is a fascinating sight to see an expert weaver, with her primitive appliances, producing one of these artistic and desirable articles.

It must not be thought, however, that the Pueblos are unable to weave as well as the Navahos if they so desire. On several occasions I have induced Zunis, Acomas, and other Pueblo Indians to weave blankets for me, that could not be differentiated from the work of the Navahos and that equaled the best of their work. Both men and women are able to do this, at will, but, for so many years has the Navaho almost monopolized the art that most people think the Pueblo never had it.

Very little basketry is made, and that of a crude character, except by a few of the Arizona Apaches who occasionally drift over to visit their New Mexico relatives. The Mescalero Apaches, whose reservation is not far from Tularosa, make baskets in large numbers, but they are of coarse weave, wretchedly dyed and not to be compared with the exquisite work of the White Mountain and San Carlos Apaches of Arizona.

Of course all the Indians of New Mexico are farmers, familiar with irrigation from time immemorial, and producing results in places and under conditions that would

be discouraging, if not entirely disheartening, to most white men. Their methods of planting and reaping are simple and primitive and are often accompanied by religious ceremonies of great interest because of their deep symbolism. To see a man planting corn with his rude stick shovel — a smoothed-off bough from a tree, with the lower end broad and sharpened so that it can be thrust into the ground — is to wonder how results can be produced with such primitive appliances.

Their irrigating ditches are generally well planned and engineered and are effective, except when flood waters come and destroy their crude little head-works. There is scarcely any attempt at the construction of dams, though in later years they have been taught, by contact with the whites, to attempt something in this line.

Their chief agricultural products are corn, beans, squash, melons, chili-peppers, onions, peaches, alfalfa, barley and oats for hay.

One of the remarkable things about their corn and beans is that they have developed, by selection, colours which harmonize with the six regions; yellow for the north, blue for the west, red for the south, white for the east, variegated for the zenith, and black for the nadir. "They have all shades of yellow and blue," says Mrs. Stevenson, of the Zunis, and "red from the deepest cardinal to the most delicate pink. The white corn is intensely white, and there are remarkable varieties of variegated corn. There are several shades of purple corn, and black corn. The same variety of shades is to be found in the beans, which are grown in the cornfield."

The symbolism of colour is most important to the Pueblos, as well as to the Navahos. I have dealt with this subject with a certain degree of fullness elsewhere.[1]

[1] Indian Blankets and their Makers.

Perhaps there is no art among the Pueblo Indians more distinctive and revelative than that of pottery.

What is more interesting in the study of human development than the first steps taken toward the discovery of useful articles or implements? Try to imagine a people existing without clothes, houses, a single utensil of clay, tin, iron, brass or other metal, without a basket, a tool, ignorant of the properties of matter, or even of the existence of minerals — what would be the condition of such a people? Now watch them, as, step by step they emerge from this primitive helplessness and begin to discover, to invent, things for their use and convenience.

A whole treatise has been written upon the tremendous and epochal change that came over the aboriginal when he discovered the use of sticks and stones as implements of offense and defense.

Is it not easy to conceive that a similar change came when he discovered a method of carrying many more things than his two hands could hold?

There has been considerable discussion among the antiquarian ethnologists as to which was discovered first — pottery or basketry. Personally I am inclined to accept the conclusions of Lieut. Frank H. Cushing, stated by him in a monograph, published by the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology. He shows how, even to this day, when the Indian wishes to parch his corn or other seeds he takes a handful of clay and molds it to fit the shape and cover the inside of his saucer-shaped basket. This protects the wicker-work, and allows the mixing with the seeds of a number of red-hot coals from the fire. The seeds and coals are then shuffled about by rotary and shaking movements of the basket, until the cooking process is complete. But during the process the clay becomes baked, and, by and by, separates itself from the basket. To the astonish-

ment, doubtless, of the first Indian to discover it, here was a new utensil, different from the basket, and in one respect at least, superior to it and more useful, for it would hold water. This is the beginning of the art of pottery, and unquestionably all bowls and other vessels were long made by using a basket as a matrix or mold.

Then, sometime, somehow, some dark-skinned little woman hit upon the plan of making a coil or rope of clay, and winding it around on the basket she wished to use as a pottery mold, instead of taking a dab of clay and spreading it over the surface with her hands.

Most of the earlier specimens of pottery clearly reveal in the impressions made upon the plastic clay, the weave of the basket upon which they were molded, and the way the clay was pinched to hold the coils together is also shown. In a few cases the outer surface was smoothed over so that practically all pinch marks were erased.

This method received further advancement when it was discovered that the clay coils would stand upright upon each other without the support of a basket mold.

From the date of this discovery the origin of pottery-making as a separate and distinct art may be said to begin. How long ago that is we can only conjecture, but we do know that, save for the discovery of variations in pottery forms, and the addition of designs upon the completed vessels, there has been no further advance. For the Pueblo Indians of to-day make pottery in the same way that it has been made for centuries.

The method is simple. At Zuni, Acoma, Laguna and all the pueblos of the Rio Grande the process may be watched at any time, for there are good potters in every village.

After the clay is dug, in some cases different kinds are mixed — the potters having found that vessels made from

mixed clays are more durable. It is then well puddled to make it soft and pliable, though they do not seem to understand that washing would improve it by taking away the impurities. The puddling is generally a simple kneading with the hand. When all is ready, the potter, with a mass of clay by her side, begins to work. Her only tools are a small spatula made either of bone or dried gourd skin, a bowl of water, and a small circular piece of basketry to act as a base for the vessel.

Pinching a chunk out of the clay, she rolls it into a rope of the desired thickness. Then, with the basket base on her lap, or on the ground at her side, she starts the coil, pressing one coil close to the preceding one with her fingers, and revolving the basket base as she lays the coil. As soon as one clay rope is exhausted, she makes another, pinches the two ends together to make the coil continuous, and thus continues the operation until the vessel is made.

If it is a bowl the shaping process is comparatively easy, consisting merely of smoothing down the edges of the coil until a plane surface is produced, the left hand sustaining the vessel inside, while the right hand uses the spatula, which is now and again dipped into the water to keep it from sticking.

If, however, the vessel is to be a jar, or *olla,* with a narrow neck and mouth, not only must the clay-coil be placed with accuracy to ensure the proper proportionate enlargement, but it must be smoothed down with care to prevent undue caving in.

As soon as the smoothing down is completed the vessel is allowed to remain on its basket base in the sun for a day or two when it shrinks sufficiently to remove it with ease. It is then ready to be decorated. Cooking utensils, however, are used as they are. White clay of a cer-

tain proven kind is taken, dissolved in water, and then made into cones which are dried in the sun. All potters are supposed to keep a stock of these cones, as well as pieces of rock, red, blue, green, yellow, and the like, for decorative purposes. When needed they are pounded or ground in tiny mortars (similar to those used for grinding their corn, only smaller), mixed with water and a vegetable extract, which adds to its sticking qualities. The colour is applied to the whole surface of the vessel with a rabbit-skin mop. While still wet the process of polishing the surface begins. Smooth stones of flint or other hard substance are rubbed tirelessly over a small area until it shines. When the whole vessel is thus polished it is ready for the decorative design. Without any other copy than that carried in her busy and artistic little brain the decorator goes to work. Her brush is made of hair, or yucca fiber, and her colours ground with a mixture of yucca fruit syrup (to give them extra sticking qualities).

The black pigment is mixed with water from boiled *cleome serrulata,* a flowering plant called by the Mexicans, *waco.* Many and various, strange and peculiar, striking and fantastic are the designs she conjures up. Some of them are purely geometrical — squares, parallelograms, circles, diamonds and the like; then there are flowers, trees, rocks, rain-clouds and other meteorological symbols, birds, reptiles, animals, men and women, and occasionally, the masked figures that represent their lesser divinities.

The ware is now ready to be fired. For this purpose cakes of well-dried dung are gathered from the sheep and goat pens. The pottery is placed on rocks to raise it slightly from the ground, and then the dung is built up around and over it so as to form an oven. It is then set

PUEBLO INDIANS MAKING POTTERY.

on fire, and so manipulated that the heat increases gradually until it is intense, the process lasting about two hours. A small piece of wafer bread is placed in each vessel, in order that, as it burns, the spiritual essence of the vessel may absorb the spiritual essence of the bread.

The Zunis believe that if a pregnant woman gazes upon a piece of pottery while it is being fired it will be marred with a black spot. This is the explanation they give always to any black blemish that appears during the firing.

Among the pottery-makers of New Mexico perhaps the Zunis rank highest, both as to the quality of their ware, its durability, and the striking characters of the designs. A common design is one that introduces the deer, with a long tube reaching from the mouth to the stomach, making what, to the white critic, is a rather amusing representation.

It should also be noted that many of the designs, especially upon the older pottery, are so highly conventionalized that only the initiated can determine the original of the *motif*.

The Acomas make a showy pottery but it is not as strong and durable as that of the Zunis. Their designs, however, have a far wider scope in that flowers, leaves, and trees are introduced.

All of the Pueblos of the Rio Grande have their representative potters, and while there are general characteristics in all the ware made there are some minor differences which enable the expert to tell where a particular vessel is made.

One pueblo, however, that of Santo Domingo, makes a ware entirely distinctive. It is pure black, without any design, and exceedingly well polished.

That the collecting of clay is not a mere material process is thus explained by Mrs. Stevenson, in her great

monograph upon the Zunis. She is telling of how Col. Stevenson and herself accompanied We-wha to Corn Mountain — Taiyoallane — to obtain clay.

"On passing a stone heap she picked up a small stone in her left hand, and spitting upon it, carried the hand around her head and threw the stone over one shoulder upon the stone heap in order that her strength might not go from her when carrying the heavy load down the mesa. She then visited the shrine at the base of the mother rock and tearing off a bit of her blanket deposited it in one of the tiny pits in the rock as an offering to the mother rock. When she drew near to the clay bed she indicated to Mr. Stevenson that he must remain behind, as men never approached the spot. Proceeding a short distance the party reached a point where Wewha requested the writer to remain perfectly quiet and not talk, saying: 'Should we talk, my pottery would crack in the baking, and unless I pray constantly the clay will not appear to me.' She applied the hoe vigorously to the hard soil, all the while murmuring prayers to Mother Earth. Nine-tenths of the clay was rejected, every lump being tested between the fingers as to its texture. After gathering about one hundred and fifty pounds in a blanket, which she carried on her back, with the ends of the blanket tied around her forehead, Wewha descended the steep mesa, apparently unconscious of the weight."

CHAPTER XII

THE RELIGION OF THE INDIANS

In my nearly forty years' study of that which has been written upon the religion of the Indians of the Southwest, I have constantly had borne in upon me the widely divergent standpoints of the aborigines and those who presumed to judge and write about them. The misunderstandings are fundamental, basic, and can never be cleared away until the white man banishes his prejudices, and with an open and clear mind is ready to look upon the ideas of the Indian *as the Indian himself sees them.* Unfortunately in no field is this harder to accomplish than in the field of religion. Few men are able to view another's religion entirely and solely from that other's viewpoint. For instance, I have yet to find a white man who, at first sight, can believe that any reason can be given for the Indian's worship of, or reverence for, a rattlesnake. Yet from the Indian's standpoint it is most reasonable. Suppose an Indian is hunting for food for himself and family. He has neither bow nor arrows, lance, slingshot or other weapon. He is without a trap.— I am presupposing an Indian before these things were invented.— He tries to steal upon his prey, but walk he never so gently his footsteps are heard and the animal escapes. He is disappointed and disheartened, because he and his family must remain hungry. As he goes homeward, acutely conscious of his failure, he sees a snake gliding toward the same kind of creature he had tried to catch. Slowly, stealthily,

but surely, the snake approaches his prey, and then with a sudden dart, it is caught and devoured.

What is the natural thought of the Indian? It is that the snake possesses a power he does not have. The snake eats, he and his are hungry, *therefore,* he worships that in the snake that gives it this important power in which he is deficient.

Why should an Indian worship a bird? To the Indian it is the most natural thing in the world. He wants to cross a mighty canyon, but to do so, he must either peril his life by climbing down steep walls and then exhaust himself by climbing out again, or he must "go around." The bird soars in the air and in a few minutes crosses the abyss. The Indian must spend days in attaining it. Therefore, he prays to the bird or to the power that controls it, that it will give to him the superior power it possesses.

The same with a fish. If man tries to plunge head first into the water he speedily suffocates — drowns. The fish lives in the water, hence has a power man does not possess. Therefore it is reasonable — to him — that he worship it.

Here is another peculiarity of Indian thought which influences his religious acts. He finds the snake almost invariably (in the desert regions) wherever water exists. The white man reasons that the presence of the snake is accounted for by the existence of the water. The Indian reverses the process. The living power of the snake is greater than that of the water. He thinks *it is the presence of the snake that brings the water.* Hence another reason for his veneration of the snake, and his fierce anger at the white man, who, with an entirely different view-point toward the snake, kills it as quickly as he can.

In the chapter devoted to *Indian Hunting* I have pre-

sented the foregoing phases of the Indian's thought from another standpoint, which equally affects his religious belief and controls his ceremonies.

These differences of view-point cannot be too strongly emphasized as they have caused many misunderstandings, some of which have produced consequences of a serious nature. Anything that keeps the races apart is serious and much to be deplored.

Take, for instance, the white man's idea that nudity is obscene or at least unwise, and that any open recognition of sex relationship is decidedly indelicate and vulgar.

In view of this belief the fact is understandable that to most white people,— even good, religious people, whose religion teaches them to think no evil,— the Indian's frank and totally unconscious nudity, his phallic worship, and his sex frankness are proofs positive of a degraded and debased mind; that he is unable to understand a high moral standpoint, and is a further proof of his need for the refining and purifying influences of our civilization and Christianity. Whereas the fact is that the Indian, before he was corrupted by degenerates of the white race, was superior to it in sex morality and domestic chastity.

What more simple than that the Indian, regarding sex as common to himself, the animals and birds, and desiring marriage and children, should make it a matter of religious devotion,— from his standpoint,— known as phallic worship. To him there is no self-consciousness, no embarrassment, no sense of shame in appealing to the supposed spirit or power dwelling in physical resemblances to sex organs found in objects of nature. It is exactly the same, to his primitive mind, as appealing to the spirit residing in the sun, the fire, the water, or the fruit-tree.

As the white man, however, imposed at least the out-

ward observances of his code of morals, and secrecy, or reserve, upon the Indian, without, in the slightest, changing his mental attitude, it came about, in time, that he kept his thoughts on these things to himself. Yet those who have been admitted to his intimate confidence know of the existence of definite ceremonials of pure phallicism, and of shrines where, to this day, youths and maidens openly and without shame or confusion (as far as their own people are concerned) go to pray for a life partner, who shall meet their highest marital ideals. Other shrines are for married women who pray for children, or for health, and many are the tiny fetiches and amulets, fashioned by nature, which they pick up, hoard, wear, and prize highly according to the degree in which their holders suppose them to be efficacious.

Hence the whisperings, the hints, the suggestions, that now and again strike the ear or meet the eye of the discerning among the white visitors to the Pueblos. Mysteries surround the stranger on every hand. Here is good magic, there evil magic. This must not be seen, and that cannot be heard, so that the sensitive white person, in an Indian pueblo, moves in an atmosphere of constant expectation, alertness, or surprise.

Many things that a white man cannot conceive as related directly to religion have become most important to the Indian from that standpoint alone. Take their races and games or their weekly sweat-bath. Who could see anything religious in them? Yet the medicine men have given them a distinctly religious significance. Why did our military leaders, during the early training days of the war, encourage our soldier boys to spend hours every day in playing games — the most strenuous, muscle-wrenching, daring, arduous games they could invent, devise or suggest? I saw them at our military camps running re-

lay races, jumping, wrestling, boxing, riding on each other's backs and imitating the old tournament sport of wrestling on horseback, urged to it with a fervour that the unthinking might not understand. Is it not apparent that it was to strengthen the muscles, bring up the whole physical tone, and at the same time make them indifferent to pain?— it's all in the game.

There is yet another idea connected with these military sports. Playing thus together in strenuous games that test all there is of a man's physical powers, as well as quickening his intellect, develops an *esprit de corps,* a camaraderie, a binding together, a pride in each other that stands an army in good stead when it comes to making charges, or doing other things that require courage, daring and skilful team-work. Our military leaders used their elementary knowledge of psychology to good effect, but the Indians of New Mexico had put it into practice centuries ago.

Instead, however, of making the *motif* for his physical and mental training a patriotic one, the Indian shaman went a step further and made it a religious one. His people were no longer nomads. They had settled down and had begun to accumulate those desirable things that the nomads coveted.

These Apaches, Navahos, and other nomads were numerous and were bent on pillage at every opportunity. The pueblos had their homes on mesa heights, reached only by the scaling of precipitous walls. Their corn-fields were in the valleys, often miles away. What were they to do when their enemies swept down upon them? Fight? They were not numerous enough, and fighting was to be indulged in only as a last resort. Far better to flee, to rush up the trails with such speed that their enemies could not catch them, and then,

secure in their almost inaccessible heights, which were easily defended, bid defiance to those who would have injured them. To do this, however, they must be physically strong, ever in the best of training and alert, and to keep them so the games, sports, races were devised and made religious ceremonies. It was "the will of the gods" that they should do these things. "Those Above had commanded it!"

Thus mere physical exercises, games, and the like came to have a profound religious significance.

The same with the sweat-bath: Living an arduous life, often sweating profusely, sleeping on the ground and thus constantly in contact with dirt, their habits of life were such as to make it impossible to keep their clothes clean. Hence they could not have been guided, in this year of our Lord, 1919, to a wiser, more practical method of keeping their bodies healthful than by their sweat-bath. In reality this is a combination of hot air and steam. It is generally taken in a covered structure which keeps out the cold air. Seated in a nude condition, an attendant places red-hot rocks within the sweat-house. This is repeated several times until the bathers are sweating profusely. Then more hot rocks are brought over which water is poured. This immediately rises as steam and the bathers remain in this until the bath is complete, when they rub down with mud, rinse off in clean water, and then lie exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It is a most stimulating and invigorating treatment for white people as well as Indians, and, keeping the pores in good condition, conduces largely to health.

To compel acquiescence in this custom the early day *shamans* made of it a religious ceremonial, and to this day it is pretty rigidly observed throughout the Southwest.

The Indian of to-day is the child of the human race. In his mental operations we see how the minds of the more cultivated races worked when they were first emerging out of animalism. In their thoughts, therefore, we may see those which — it is not unreasonable to assume — used to occupy the minds of our own ancestors.

Undoubtedly the first thought that impressed the Indian was the great power of Nature that surrounded him, limited him, mothered him, soothed him, nourished him, and yet that, at times, famished him, scourged him with thunders, lightnings, sun-stroke, sandstorms, disease, and death. Unconsciously he became a Nature worshiper, and personified all the powers that he saw, felt or imagined. Here, then, we have the basis, the beginning, of many aboriginal ideas of religion, scores of which persist to this day, and evidences of which are manifested in their ceremonials, prayers, dances and songs.

We find throughout the Southwest this — what might be termed — Nature-worship ever prevalent. What more simple than that when the world around them seemed to be unkind, cruel, harsh, they should deem the rain, the storm, the lightning, the famine as an expression of the anger of some Power, strange, mysterious, hidden, that they must seek to propitiate? Even the dog fawns upon the hand that whips it, and the tiger, most cruel of beasts, cringes before any one that shows mastery, hence why should not primitive man fawn and cringe, and, as soon as he had language, make prayers and petitions to the unknown and mysterious Powers that visited these unwelcome and painful punishments upon him?

Next, perhaps, came the *personification* of the powers of Nature, and, as some of them were good at some times and evil at others, most of them were worshiped

as dual personalities, the one to be petitioned for good, and the other to be propitiated, to be blinded, to be misdirected — anything to avert his attention so that he could visit no actual evil upon those who prayed. Here, then, is the ground-work for the creation of a pantheon of gods, big and little, powerful and less powerful, as wide and extensive as the imagination of the awakened observer could conceive. The result is seen in the stupendous number of divinities, greater and lesser, invented, created, imagined by the Indians of this region, whether Pueblos or nomads. There are those who laugh to scorn the statement that these divinities are greater in number than the combined pantheons of ancient Greece and Rome. Yet every deep student of the Indians of the Southwest knows that the statement is one of coldest fact, rather than of wild exaggeration.

Another thing about these divinities must be observed. Reasoning, doubtless, from the fact that mankind was dual,— male and female,— the Indian sexualized every divinity and every manifestation that had led him to suppose there was a divinity connected with it. Hence the North was the male part of the earth, for from it came the cold, stern winds, storm, rains. The South was feminine, because from it came the warm, fructifying, mothering winds, rains and other influences. The clouds were male and female, those which gave forth vivifying rains being the latter, and those accompanying harsh, stern winds and bad weather being masculine.

The sun was the father, and the earth the mother, the lightning being the means of communication and the rains the life-giving fluid.

In due time the Indian observed that these divinities operated uncertainly — as it were. There was no assurance that the rains would come at the time they generally

came. Such could be only the result of the caprice, the whim, of the gods, or because they were angry. Lightning sometimes struck the noblest man, or most beautiful woman, or the dearest child of the tribe. Caprice, whim, anger!

Then men arose among them who asserted they had power to change this caprice, alter the whim, deflect the anger. They had discovered some simple fact or law unknown to their fellows. They were able by some mystic power within themselves to create "good" medicine and to dispel "bad" medicine. From this sprang up a world of ceremonials that fairly bewilder and astound the white man when he realizes their number, their lengthy duration and their characteristics. When we speak of the white race, of any nation as being religious, if by that we refer to their ritualistic manifestations in ceremonial and outward worship, they are not in the same class with most of the Indians of the Southwest. The pueblo of Zuni, for instance, has a number of religious ceremonials in the winter and an equal number in the summer, that amaze the ordinary white man. Some of these are beginning now to attract large numbers of visitors, and one of them will be found described in the chapter dealing with Zuni. So with all the Pueblos. But even the nomad Navahos have their wealth of ceremonies, in the performance of some of which, even yet, white people, who are not informed, refuse to believe.

Merely to give the uninitiated a faint idea of these ceremonials and the length of time required to perform them, here is presented a list of Zuni brotherhoods and their ceremonials, with a suggestion as to the beneficial results they are expected to secure. One could write a large book describing the *origin* of these brotherhoods or "esoteric fraternities," as Mrs. Stevenson terms them.

The oldest fraternity is the *Shiwannakwe,* whose duties are to pray, sing and dance for rain. The membership of this society,— as are they all — was originally formed by the "Divine Ones," and dances, songs, and esoteric ceremonials,— which are known to none other of the tribe save the initiated — were communicated by them and are supposed to be most potent in producing the fructifying (or female) rain.

The next to be organized by the "Divine Ones" was the *Newekwe,* and ultimately these and the first organized (the *Shiwannakwe*) were instructed in all the songs and secrets of the Mystery Medicine. The next fraternity was the *Saniakiakwe,* or Hunters, those who have charge over the hunting as explained in the chapter devoted to that subject.

Then came the *Hlannakwe,* the Great Fire Fraternity, the members of which can eat large coals of fire, and a few of whom were initiated into the mysteries of sword swallowing — at which they are great adepts to this day. These latter soon developed into an organization of their own — the *Hlewekwe* — and they possess wonderful mystery medicine.

Then another fraternity was organized of those who were taught to play with, and control, fire, but not to eat it, and they were called the *Uhuhukwe.*

Next came the *Halokwe* (sometimes called the *Achiya* or Stone Knife) fraternity, who were initiated into the divine secrets of healing disease caused by the angry ants (skin diseases) and those caused by the witchcraft of men. Think of the mental processes that attribute all skin diseases to angry ants!

The explanation they give of their alternative name of "Stone Knife" is that a stone knife once descended from "Those Above" into their ceremonial chamber,

clearly indicating that a fraternity that used this knife in its initiations should be organized.

All these fraternities were initiated into the use of tablet altars, with all their complicated phenomena, and the sand, or dry, paintings.

These sand-paintings (or mosaics, perhaps, is the better term) are made in a most skilful and artistic manner by the artist priests of the different fraternities. Each has its own designs and their corresponding symbolism, which, for an outsider to understand, is a task for many months, even with such information as has already been gained by such investigators as Cushing, Fewkes, Stevenson, Hodge and others. And, of course, only those especially trusted and favoured by the priests could ever hope to gain the least inkling of these ceremonials, or be allowed to see the altars, sand-paintings, fetiches, and other sacred appliances used therein. Many a bold and self-appreciative visitor to the Pueblos — Zuni and elsewhere — has found his conceit and confidence speedily evaporating in the presence of the stern dignity of the priests who could neither be bought, cajoled or intimidated to allow even these self-important personages to witness their sacred mysteries.

One of the later and important fraternities is said to have originated by the appearance of one of the "Divine Ones," with his warriors, at the home of a member of the *Poyikwe* (Chaparral Cock) Clan. Hitherto a god had never appeared before a human without his mask, but on this occasion his features were clearly seen. He told that they had come from the underworld, but were going to stay for a short time at Chipia (a place near by).

Trembling with excitement the man so honoured by the god, informed the Sun Priest early the next morning, and this led this officer to go to Chipia to interview

the Divine One. He then invited the god, with his five divine associates, to visit Halona (one of the villages of Zuni), which they did, wearing their masks. At this time they taught the man they had first visited all the secrets of their mystery medicine, with its potent for the cure of all convulsions and cramps in the limbs, and also the accompanying songs which came direct from the lips of the Sun Father. This fraternity is the *Shumaakwe*. On this visit (it must be noted) the gods left their masks, which are used in the ceremonials to this day by those priests who personate the visiting divinities.

The Great Fire Fraternity has power to heal swellings in the throat, body or limbs. The initiates were taught by the three gods, who left their masks for future use.

In addition there is the Little Fire Fraternity (*Matke Sannakwe*), the Rattlesnake, Cactus, Mythologic, Games (*Showekwe*), and Struck-by-Lightning fraternities.

One of the most powerful of all the fraternities is that of the *Order of the Sacred Bow*. This was organized by the Gods of War, and is to-day the most powerful of all Zuni organizations. It is the one to which Lieut. Frank H. Cushing succeeded in gaining admisson, and which led to his speedily gaining the marvelous intimacy with their secret customs, ceremonials and myths, which, so entrancingly, he gave to the world. It was long presided over by Naiuchi, that strong, inflexible, incorruptible Indian, a true leader, statesman, philospher and friend, who was the strangest mixture of modern wisdom and ancient, deep-rooted superstition.

While I have thus barely enumerated the fraternities of the Zunis, I have given but the merest suggestion of a glimpse at the complicated mythology they incorporate, the tradition and history they enshrine, the origin and

PAHOS, OR PRAYER STICKS.

beauty of their songs, and the infinite variety of their dances and ceremonials. Of their masks alone one might write enough to fill a book as large as this, and, simply to describe, in ordinary newspaper-reporter fashion, their open air ceremonials would fill another.

Then, what about their altars, their various fetiches — not connected with hunting,— of their *mili* — which, to each organization, is as important and sacred as is the Cross to the Christians,— their clowns or *Delight-makers* (as Bandelier so appropriately called them)?

Then the symbolism connected with it all — who can absorb it, or realize it? Everything is symbolized. Soap-suds are made in a bowl of water to represent snow-clouds, while the priest prays for cold rains and snows. Downy feathers from the eagle's breast are used by the scores of thousands in their prayers to symbolize that, as the eagle soars (by means of these feathers), into the very eye of the Sun, so may their prayers ascend to the secret precincts of the Divine Ones — Those Above.

Upon the symbolism of pollen, alone, one might write a volume. The ritual of these people calls for the pollen of a score, a hundred, several hundred, varieties of plants and flowers; and it is not enough merely to have this pollen. It must be gathered at such and such a time, under such and such favourable conditions. The pollen is the essential fructifier of the flower or fruit or grain. Without it there is no increase. It is the symbol, therefore, of all fructification, and is used everywhere and at all times in Pueblo, Navaho and Apache ceremonials.

Symbolism plays a large part in the Indian's prayers. He never prays but he first of all plants around himself, or on his altar, or before his shrine, a number of feathered sticks, called *pahos*. As the birds that wear the

feathers soar to the highest heavens, so may their petitions be feathered and winged to the ears of the gods.

At puberty the Hopi maidens are required to dress up their hair in imitation of the squash blossom. This is their symbol of maidenhood and purity, and the very fact that the hair is dressed in this fashion aids in bringing the pure thoughts into the maiden's mind that the blossom symbolizes. Still further, the Indian believes that the symbol affects the thing symbolized. Cushing refers to this fact in connection with the Zuni pottery-maker. One of the forms given to water bottles is that of the female breasts. During the manipulation of the clay a tiny opening is kept in the nipples, lest the closing of them should forever dry up the maternal fount of the pottery-maker, and thus — by natural inference — prevent her enjoying the blessings of maternity. To the maiden, yet unmarried, this would be a calamity unspeakable, as every Zuni man looks for, expects and eagerly desires children, and therefore, this would render her as a married woman less desirable to her husband.

Yet, it is evident, the holes in the nipples cannot be allowed to remain in the water bottle. Before it is completed they must be closed. When the vessel is practically finished the potter prepares a small pellet of clay, turns away her head, begins to talk, sing, or pray, and thus, while *distracting the attention of the divinity that controls the clay,* perhaps resides in it, she closes up the apertures.

I found the same idea — the symbol affecting the thing symbolized — among the Navahos. Long ago I learned that the design of their so-called wedding-basket, represented the mountains and valleys of the *upper* world, the mountains and valleys of the *lower* or under world, and the red earth between. In all these baskets there is an

opening from the lower to the upper world. One day it was explained to me by a *Shaman* that all unborn spirits dwelt in the under world, and that when a child was born, the parents gave to it its body, but the spirit came to it through this opening,— representing *Shi-pa-pu* — and joined the body in some unseen and mysterious fashion. Having had some experiences in testing the idea above formulated and wishing to experiment further, I determined to endeavour to bribe an Indian weaver to make me a wedding basket which, while in every other respect, of the conventional design, should leave out the " Shipapu opening."

In those days the practical value of one of these baskets on the Navaho reservation was about $4. I had already convinced myself that her reasoning would be that if she were to make me a basket, *leaving out that opening,* she conceived that this would make it impossible, should she again become a mother, for her child to have a soul. It was her *real* belief in this idea that I now wished to test. Accordingly I asked her to make me the basket, leaving out the opening, and offered her $8 instead of $4, laying out bright new silver dollars before her to enforce my request. With a curt shake of the head she refused, and paid no attention to my urging. Opening my buckskin purse I took out another $8, and spread them out temptingly before her, only to receive the same curt refusal. And I doubled the amount again, making it $32, and then yet again, making it $64, and still again, making it $128, and finally spread out the whole of the $300 with which I had provided myself before I left home for the purpose. But, while she eyed the money longingly and tears came into her eyes as she spoke, she positively refused my request, saying that she daren't thus oppose the will of the gods.

To the untrained Protestant the symbolic ritual of the Catholic Church is complex and difficult to understand, yet an intelligent person can grasp its significance within a very short time. Half a lifetime is required ere one grasps the full significance of Pueblo and other Indian symbolism.

To return now to the fraternities. Each of them has its own ceremonies which last from four to nine days, at the winter and summer solstices, or on special occasions when the wealthy sick desire that they be initiated on their behalf.

A book might be written upon the etiquette observed at all the ceremonies. We talk of the ceremoniousness of the Japanese and other orientals. They can learn of our Pueblo Indians. For instance, here is one paragraph from Mrs. Stevenson's monograph, which barely hints at the scope of this interesting subject:

"The high-necked and long-sleeved cotton garment is discarded by the women for ceremonials, and their necks and arms are bare. Men wear their cotton shirts and trousers in the ceremonial chamber, but afterward discard them, wearing, except on rare occasions, only a woven breechcloth in the dances. The moccasins of both sexes are always removed on entering the chamber. The strictest etiquette is observed in these ceremonials. No one enters the chamber without giving and receiving a greeting of welcome, the newcomer being asked to be seated. No one is allowed to fall asleep in the ceremonial chamber except such members as are held almost sacred on account of their extreme age. The offender is at once touched in no gentle manner by some member. Pregnant women and young children are held as severely to account as the others. After the close of the ceremonial the head of each member is washed in yucca suds.

Continence is observed during the ceremonials and the four days following, for all carnal thoughts must be dispensed with at this season."

Every fraternity has its own cycle of songs. No white person has yet even made the attempt to gather all these songs, yet their sweet poetic beauty, and the enshrined mythology, history, tradition and legend, are attested by the few specimens presented in the chapter on music.

Naturally, it is to the priesthood of these esoteric fraternities that the Indian looks for protection from all evil and the calling upon him of all good. In these priesthoods we find the "Shamans," the medicine-men, in whom every Indian pins his faith. Occasionally, however, a man is found who possesses extraordinary power. He has been able to heal some dangerously sick man, or bring a well-known woman of influence — for the Indians know the steps and stages of caste and influence, even as we do — through a dangerous child-birth. Then, even as with ourselves, every one flocks to him. His "medicine" is powerful for good, and is unceasingly called for. There is a converse side, however, to this popularity. It is almost a natural outcome, that when things go severely wrong with any one, or anything, it is owing to "bad medicine." As no medicine man would be so foolish as to indulge in the practice of creating or making bad medicine, except for purposes of revenge, or to gratify some evil desire, the evil magic-maker becomes known as a wizard or witch, to be feared and shunned, and if possible to be punished and slain. I have been present at half a dozen or more trials for witchcraft in New Mexico, and personally know those who have been cruelly whipped and hung up by the thumbs until they were almost dead, because of their alleged evil practices along this line. (See the chapter devoted to this subject.)

This same difficulty of compelling the powers of Nature always to do the desired and desirable things — from the Indians' standpoint — makes the position of the priest of any one of the Clans no sinecure.

These men are expected to be not only pure and clean in body, but also in heart, and any failure of the Clan ceremonies to produce the required and expected results is sure to lead to the censure or even expulsion of the priest from his office. For instance, in the clan of the *Ashiwanni,* or Rain Priesthood of the Zunis, the priest of the Zenith, some years ago, was denounced because of the droughts and consequent failure of crops. He was impeached, and after long days and nights of consultation was removed, and a young man selected to fill his place. When the messenger arrived at the youth's home, though he was personally anxious to accept the honoured position, his mother wept so bitterly about it, fearful lest he should be accused of being wicked or a witch, if the rains failed to come and the crops failed for a season, that he refused to accept.

Then, asks the white, skeptical outsider, who, naturally, laughs at all the pretentions to power of the *Shamans,* what becomes of a medicine man when he loses his popularity or his power?

With the Indian, as well as with ourselves, wit, wisdom, or even craft and cunning, play their part. If your son dies under the hand of an eminent physician you do not lose faith in him *if* he can convince you that the death was inevitable, or that he did more than any one else could have done under the circumstances.

Many a great surgeon has performed a "successful" operation, even though the patient has died, and the sorrowing relatives have been contented, and have increased their reverence for the wonderfully competent surgeon

who performed so marvelously successful an operation upon their loved one.

Now, does the simple-minded white man assume for one moment that an Indian cannot play this game as well as he? He may think again, and more wisely. The Indian thaumaturgist is just as adept as — and often more so than — his white brother, in all the arts of "covering up" the failures of his wonder-working.

Yet I would not say he was a humbug, a fraud, any more than I would say of the successfully operating surgeon (whose patient died), that he was a humbug, a fraud, or that the practicing physician who continues, year after year, to treat and take the money of a rich patient without curing him, was a humbug, a fraud. Human nature is much the same, for, as has already been stated, the Indian's mind is the child mind of the race, and the children are often more crafty and cunning (in some ways) than their elders.

To return, now, to the divinities or powers. To retain the good will of the beneficent powers, and control or propitiate those that are hostile, another method sprang into existence. This is known to us as the *taboo*. It consists in the strict observance of a great number of prescriptions. One must eat only certain foods at certain times, and never of the animal from which their family name was taken. Hence among the Zunis there are those who may never, under any circumstances, eat of the flesh of the badger, bear, coyote, sandhill-crane, frog, road-runner, turkey, deer or antelope. To many Indians all hog meat is taboo. To the Navahos fish, ducks, snake and rabbit are all taboo, and Matthews tells of a white woman, at Fort Defiance, who, for mischief, emptied a pan of water in which fish had been soaking over a young Navaho. He changed all his clothes, put them to

soak, and then many times bathed himself before he felt fully purified. Another Navaho taboo is the sight of a man's mother-in-law, and many an amusing sight has been afforded a visitor — who had been put wise — when an attempt was made to bring son and mother-in-law together.

The Navahos also taboo a *hogan* (or house) in which a death has occurred. It is either fired or allowed to go to ruin, and twenty-five years ago there were hundreds of these homes which death had compelled the families to abandon. Neither will a Navaho, though it be the coldest-below-zero weather, and no other wood is available, touch a piece of wood from one of these death-cursed *hogans,* and should the white man, disregarding the taboo, build his fire of it, he will refuse to eat or drink anything cooked on the fire, and will remove himself as far as possible from its heat and light.

Until commercialism crept in, and the traders among the Indians became careless of their religious ideas by contact with the whites, there were certain colours that were taboo, and one never saw them used in any kind of an Indian made blanket, robe, sash, or garter.

In certain Zuni ceremonies there are taboos against sweeping out the house for a certain period, and no artificial light must be made, not even that of a burning cigarette, and page after page might be written merely enumerating the various taboos.

Another mode of influencing the gods was by fasting and continence. Few white men know to what extent the Indians fast. Sometimes a fast will be merely an abstention from animal food, or grease, or corn, and again the fast will be absolute, lasting for from one to nine days, according to the object to be attained.

Every child is taught to fast, and I have heard children

MANUELITO, THE LAST GREAT NAVAHO CHIEF.

of four and five years of age challenged to a day's, two days', three, four and even five days', fast, by an uncle or elder cousin, and have watched the youngster after he had accepted. Nothing could tempt him to eat (or drink, if drinking was also included).

There is another phase to this fasting which should not be overlooked. Many a time food is scarce with the Indians and it is good for them to know that fasting, if not too long continued, will not seriously harm them. Again, often in their long journeys, accidents, storms, cloud-bursts or other adverse conditions delay them, or in some way deprive them of food. Their fasting has taught them that even though they do not eat for a week, two weeks, or even three weeks, no serious consequences will ensue. I have been with them under these conditions and I can aver with truth that I have never even heard a complaint, except, perhaps, some whimsical or humorous comment, upon the absence of their wanted food.

In many ceremonies fasting is enjoined for from four to nine days, and the fasters dance and sing, day and night, with an energy that seems tireless, so that no outsider would ever dream that they were being deprived of their usual sustenance.

Continence is also demanded under many circumstances, lasting for days or even months at a time, and dire, indeed, are the consequences, if a man or woman fails in this regard.

As has already been stated, the healing of disease and securing protection from its ravages are sought from the Superior Powers by the intervention of the *shaman*. Invocations, incantations, dances, songs, are performed for days at a time with these purposes in view. Disease is supposedly caused in two ways; either by the presence of

some foreign object in the body, or by the absence of the spirit from its body.

Again and again have I been present when a *shaman* has announced that the disease from which a patient was suffering was some living creature in the body of the patient, which would produce death unless removed. A man had sciatic pains; the *shaman* came, and, after sucking the body of the patient, took a lizard from his mouth, which, of course, was proof positive that it was the cause of the trouble. Here are other cases: A pregnant woman suffering from severe pains on the right side of her abdomen had two worms taken from the spot. The *shaman* assured her the worms would have eaten the child and caused its death. An old man had rheumatic pains in his back. A frog was taken out by sucking. Horned toads, pieces of stone and wood, yards of yarn, bits of old cloth, etc., have been taken out (!) in my presence, the *shaman* making great pretense at times that he was finding it exceedingly difficult to get the object released. He generally takes it from his mouth into his clenched hand and then resolutely throws it away, or casts it into the fire.

On one occasion a *shaman* showed me an old feather duster which had been given to him on one of his visits to a white settlement. He assured me, with sundry chuckles, that when his patients suffered from any form of stomach or intestinal trouble he made them close their eyes, open their mouths and *swallow* the duster — stick, feathers and all — and as it came through the body it swept away all the evil that was causing their trouble,

It must not be assumed, however, from this frank avowal of the humbug and deliberate deceit connected with some of their proceedings, that everything they do is of this character. To come to this conclusion would

be unjust and contrary to fact. Some of the *shamans* have considerable skill as bone-setters. They are natural surgeons. They also know how to manipulate the muscles, bones, etc., in a rude and primitive massage and osteopathy that often relieves pain. They have a wide knowledge of the properties of many plants, flowers, shrubs and herbs, which they use to good advantage, though here, it must be confessed, their practice often is empirical, often not justified by experience, and befogged by their rude analogies and symbolism. For instance, they assume that because the milk weed exudes a milk-like secretion, it must be good as a medicine for a nursing mother. This kind of symbolism meets one on every hand.

Of course in dealing with the absence of a sick person's soul from his body that can be healed only by dances, songs, smokes, prayers, incantations and mystery rites. This is a vast subject, far too vast for treatment here, and those interested in it must make a special study of it.

Shamanism is ofttimes gained by acquiring the power of one of the divinities — for good or evil — by securing him as a personal protector. This was no small task, and he who would gain such power must be brave and self-denying. While the following was written by Jeremiah Curtin in his *Creation Myths of Primitive America,* of certain California tribes, it applies, almost exactly, to the procedure of the Indians of the South-west.

" The most important question of all in Indian life was communication with divinity, intercourse with the spirit of divine personages. No man could communicate with these unless the man to whom they chose to manifest themselves. There were certain things which a man had to do to obtain communication with divinity and receive

a promise of assistance; but it was only the elect, the right person, the fit one, who obtained the desired favour. For instance, twenty men might go to the mountain place, and observe every rule carefully, but only one man be favoured with a vision, only one become a seer. Twenty others might go to the mountain place, and not one be accounted worthy to behold a spirit; a third twenty might go, and two or three of them be chosen. No man could tell beforehand what success or failure might await him. The general method at present is the following, the same as in the old time: —

"Soon after puberty, and in every case before marriage or acquaintance with woman, the youth or young man who hopes to become a doctor goes to a sacred mountain pond or spring, where he drinks water and bathes. After he has bathed and dressed, he speaks to the spirits, he prays them to come to him, to give him knowledge, to grant their assistance. The young man takes no food, no nourishment of any sort, fasts, as he is able, seven days and nights, sometimes longer. All this time he is allowed no drink except water. He sleeps as little as possible. If spirits come to him, he has visions, he receives power and favour. A number of spirits may visit a man one after another, and promise him aid and co-operation. The eagle spirit may come, the spirit of the elk or the salmon,— any spirit that likes the man. The spirit says in substance, 'Whenever you call my name I will come, I will give my power to assist you.' After one spirit has gone, another may appear, and another. A man is not free to refuse the offers of spirits, he must receive all those who come to him. As there are peculiar observances connected with each spirit, the doctor who is assisted by many is hampered much in his method of living. There are spirits which do not like buckskin;

the man to whom they come must never wear buckskin. If a man eats food repugnant to his spirit, the spirit will kill him. As each spirit has its favourite food, and there are other kinds which to it are distasteful, we can understand easily that the doctor who has ten spirits or twenty (and there are some who have thirty) to aid him is limited in his manner of living. Greatness has its price at all times; power must be paid for in every place. Those for whom the spirits have no regard, and they are the majority, return home without visions or hope of assistance; the spirits are able to look through all persons directly, and straightway they see what a man is. They find most people unsuited to their purposes, unfit to be assisted."

This chapter must not be regarded, by any means, as a complete exposition of the religion of the Indians. I have sought merely to give some of the leading and striking features that those who have never investigated the subject may see that there is far more to the beliefs of our brother with the dark skin than is generally believed.

CHAPTER XIII

INDIAN SONGS AND MUSIC

THERE is one thing possessed by our Indians that, so far, our Americanism and our civilization have been unable to touch. That is their real, pure, old-fashioned music. Tradition, custom, superstition, even fear, have all worked together to preserve these ancient songs in their purity so that their aboriginal origin and character are unquestioned.

Most white people hold the idea that Indians have no music; that their songs are nothing but a succession of grunts, shrieks, yells, howls and infernal noises. Among those, however, who have "awakened their senses that they may the better judge," this popular notion is known to be a most egregious error. The Pueblos have a clearly defined sense of rhythm, of melody, of emphasis and suitability of their music to the subject.

While there are several musical writers who have undertaken to present Indian music for white consumption, it must be confessed that most of it bears little resemblance to the original, being rather a highly individualized form of modern music, merely carrying a suggestion of the Indians' themes or *motifs*.

There are three writers, however, who have done most faithful, true and successful renditions of Pueblo and other Indian music, both as to the accurate writing down of the melodies and in the manufacture of suitable harmonies. It should not be overlooked by the general

reader that the Indians' music is all melodic. He knows nothing whatever of harmony. Hence *all* harmonized compositions that purport to be Indian are Indian only as to melody, the harmonies being the white man's idea as to what the Indians' harmonies would be, did he make them.

Here, then, is great room for discussion and variation of opinion, and it appears to be reasonable to assume that only those who have long dwelt with, or at least long and carefully listened to, the songs of the Indians can be competent to attempt their harmonization. For instance, while none can question the charm and exquisite beauty of McDowell's Indian music, and its peculiar qualities that might truthfully suggest the Indians' vocalization, it can only be regarded by the fully informed as a highly individualized form of our own type of music.

The three writers to whom especially I wish to refer are Natalie Curtis Burlin, Carlos Troyer, and Thurlow Lieurance, and here is what the two former have said of their own harmonizations of the Indians' songs. Natalie Curtis says of certain corn-grinding songs:

> In making accompaniments to these songs, I have in nowise changed the melodies, nor have I sought to harmonize them in the usual sense, nor to make of them musical compositions. I have merely tried to reproduce the actual sound of the grinding, and to add enough harmony to give, as it were, a background to the picture. The millstone forms, indeed, a crude native accompaniment to every grinding-song, and without a suggestion of it the true character of the song would be lost. In the choice of harmony, I have been governed alone by the character of Indian music, disregarding all thought of prescribed harmonic progressions. My one desire has been to let the Indian songs be heard as the Indians themselves sing them. Let the hearer imagine that he stands in some odd corner of the Indian village, beneath the dazzling sky, with the silence of the desert about him. Suddenly, from the upper story of some terraced house, comes the sound of a clear voice yodeling in graceful melody. It is accompanied by the high, scrap-

ing noise of the grinding-stone with its ceaseless monotony of rhythm. Out on the thin, clear atmosphere float the strange sounds — out into the desert stillness.

Of his "Great Rain Dance of the Zunis" Carlos Troyer says:

The greatest care and attention has been exercised to preserve the true and simple outline of the melody, and in harmonizing it, to follow the natural impression their support of crude instruments would convey, and to render their expressions and sentiments as descriptive and realistic as possible. So simple, true, and brave a people, so dignified and refined in manner and action, require no fanciful embellishment or ornamentation to their singing nor their instrumental music!

In his *American Indian Melodies,* though none of these are songs of the Indians of New Mexico, Arthur Farwell refers to some harmonizations created by Professor John Comfort Fillmore. He says:

These harmonies have been determined hardly by the Indian's preference, but more particularly by the tonal structure of the melodies themselves, of which Professor Fillmore made a deep and scientific study.

Then he proceeds to set forth the considerations that affected him in the creation of his own harmonizations of the Indians' melodies, as follows:

It struck the writer, however, that a heightened art-value could be imparted to them, if the composer should consult, not merely this melodic structure, but the poetic nature of the particular legend or incident of which each song was the outcome. For it must be understood that these songs are entirely dependent upon mythical or legendary occurrences, which they qualify or interpret, or upon religious ceremonies of which they form a part. The writer realized that if the musical imagination could be fired by a consideration of the particular legend pertaining to a song, it would give rise to a combination of harmonies far more vitally connected with the song's essence, its spiritual significance, than any which should be the outcome of a mere consideration of the melodies' tonal structure.

When the question was raised as to whether, after all, the sole value of these Indian melodies to the white mind was not owing to its harmonic treatment, Farwell emphatically answered with an unqualified and almost impatient "No!" For, says he,

> The harmonic colour-scheme is purely the outcome of the melody and its specific religious significance, and is merely an aid to its more complete expression. Without this significance, the melody would never have been born; without the melody, the harmonic combination (the joint result of the significance and the melody) would never have been born; and this significance and melody is the Indian's. The final result is the consequence of a trained intellect seizing upon, and expressing in a mode comprehensible to its kind, a feeling already fully developed in a race whose mode of expression is more primitive, or perhaps merely different.

There are a few important points about the songs of the Indians that should not be overlooked. As Natalie Curtis truthfully says:

> Wellnigh impossible is it for civilized man to conceive of the importance of song in the life of the Indian. To the Indian, song is the breath of the spirit that consecrates the acts of life. Not all songs are religious, but there is scarcely a task, light or grave, scarcely an event, great or small, but has its fitting song.
>
> In the Hebrew "Genesis" the creating word is *spoken*—"And God said, Let there be light." In nearly every Indian myth the creator *sings* things into life. For civilized man, the messages of truth, the traditions of his ancestors, the history of his race, the records of his thought have been secured upon the written page and so transmitted through the years. To the Indian, truth, tradition, history, and thought are preserved in ritual of poetry and song. The red man's song records the teachings of his wise men, the great deeds of his heroes, the counsel of his seers, the worship of his God. If all things Indian must, indeed, pass away under the white man's ban as being "pagan" and "uncivilized," then will be lost to the red man not only his whole unwritten literature, but also, and sadder still, the realm wherein his soul aspires. For to the primitive man of another race, no creed wholly alien to his thought and environment ever can replace his own entire spiritual world, which is the heritage of his past and the natural expression of his soul.

Indian song has a far closer relation to religion or its ceremonials than with any civilized people, hence it is almost impossible to hear certain of their songs except on special occasions. Therefore, to gain a reasonably comprehensive idea of the scope and variety of their music one must spend at least a whole year — make the complete cycle of their ceremonial calendar — with them, or he can never hear those songs and chants that are reserved for the special occasions of winter and summer solstices, the coming and going of the Katchinas, etc.

Then, too, many songs are archaic; their origin is lost in tradition; even the significance of the words is unknown. It is as though they were in an alien and foreign tongue, yet, so important is rigid accuracy in their rendition, that, on ceremonial occasions there are always several critics present who listen attentively, and should any error in tone, rhythm or tempo occur, the whole ceremonial is vitiated and everything must begin again at the beginning.

The matter of decided change of tempo for one, two, three, or more bars and sudden reversion to the original time, is a striking characteristic of Pueblo music. It is in no sense a *rallentando.* It is a decided and definite *change* for the prescribed time, and is observed with the precision of a metronome, changing again to the original tempo, which is resumed with accuracy. It has been aptly described as a "leap from one tempo to another and back again." The important matter to the listener is to realize that it is perfectly accomplished.

Another peculiarity, which is a general characteristic of all Indian song, is the rhythmical pulsation of the voice on sustained notes. In the song herein transcribed this pulsation is expressed whenever tied notes have vocables or syllables written out beneath them.

Photograph by Ben. Wittick.

PREPARING FOR A DANCE, ZUNI.

Another striking characteristic has been presented forcefully by Charles Wakefield Cadman in his lectures, viz., the ability of the Indian to control two or more rhythms at one and the same time. His drum beat will be in one tempo, his song in another and his dance movements in yet another, and still, the onlooker, while realizing these differences, is also conscious of a peculiar harmony of movement in them.

Of scores of the songs of the Pueblos might be said what Arthur Farwell eloquently says of one of the Omaha Indian songs he has harmonized:

> It gives expression to a mellowed love of life, born of years of benign and ennobling existence, voiced at dawn in the presence of peaceful nature. It is a tribute, in song, to the spirit of Love and Beauty in the world. The dreamy and idyllic prelude is but a floating breath. This song, with its phrases like the notes of birds, and its pastoral musings, is singularly self-explanatory. It wafts like the breath of a zephyr over the grasses of gentle hilltops, and is not inferior, in its idyllic quality, to the music which Wagner conceived for the "Flower-maidens" in *Parsifal.*

Of dramatic qualities it is neither ignorance nor exaggeration that leads me to affirm that there is much in the music of the Navahos, Apaches, and various Pueblos of New Mexico that equals, and I believe, surpasses, anything in any of the grand operas produced in Europe during the past hundred years.

What can be more dramatic than the *Ghost Dance of the Zunis* transcribed by Carlos Troyer. Here are the author's own notes:

> This dance is not strictly an annual with the Zunis; in fact various occasions may induce its performance, foremost, the recent death of a beloved member of their tribe. The ostensible object of this ritual, it would seem, is the calling into view and into their presence, the spirits of the departed, which they hold is best accomplished by the strenuous exertion of the fire-dance and by loud and urgent appeals and entreaties to appear and join them in the

merry dance. The time chosen is usually at the full of the moon and the dance is participated in by most of the tribes-people. The ancient ruins and deserted and secluded places are the spots looked upon as favorable to this object, such as the old town of Zuni, but more frequently the plateau upon the great thunder-mountain, "Tai-'ol-lon-ne," is the special haunt of the annual ghost dancers.

This latter spot constitutes the highest elevation of the mount, which is about a mile in diameter. Standing upon a projecting rock within two hundred feet of the center we could distinctly feel the heat (though on a cold winter night) of the tall, pyramid-shaped fire-piles in full blaze. Two concentric circles of fire-piles were visible, the piles of the outer being about five feet apart, the inner or central pyramids (about twenty feet from the outer circle) being built closer together. The dancers were almost nude, but most fancifully painted all over their bodies, the red colour predominating, and turbaned heads adorned with eagle feathers and their feet clothed in moccasins.

The opening of the dance was preceded by the blast of long, deep-sounding trumpets, accompanied by the beating of gongs and the snake drums, which, together, had the effect of a solemn, dirge-like march. This was followed by the appearance of some forty ghost dancers holding in their right hands fire-brands, which they whirled to and fro, and in their left snake-rattles, which they shook at every step of the dance, singing to a wild monotone chant, "Hec, hec, jecta-hec, hec, hec, tu-na, wo-ki, nai-ia, ku-ra hec, hec, hec," etc., meaning "Come, come, come, come among us, come be with us, all united we will meet you in the fire-dance, come, come, come," etc. The dance proceeds immediately after the inner pyramids are lit, the dancers following a serpentine path in and out the fire-piles, but soon becoming lost to sight as the volume of smoke completely envelopes them.

The chant is a constant and varied appeal to their departed friends, alternating in loud and low strains, once merry and joyful as in happy expectance, then again mournful and entreating, that they should come and join them in their dance and make themselves visible. Thus by their acclamations and various methods, they seek to attract the spirits of the departed, first in merry-making, then by the imitation of sounds of wild animals, such as the wolf, coyote, mountain lion, and wild birds (which they are wonderful in imitating as a lure while on the hunt): then again they appeal to their sympathies in mournful strains, begging them to be again among them to cheer their lonesome lives, and to these cries strange responses are echoed, bringing assurances that the spirits will soon appear to them.

The climax of the greatest excitement of the dance was reached, when the inner fire-circle was at its fullest blast, and the cries and moans of the dancers rose to the highest tension. At this moment, when from all sides the closest watch was kept on the rising smoke of the central fire, a sudden lull took place — as of a deep inspiration before giving vent to their pent-up feelings — for their anxious expectations seemed at last gratified by the appearance of slowly descending figures of transparent human forms. An outburst of the wildest joy and the loudest exclamations of welcome, nearly bordering on frenzy, took possession of the assembled crowd. These spectral figures were seen slowly descending and rising and in part keeping step with the music of the dancers, while the excitement was at its height. As the fires diminished the spectral forms quickly vanished.

Then the dance was renewed again, this time the outer fire-piles being set on fire. The dancers, one and all, soon disappeared behind the burning pyramids as the smoke became the thickest and the fire-flames rose the highest. All the spectators now turned back to more elevated regions on the surrounding cliffs, to watch the progress of the second fire-dance. The same scene was enacted and the transparent human forms appeared this time still more distinct and apparently closer to the ground. The crowd could now no longer be held back, and the surging mass rushed towards the center amidst the wildest cries and moans, only to find that all had vanished, ghosts and dancers alike, and nothing was left on the ground but the last dying embers and ashes, of fire-wood.

In the Sunrise Call, also transcribed by Carlos Troyer, the simple dramatic elements are utilized with great effect. The piece opens with the vibrating chime-plates vigorously brought into action in the hands of the Sun-priest. This calls out upon the house-tops men, women and children. Now with stentorian and thrilling voice he cries to the far-away distant mesas, "Rise, arise, arise." Then with ventriloquial sweetness the response comes in the form of an echo. Now with vigour and inspiration he sings:

Wake ye! arise! life is greeting thee.
Wake ye! arise! ever watchful be.
Mother Life-god, she is calling thee!
Life-god, she is greeting thee!

Again the cry breaks forth to "Arise!" followed by the soft echo. Now, in appealing, tremulous voice, the Sun Priest prays in his song:

Mighty Sun-god! give thy light to us,
Let it guide us, let it aid us,
See it rise! See it rise!
How the heart glows,
How the soul delights,
In the music of the sun-light.—
Watch it rise! Watch it rise!
Wake ye, arise, life is greeting thee.
Wake ye, arise, ever watchful be.
Mother Life-god, she is calling thee!
Mother Life-god, she is greeting thee!

The prayer concludes with a final repetition of the sun call and its echo. When one hears this song it makes no difference whether he can understand the words or not; the dramatic quality is powerfully felt. And this fact leads to the observation that the Indian is much concerned that the words of his songs be clearly heard and understood. This in spite of the further fact already referred to that many of his songs are archaic and he himself even does not understand the words. But in such a case there is a mysterious element in the strangeness of the words, in their very antiquity, in the solemnity of the accompanying ceremonies, that produce the needful emotions even more powerfully than were the words understood. For the Indian lives in the very heart of mystery. All around, beneath, above him are the mysteries of Nature. Life is a great mystery. Death also. The ebb and flow of the tides, the winter and summer solstices, the rain and snow, thunder and lightning, the moon and stars,— all, all, are mysteries.

Yet he is also susceptible to the charm and beauty of that which surrounds him. After the cold weather, when

the sun comes forth and abundantly warms him he is thankful for the grateful warmth and appreciative of the beauty of the up-springing grass and flowers and the leafing out of the trees. He watches with joy the bees and butterflies as they flit to and fro; and the mist produced by the sun shining on the pollen blown through the air is gloriously beautiful to him. He sees the glint of sun on water and the delight of rippling waves. These and a thousand and one other things of Nature's manifestation appeal to him in mystery, beauty, glory, charm, beneficence, and so he incorporates them into his songs. Hence the need of a thorough study of the *words* of all Indian songs. Indeed, in Indian music there are four features that should be separately studied, viz.:

1. The words, 2. The melody, 3. The relationship between the words and the melody, 4. The rendition.

1. The words. After a study of scores of songs, many of which have been personally collected, I am wonderfully impressed with the high patriotism, love of country, love of the immediate objects of scenery, etc., with the folk-lore, the religion, the reverence, and the profound love for Nature they reveal.

As former president Theodore Roosevelt says of them in his Introduction to Natalie Curtis's *Indian Book:*

> They cast a wholly new light on the depth and dignity of Indian thought, the simple beauty and strange charm — the charm of a vanishing elder world — of Indian poetry.

Just as I am completing this manuscript for the press there comes to my hand a handsome volume, *The Path of the Rainbow,* a book of Indian poems, edited by George W. Cronyn. Mary Austin, who wrote the Introduction, has had years of intimate association with Indians, knows their legends, social life, religious ceremonies and songs,

as few whites ever learn them. Hence her words have a decided value when she says:

The poetic faculty is, of all man's modes, the most responsive to natural environment, the most sensitive and the truest record of his reactions to its skyey influences, its floods, forests, morning colours. It is the first to register the rise of his spirits to the stimulus of new national ideals. If this were not so there would be no such thing as nationality in art, and it is only by establishing some continuity with the earliest instances of such reaction that we can be at all sure that American poetic genius has struck its native note. Therefore it becomes appropriate and important that this collection of American Indian verse should be brought to public notice at a time when the whole instinctive movement of the American people is for a deeper footing in their native soil. It is the certificate of our adoption, that the young genius of our time should strike all unconsciously on this ancient track to the High Places.

Poetic art in America at the time it began to be overlaid by European culture, had reached a mark close to that of the Greeks at the beginning of the Homeric era. The lyric was well developed, the epic was nascent, and the drama was still in the Satyris stage of development, a rude dance ritual about an altar or a sacrificial fire. Neither poetry nor drama were yet divorced from singing, and all art was but half-born out of the Great Mystery. Magic was sung, and songs had magic power. Both were accompanied by appropriate bodily movement, so that an Indian will say indifferently, I cannot sing that dance, or I cannot dance that song. Words, melody and movement were as much mixed as the water of a river with its own ripples and its rate of flowing. Hum a few bars of a plainsman's familiar song, and he will say, puzzled, "It ought to be a war song," but without the words he will scarcely identify it. Words may become obsolete so that the song is untranslatable, but so long as enough of it remains to hold together the primary emotional impulse out of which it sprang, the Indian finds it worthy to be sung. He is, indeed, of the opinion that "White man's songs, they talk too much."

This partly explains why most Indian songs are songs for occasions. The rest of the explanation lies in the fact that songs have magic power. Tirawa, Wokonda, The Friend of the Soul of Man, is in everything; in the field we plant, the stone we grind with, the bear we kill. By singing, the soul of the singer is put in harmony with the Essence of Things. There are songs for every possible adventure of tribal life; songs for setting out on

a journey, a song for the first sight of your destination, and a song to be sung by your wife for your safe return. Many of these songs occur detached from everything but the occasion from which they sprang, such as the women's grinding song, measured to the *plump, plump!* of the mealing stone, of the Paddle Song which follows the swift rhythm of the stroke. Others, less descriptive and retaining always something of a sacred character, occur originally as numbers in the song sequences by which are celebrated the tribal Mysteries.

Back of every Indian ceremony lies a story, the high moments of which are caught up in song, while the burden of the narrative is carried by symbolic rite and dance. The unequal social development of contemporaneous tribes affords examples from every phase of structural development from the elemental dance punctuated by singing exclamations to the Mountain Chant of the Zuni in which the weight of the story has broken down the verse variants into strong simple forms capable of being carried in a single memory. Halfway between them is the ritual sequence of the Midewan.

The practical necessity of being preserved and handed on by word of mouth only, must be constantly borne in mind in considering the development of Indian verse forms.

It operated to keep the poetry tied to its twin-born melody, which assisted memory, and was constantly at work modifying the native tendency to adjust the rhythm to every changing movement of the story.

In analyzing the different types of song she thus speaks of the personal songs:

For the casual reader more interest attaches to the personal songs, the lullabys, love songs, most of all the man's *own* song which he makes of great moment. This is a peculiar personal possession. No one may sing it without his permission. He may bestow it on a friend, or bequeath it to the tribe on his death, but it is also possible that he may die without having sung it to any one but his god.

On one occasion in the high Sierras I observed my Indian packer going apart at a certain hour each day to shuffle rhythmically with his feet and croon to himself. To my inquiry he said it was a song which he had made, to be sung by himself and his wife when they were apart from one another.

It had no words; it was just a song. Wherever they were they turned each in the direction he supposed the other to be, when the

sun was a bow-shot above the edge of the heavens, and sang together. This is the sort of incident which gives the true value of song in aboriginal life. It is not the words which are potent, but the states of mind evoked by singing, states which the simple savage conceived as being supernally good for him. He evoked them therefore on all his most personal occasions. Poetry is the Path on the Rainbow by which the soul climbs; it lays hold on the Friend of the Soul of Man. Such exalted states are held to be protective and curative. Medicine men sing for their patients, and, in times of war, wives gather around the Chief's woman and sing for the success of their warriors.

"Calling on Zeus by the names of Victory," as Euripides puts it. It is this inherent power of poetry to raise the psychic plane above the accidents of being, which gives meaning to the custom of the Death Song. As he sees his moment approaching, the Indian throws himself, by some profound instinct of self-preservation, into the highest frame of mind attainable. When men in battle broke into the death song, they had committed themselves to the last desperate adventure. Dying of enfeebling sickness, their friends came and sang around them. One such I heard, the death song of a Yokut Song Maker. It was very simple:

"All my life
I have been seeking,
Seeking!"

What more than this have the schools taught us!

Navahos, Apaches, Pueblos, all alike have songs of creation; of the Holy Ones; of the mountains, valleys, sunrise, sunsets, clouds, sky, birds, beasts, growing things. In this desert New Mexico rain is one of the most desirable of all things, hence many of the Indian prayer songs are for rain, as, for instance, the *Corn Dance Song* of the Zunis:

Who, ah know ye who—
Who was't that made the picture first?
'Twas the bright Rainbow Youth,
Rainbow youth—
Ay, behold, 'twas even thus—
Clouds came,
And the rain came
Close following—
Rainbow then coloured all!

Here is rich poetry and it is equally expressive in the *Song of the Blue-Corn Dance.*

Beautiful, lo, the summer clouds,
Blossoming clouds in the sky,
Like unto shimmering flowers,
Blossoming clouds in the sky,
Onward, lo, they come,
Hither, thither, bound!

Who that has watched the forming, blossoming of the clouds in the sky, cannot see them, in this song, floating, drifting, and, to the Indian mind, bringing the rain that will fructify the corn and make it grow plentifully? Yet the Indian sees far more in the simple words than we do.

It is impossible to render a perfect translation of Indian songs. The Indians' use of words is very different from ours. One word often means so much; it stands for not only one idea, but for other ideas which surround it. On this subject Natalie Curtis writes:

Indian poetry, like Indian art, is expressed in symbol. The cloud-form in Indian design is no copy of a cloud, but a conventionalized image that is a symbol *meaning* cloud, as a wavy line means water or a cross stands for a star. Even so in poetry. One word may be the symbol of a complete idea that, in English, would need a whole sentence for its expression. Even those who know the language may not understand the songs unless they know what meaning lies behind the symbolic words. Such poetry is impressionistic, and many may be the interpretations of the same song given by different singers. Again, where the songs belong to sacred ceremonies or to secret societies, the meaning is purposely hidden — a whole mystery enshrined — that only the initiated may hear and understand.

Take, for instance, such a word as the Navaho *trotlan-astshi.* Simply translated, this means "all waters," or "waters from many springs." But to the Navaho it brings pictures of travelings towards certain sacred

springs and reservoirs to the north, west, south and east, where *shamans* or medicine men of power and influence have performed long, serious and elaborate ceremonials, in which prayer, song, smoke, and dance have had place. He sees these shamans gathering these various waters, and then, in the sanctity of the *medicine hogan,* visualizes their mixing. Furthermore he sees water from hail, snow, springs, creeks, rivers, lakes and ponds, carefully and ceremonially gathered and mixed together, his thought being that when *such* water is poured out by Those Above upon his corn-seed it must fructify and bring forth abundantly, and by his song he aids in bringing this desideratum to pass.

Another word — *nadesta* — is used by the Navaho in one of his songs. Its direct translation is "I am going homeward," but in this case the context implies "I shall go home upon the rainbow," for the "Superior Beings," the "Divine Ones" always travel in this fashion.

In one of the Zuni corn-grinding songs the white translator would see nothing but the rainbow:

> Yonder, yonder see the fair rainbow,
> See the rainbow brightly decked and painted!

The Zuni, however, in singing, sees the mythical Rainbow Youth, one of the important figures in his pantheon of gods. He it is that is "brightly decked and painted," and his coming means personal favour and interest in the people.

The remaining lines of the song are:

Now the swallow bringeth glad news to your corn,
Singing, "Hitherward, hitherward, hitherward, rain,
Hither come!"
Singing, "Hitherward, hitherward, hitherward, white cloud,
Hither come!"
Now hear the corn-plants murmur,

"We are growing everywhere!"
Hi, yai! The world, how fair!

The Pueblos have many lullaby songs, one of the most beautiful of which has become fairly familiar to American music lovers through Carlos Troyer's excellent rendition. The words were originally transcribed by Cushing. The Zuni mother lays her baby in a hammock or fastens the carrying-basket to the swinging bough of a tree, and placing her hand on the top of its head she gazes at the child with an intent and affectionate gaze, exhorting it in a low voice, half speaking, half chanting, to go to sleep. The words are:

Now, rest thee in peace,
With thy playmates above;
Close thine eyes, my baby,
Go, join in their happy enjoyments, my love,
Sleep on, sweetly, soundly.

These words imply the belief of the Pueblos that when asleep the spirit enters into happy communion with other freed spirits either from this world or the next.

Now comes the especial invocation. While the child is still sleeping the mother passionately petitions the Sun-god and the beneficent powers in the moon and stars to give their protection to the little one, as only they can do while it sleeps. The gestures, poses, movements from one point to another as she addresses one heavenly power and then another, and the passionate pleading, tender, urging, make of this a most dramatic and impressive song. The words, as translated by Cushing, are as follows:

Grant, O Sun-god, thy protection!
Guard this helpless infant sleeping.
Grant, O Sun-god, thy protection
Guard this helpless infant sleeping,

Resting peaceful, resting peaceful!
Starry guardians forever joyful,
Faithful Moon-god forever watchful
Grant, O Sun-god, thy protection,
Guard this helpless infant sleeping!
Spirit living, Spirit resting,
Guard us, lead us, aid us, love us.
Sun-god, forever Spirit living, Spirit resting,
Guard us, lead us, aid us, love us,
Sun-god forever.

In the reproduction, in these pages, of Natalie Curtis Burlin's *Laguna Grinding Song,* one may gain a clear idea of the richness of Indian melody, and the sweet beauty of the poetry. Of this song Mrs. Burlin wrote when she first published it:

This song is of singular beauty, and has found its way far beyond Laguna to distant Zuni, a pueblo whose inhabitants speak a different tongue. It tells of the sweet, pure rainwater, "wonder-water," caught in those reservoirs of nature, hollows worn in the rocks by the erosion of wind and sand. Such water is highly prized by the Indians, for rain is the great need of the agricultural pueblo people whose villages dot the cliffs and levels of the desert. Even though the pueblos of New Mexico are near the Rio Grande and are further aided by an ancient native system of irrigation, in song and dance is still expressed the cry for rain.

In order fully to translate the meaning of the last song, English words had to be added in the phrase, "Look where southwest clouds are bringing rain." The Indian words are simply, "Yonder southwest, yonder southeast." But the Indians thus explain the passage: "In the song we say, 'Look to the southwest, look to the southeast! The clouds are coming toward the springs; the clouds will bring the water.' It is from the southwest and the southeast that we usually get our rain."

2. The melody. We have already guessed enough of the melody of Indian songs to lose our first prejudice against them. The melody of the *Invocation to the Sun-god* is as purely beautiful and haunting as *Robin Adair* or *Annie Laurie.* One of the yodeling corn-grinding songs of the Zunis has lived with me over the thirty years

since first I heard it, and it is as thrilling and appealing and satisfying to-day as it was then. The song was transcribed by Natalie Curtis and appears in her *Songs of Ancient America.*

3. The relationship between words and melody.

This is the first thing that powerfully impresses the deeper student of Indian music. The music is the natural outcome of the words. In Lieurance's transcriptions of the Taos songs one feels this instinctively. One knows there is sadness, regret, pain, in the slow movement and song when the sun goes down, and San Geronimo, their patron saint, departs from them. It is of slow tempo, without drums, and a three-pulse rhythm.

Yet, the next day, when the same music is heard in a much quicker tempo one feels the thrill or excitement of victory. It celebrates the victors in the race. Of their love songs Lieurance says:

> Probably the love songs are the more tuneful. They are sung at night by members of different clans from the bridge which spans the Taos River and separates the two large pueblos. You hear a flute occasionally. The love songs are composed and owned by individuals when wooing. Words of love, which the girls say to their lovers, are introduced.

The soft tenderness of these love words, and the gentle music that accompanies them are most perfect manifestations of adaptation of words to music. A fine example of this is Troyer's rendition of a Zuni's wooing. Of this song he says:

> Before the opening of the annual spring festivities, it is the custom especially among the graduated braves of a certain age — the sons of the Chiefs and High Priests — to seek for themselves a wife, who must also be a maiden of high standing in the tribe. It is almost incumbent upon a Zuni by the laws of his forefathers, in order to become eligible to the highest positions and honours of the tribe, to be a father, and especially to have male offspring.
>
> The time considered by the Zunis propitious for advancing their

addresses is at the approach of, or during, full-moon, and in the silent hours of the night, when the people rest in slumber.

Arrayed in most gorgeous attire, adorned with a handsome head-gear of various coloured feathers, and profusely decorated with silver ornaments, shells and turquoises, the young brave goes forth to the abode of his love. Every step scintillating with the music of his *tarconea* and the shaking of his snake-rattle filled with pebbles, he is indeed a delightful and captivating sight to behold. Yet his special pride in the display of his attire he attaches to his handsomely woven blanket, which he wears and gracefully waves in his dance with the object of inducing his beloved to come and take a walk with him under the blanket, which confirms her actual acceptance of him, as her lover.

He first cautiously approaches the dwelling of his loved one, watching silently for any signs of her presence at home — listening for any strains of song from her lips, or a glimmer of light from the fire upon the roof — and when reasonably assured of her presence, enters with zeal into his happy song and dance. The coy maiden keeps herself well concealed from his gaze, until she feels more confident of accepting him. If she likes his personality or his blanket, or both, she will, as her first assent, throw him some various coloured plumes, an arrow or bear's tooth, as emblems of love, bravery or fearlessness, according to her preference. He is, however, expected to repeat his song and dance a third time before the maiden decides to accept him or to make her appearance. Failing in the latter, he may as well consider his suit rejected. The language or expression of request in this, as in general in Zunian intercourse, is always couched in most polite terms, never commanding or aggressive, but conservative and appealing, the request not being directly stated, but gracefully and poetically implied.

The words are as follows:

O! What happiness! how delightful,
When together we, 'neath one blanket walk.
We together, 'neath one blanket walk,
We together, 'neath one blanket walk,
We walk.
Can it be that my young maiden fair,
Sits awaiting, all alone to-night?
Is she waiting for me only?
Is she waiting for me only?
May I hope it is, my young maiden,
Sitting all alone and awaiting me;
Will she come then?

A DANCE AT LAGUNA.

Will she walk with me? 'neath one blanket,
We together be,
We two, we two, we two, we two,
Will she come?

4. The rendition. From what has preceded it will be apparent that the Indian's rendition of his (or her) songs must be alive, vigorous, truthful. They are songs of Nature. When they feel aggressive their songs, their words, and their rendition show it. And so with every other rendition. In itself this feature of Indian life might be an education to our American youth. It is a never failing exemplification of the scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

One might readily believe that within the boundary of one state — even though so large a one territorially as is New Mexico,— the music of the different Indians would be alike, or, at least, very similar. The converse, however, is the fact. The voices of the Pueblo singers as a whole are sweet and low, the women's flutelike, pure, clear and thrilling; the men's resonant, well-controlled and full.

On occasion they can sing loudly, and they even yodel, and one will often hear a youth, going out in the early morning to tend his sheep, singing with vigour and abandon. But even then a sweet purity of tone is given forth, and the effect is soothing and pleasing.

On the other hand the dance songs of the Navaho and Apache generally are high-pitched, harsh, half-shrieked utterances, with an enlargement of that kind of grunting emphasis we are all familiar with, at the end of cadences, in Caruso's singing. The reason for this is apparent, as these songs are sung during dances of the most energetic, almost violent, character. It is scarcely to be expected

when men are jumping up and down, throwing their knees up to their chins, moving hands and arms also in active gesticulations, that they should sing with the same quiet purity as the calm and placid Pueblos. Yet the women, in their lullabies and corn-grinding songs have soft, quiet, gentle tones that remind me much of the beautiful strains of the hermit thrush.

My contention is that this mad, hurrying, money-loving, mechanical-moving, inventive, restless, objective race of Anglo-Saxon Americans cannot afford to lose the influence of these poised, self-controlled, often silent, original dwellers upon the soil. We need much of what they possess. Their pure love of the Nature that surrounds them, their richly poetic expressions regarding it, their fiery patriotism directed towards every mountain, canyon, plain, foothill, stream, and trivial mound can well be emulated by the best of Americans and highly desired for those less patriotic citizens of ours that our recent war drafts have revealed as willing to receive all from this country but to give little or nothing in return. The Indian above all things else is a devoted patriot. He loves every foot of the land of his birth, barren, desolate, desert, marsh, rock though it be; his eyes thrill with joy as he wanders over it. He prays for it, sings of it, fights for it, and, if necessary, is glad to die for it.

All this his songs reveal.

Of late years Homer Grunn, a careful and conscientious student and teacher of music, of Los Angeles, has visited the Zunis, securing a few of their melodies, which he has worked up into an effective suite for the piano entitled *Zuni Impressions*. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that, in the three first numbers of the suite of four, he has given out the overshadowing spirit of Zuni music. One feels the wide spaces of the desert

country, the outlook upon high mesas, and the wild, primitive conditions. Into the introductory measures, which suggest the environment, comes, with quiet calmness, dignity and force, the Indian melodic themes, harmonized in expressive fashion. The Flute god — Payatamu — who aids in bringing rain — is introduced. The Zuni legend or myth is that the Zuni gods of war, while strolling about, heard wonderfully sweet music issuing from a secret source. They found, as they approached Corn Mountain — Tai-yo-al-la-ne — that it came from a spring, the entrance to which was guarded by a rainbow. Here Payatamu was playing on his flute, while eight beautiful corn maidens were grinding corn and singing.

The flute-playing was the gentle gurgling of the spring as the water bubbled to the surface, and it has been charmingly presented by Mr. Grunn, with the accompaniment of the corn-maidens singing and grinding, and the colourful effects suggested by the rainbow.

The next number reproduces the mental effects produced on the composer as he watched the *All Animal Dance* of the Zunis. In reality this is a dance adopted from the Hopis — the Snake Dancing Indians of Arizona. Each man wears a mask representing one of the game animals, from the elk to the hare. The leader represents *Lelentu,* the Hopi god of music, butterflies, and flowers, and many visitors to the Hopi pueblos have enjoyed the rare beauty of some of the Lelentu dances, while others have witnessed the weird and fascinating ceremonies at the springs, while the row of fluters solemnly piped their thrilling music upon their primitive fifes on the hillside above.

During this dance at Zuni the men, personating the animals, while preserving the rhythmic effect of the

movements of the dancers as a whole, individually reproduce, as far as they can, the movements of the animals they represent. This affords scope for great dramatic effects, seldom attempted on the civilized stage, yet, as in Maude Adams's representation of Chanticleer, demanding a high power of observation and perception and an equally high power of reproduction of the actions and mental qualities of the fowl.

These Zunis seek to excel each other in their portrayal of the movements and general characteristics of the animals, and the careful observer may learn much of these dancers he would never discover were he left to his own observation, even though the living animals themselves constantly were before him. The dance, as a whole, is most beautiful, and occurs during the ceremonies of the Saniakiakwe, or Hunters', Fraternity. It occurs at intervals through the day and concludes with one of the hunters shooting a cottontail rabbit, which gives great grief to the other animals.

During this dance Mr. Grunn observed that one dancer stood a little apart, and occasionally let out a great roar, the significance of which he did not understand, and, at the time, no one present seemed able to explain. In the chapter on Hunting I have explained that the "spirit roar" of the hunting fetich is supposed to have the power of actually terrifying the animal hunted, so that it easily falls a prey to the hunter. This roar of the dancer is a representation of the animal roar of the hunting animal.

Feeling the deep spirit of the dance, and thrilling with this peculiar cry or roar, Mr. Grunn wrote the third number of his suite and entitled it "A Mysterious Story," and one cannot help but respond as he listens to its wild weirdness. Equally effectively does he inter-

weave the actual melodies heard during one of the Korkokshi Dances — a prayer for rain.

In addition to this suite Mr. Grunn has written a *Song of the Desert,* an *Indian Love Song* and an *Indian Dance,* all for the piano and suitable for orchestration. In them he has preserved the spirit of the music of the country and its people, and I look for later and even finer work from him, when he can devote more time and study to the inner life of the Indians as well as their music.

In this chapter upon the songs and music of the Indians of New Mexico I have gathered together many and various threads, purposely, in order that the thoughtful reader might see how that, by the workings of many keenly interested students, we are slowly entering into and possessing the arcana of Indian poetry and song.

In conclusion, I would like to reiterate what cannot be said too often, viz., that this is *real* music and *real* poetry, born of our own country, indigenous to our own soil, enshrining the thought, history, poetry, tradition, religion of people of our own land, and therefore a necessary factor to the full understanding of our country. Of its suggestiveness to our modern composers their own works must be proof.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NATIVE ARCHITECTURE OF NEW MEXICO

For long years it has been the current boast of Californians that the Franciscan Mission buildings enshrine the only architecture that, truthfully, can be designated a "style," born within the confines of what is now the United States. We Californians have been sincere in this declaration. Yet it is amazing how dulled were our powers of observation. Some of us, for many years, had been rambling throughout New Mexico. We were fully conversant with the old mission structures of that country and had delved into their history. Yet, having eyes we saw not. We failed to appreciate that they were as distinct a variation from the Moorish type,— brought to Mexico by the Spaniards and from thence into New Mexico and California by the Franciscan friars — as was the California type. That they owe their origin to the same common stock is evident; and that the New Mexico type was the first developed is historically provable. For most of the churches were built long before the Franciscans entered California.

To what, then, is attributable the decided variation in the two styles — for it will be agreed upon, sooner or later, to honour both types by entitling them "styles" — of the "California Mission," and the "New Mexico Mission"? As Dr. Edgar L. Hewett well remarks:

> The world does not afford a finer study in architectural adaptation than these Missions. First, they display the historic ancestry of the type as derived from Mexico. This we owe to the Franciscans,

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AT ZUNI.

Then in a perfectly unstudied way this is merged into the style of the native Pueblos. The workmen under the direction of the priests carried out the feeling of their own art with no violence to the foreign style that was given them. The material was the earth on which they stood and the forests near by. Lack of tools except the very crudest, and scarcity of metal prevented finished workmanship. The building is a product of its environments, raw, crude, virile, imposing in its simple strength, and at the same time displaying touches of finest esthetic feeling.

It must be confessed that there have been few who have realized these striking features of the New Mexico Missions. Several mission churches, as, for instance, those at San Fernando de Taos, Penasco, Nambe, and Santa Clara, have been either deliberately wrecked to make way for more modern structures, or allowed to fall into ruins. That of Zuni is a crumbling mass of adobe, while several others are rapidly disintegrating. Others, like that of Pecos, have long perished, or like that of Taos or Santo Domingo were destroyed during some conflict, or convulsion of Nature. Still others, as of Cochiti, have been so modernized that the " benevolent vandalism " has destroyed their New Mexican individuality.

To-day an enthusiastic group has began to study New Mexican architecture and to demand that it be accorded its proper place. Carlos Vierra, an artist who has succumbed to New Mexican attractions, is a leader in the movement and has written much that is enlightening upon the subject. He shows clearly that New Mexican architecture is a natural growth, springing originally from the needs of the Indians. These were few, primitive and simple. In their buildings the Indians were influenced by the materials used, which, in the main, were wood and adobe. Small domestic structures were built of puddled adobe, supported on poles, branches, twigs, etc., after

the fashion in which steel for reinforced concrete is used to-day. The roofs were flat and there was no attempt at adornment.

Later the community building was developed, of which the pueblo structures at the Hopi pueblos, Zuni, Acoma and Santo Domingo and Taos are the prominent examples. Here, the terraced style was invented, or, at least, perfected and long in use, for we find it in dwellings that are regarded as prehistoric. Simpson's report on the ruins of Chaco mesa and canyon contains a drawing by R. H. Kern, of the appearance the ruins of Hungo-Pavie pueblo would have if restored, and how ancient this building is we do not know.

Davis in his *El Gringo,* published in 1857, thus describes the Taos buildings:

> They are five and six stories high, each story receding from the one below it, and thus forming a structure terraced from top to bottom. Each story is divided into numerous little compartments, the outer tiers of rooms being lighted by small windows in the sides, while those in the interior of the building are dark, and are principally used as store-rooms. One of the most singular features of these buildings is the absence of any direct communication with the outside on the ground floor. The only means of entrance is through a trap-door in the roof, and you ascend, from story to story, by means of ladders upon the outside, which are drawn up at night, and the population sleep secure from attack from without. This method of gaining access to the inside of the house is common to all pueblos, and was probably adopted in early times as a means of defense against the wild tribes by which they were surrounded.

Almost simultaneously with the Mission Churches of New Mexico, the *Palacio Real* of the governors in Santa Fe was built. This is the sole building in the United States that can rightly be called a royal palace. It conformed exactly to the domestic and community architecture of the Indians, though constructed for civic as well

as domestic use. After it came under American control, its varied and consecutive occupiers, blind to its striking originality and, therefore, indifferent to the preservation of its purity of style, loaded it down and ruined it by vandalistic "improvements." When the movement for a recognition of original New Mexican architecture began, and the School of American Archæology was established and given control of the old palace one of the first duties of the school was the reclamation to original type of the palace as far as was possible in order that it might conform to modern requirements. At first it was a work of elimination, "taking out," writes Dr. Hewett,

> The modern excrescences — milled casings and mantels, papered walls, cloth ceilings; substituting nothing at all — simply laying bare the ancient *vigas* (beams), restoring the old natural lines of doors, windows and fire-places. The most passionate reverence for the past would not demand a return to dirt floors and yeso-covered walls, nor did we restore the mica windows nor the festoons of dried Indian ears that formerly decorated the *portales*. However, literalness, or slavish copying, is not the idea in architectural style. Variation and elaboration within limits, with restraint that holds everything true to type; and adaptation to local conditions of climate, atmosphere, topography and colour of earth and sky; herein lies the secret of great architecture.

Here, then, we have the two original types of New Mexico architecture — the domestic and the community or pueblo,— and the two superposed types, viz., the Civic and the Mission.

It should particularly be noted that in all these types, and essentially in the two later ones, there are no rigidity of line, no absolutely square corners, no fine precision of wall — none of the strict mathematical conformity demanded by our machine-cursed civilization. Not only is the hand of the individualistic builder given free play, but there is a something more, a consistent refusal to be

bound by squares and plumb-lines, spirit levels and calipers. On this subject Vierra thus writes:

Through the common use in both mission and pueblo of only the simplest materials — earth and timber, the new of that period, although foreign in proportion and purpose, was harmonious with the old in character. The actual construction was done by the builders of the old order, and gave to the new, through methods and workmanship, the free-hand character of the old. If there was anything of stiffness or formality about these Missions when they left the hand of the builder, the greatest harmonizing influence of all — the work of Nature — brought about the final unity. The constant erosion of plastic material softened by repair with the same material went on in both alike.

It was perhaps this gradual change through erosion and repair that brought about its most interesting exterior character. In fact this architecture is hardly to be considered a finished product, until this freeing of exterior form and outline has taken place.

The gradual clearing away of any artificially ornamental excrescences has left nothing but the essentials beautifully varied in outline. Any superficial ornamentation characteristic of the Spanish Colonial that might have been attempted could not stand the test of time in adobe. Repair with earth plaster following the lines of erosion aided in the softening process, and any hard precision of line or ornament had to give way. If any part was not useful, it was not replaced. That which was not essential did not endure, and that which did endure was marvelously enriched with a living, flowing quality of free outline and form.

It is in reality a free-hand architecture, with the living quality of a sculptor's work, and that pliant, unaffected and unconfined beauty — characteristic of natural growth — is Nature's contribution to the final product. Through this contribution, too, the architecture is unique in bearing the closest relation to the surrounding landscape. In this sense it is complete, having attained perfection through the absence of that precision upon which all other architecture seems to depend. Its character is as dependent on the absence of precision as is the beauty of natural architectural forms abundant in this vicinity. In the surrounding mesas and valleys there are architectural forms of nature, produced by erosion on time-hardened clay and sandstone, which often bear a startling resemblance to great cathedrals. Those who have never recognized that quality produced by the same forces of Nature on similar material in the New Mexico missions, can hardly escape its significance when brought face to face with the original, and the architect

who does not recognize this relation should never attempt an expression of this architecture, since its most vital quality is beyond his reach.

The point thus raised by Mr. Vierra cannot be too strongly emphasized. New Mexico essentially is a land of erosion of great rock masses. It is unique in this regard. The traveler along the main line of the Santa Fe will recall the wonderful sand and wind carvings and erosions of the great sandstone cliffs that extend for miles on each side of the track, soon after leaving Laguna and continuously until the Arizona line is reached. Lummis thus speaks, truthfully too, of the enchanting rock formations in the valley of the Enchanted Mesa leading to the peerless cliff-city of Acoma:

From the eastern slope of the Continental Divide the vast sandstone blanket which gives the Southwest a formation unique in the world, making it the land of mesas, is cut by winding canyons. Between them — and made by them — are the characteristic "tables;" flat-topped, cliff-sided, from a few rods square to many miles on a side. Where two of these erosion-clefts from the Black Mesa come together like forks of a river to form a mightier stream, is one of the typical valleys of New Mexico. Eight or ten miles long, a mile to two miles broad, hemmed on either side by bright-coloured and fantastically-eroded sandstone precipices five hundred to one thousand feet high; its trough-like floor, smooth to the eye with distance and soft with the mossy gramma grass; and all bathed in that ineffable atmosphere which is half dream and half mirage — it seems an enchanted valley if ever human eyes have looked upon anything that can deserve those words. Especially from some commanding look-out when the evening light is low, it is so unearthly in its beauty as no other spot I have ever seen in the three Americas. And noblest of all, in that matchless view, are the strange, tall, ghostly forms that seem to march with lengthening shadows down that magic valley — the fantastic buttes, mesas and spires that stand rear-guard of the ages.

Whether the theory of architectural origin propounded by Mr. Vierra be correct or not it is both plausible and illuminative. It suggests, too, the necessity of keeping

it free from outside and conflicting elements. For instance, in the accompanying photographs the Mission of Cochiti is shown first in its original condition. The second photograph gives it after "benevolent vandalism" had submerged its originality, individuality and pure charm, by substituting a peaked roof for the flat roof, an arched columnade portico for the typical Indian porch, and a hideous New England steeple of tin for the free handed curves of the original pedimented bell-tower. This kind of "reform" and "improvement" cannot too strongly be deplored, deprecated and opposed. For, as says Mr. Vierra:

We are only at the beginning of the development of this architecture — both the Mission and the Pueblo type, and its combinations and possibilities are fascinating, though it presents some problems. It is of the greatest importance for us to keep it pure in the beginning, to establish its character definitely on sound analysis and adhere to it. Its dignity and beauty will always depend on its native purity and simplicity. There is much to be said for maintaining its thoroughbred quality, since it is the only type in America having its orign in the soil upon which it stands today.

If there is confusion at the outset its value to us is lost, and confusion will only add to confusion until it is overcome by the fate common to most architecture of our time. A striking example of this in its most destructive form has actually overcome even the original in some cases. The very structures in the pueblos, and the actual work of the Franciscans and the Indians of centuries ago, seem no longer sacred. One of the most beautiful of our original Missions has been submerged in "reform." What was originally a flat pueblo roof is now a peak roof, typical of the California Mission. California arches in cement on metal lath hold forth in a front where once stood the typical Indian porch, and a New England steeple (of tin) deals it the final blow. It is an excellent example of benevolent vandalism, done with the best of intentions, but an awful example of confusion.

Exterior arches have no place in this architecture — peak roofs are no part of it, and steeples — impossible. Peak roofs, steeples, the Roman arch of the Spanish Colonial, and the Moorish arch were ruled out through the limitations of adobe as a material in

Photographs by the Museum of New Mexico.

THE MISSION CHURCH AT COCHITI, BEFORE, AND AFTER, "RESTORATION."

which these forms could not endure. In place of arches, and serving the same purpose, we find a related form through the use of heavy wooden capitals and corbels carved in simple design. The absence of the true arch is essential in establishing the type. There is not a single instance in which the true arch in adobe has endured in the exterior, and interior use is limited to one example in a small doorway. There are early photographic records in which the arch appears, but these only add proof to the theory that adobe unsupported by wood or stone cannot be depended upon to bear the strain of a superstructure. That this material on the other hand, required a sound base, was a potent factor in establishing the sturdy character of the Pueblo Indian Mission structures.

Towers and belfries were perhaps the only features related to the Spanish Colonial — though towers both round and square were to be found in Indian architecture — but those in the missions conformed so to the general character, through the forms developed in adobe by erosion and repair, that their relation to the Spanish was lost. The arrangements of porches and exterior balconies are as closely related to the Indian, except in the use of carved wood, as they are to the Moorish or Spanish, and there is no example of Spanish Colonial in the United States in which the use of exterior balconies is similar or even related.

In keeping with the principles thus expressed the School of American Archæology was instrumental in having its new Art Museum constructed upon pure New Mexico Mission lines. Yet here is no slavish copying, no servile imitation of a building already in existence. At the same time there is no effort after originality. Purity of motif has been the keyword. Features from three or four of the Mission buildings as well as the terraced pueblo structures have been incorporated, not only without destroying the unity of the building, but clearly enhancing its charm and attraction. Architects and artists from all parts of this country, Europe, and elsewhere in the world have visited it and practically all are unanimous in praise of its architectural dignity, artistic attractiveness, and perfect adaptability. As Mr. Vierra has written:

The outlines of the new Museum are terraced, plastic, flowing. There are no hard and stiff plumb lines or levels, no exact repetitions or parallelisms, such as mark the California Mission style. The symmetry is that of mass, not of exact form. No matter which way one looks, or from what vantage point, there is a different architectural composition, a new charm, a different pattern and design, in which sunlight and ever-moving shadows have a determining part.

The lovely patio is in keeping with its massive battlements, its shady cloisters, its carved corbels and primitive pillars and vigas. The ceilings of the interior, the floors of the St. Francis auditorium, the benches, the great St. Francis mural paintings, the lighting of the transept, the carving of the grills, the reproduction of the massive doors of Santa Clara and of the Needle's Eye — all merge into a complete natural harmony that causes the visitor to wonder and admire.

Thus in the Palace and the Museum the leaders in the new movement feel they have laid the foundations for the renaissance of New Mexico domestic, civic and ecclesiastical architecture. Many public and other buildings have already been erected under this beneficial influence. The school for the deaf and dumb is a fine example of modern pueblo construction. The new High School, the Santa Fe Water and Light Co., the Forestry, the Gross-Kelly, the Sunmount Sanitarium buildings and others are all in line, and many homes have also been built in harmony with this great general plan to make Santa Fe and New Mexico as original and attractive in its architecture as its original founders instinctively felt it should be. As Mr. Vierra wisely writes:

In favour of the future development of Indian architecture is its great variety, leading to adaptability. To accuse it of monotony would be to admit superficial knowledge and lack of observation. Its variety in arrangement, outline and proportion is perhaps the most fascinating quality in the original. There is no architecture presenting such variety in arrangement as is to be found in some of our Indian pueblos of from two to four stories in height. From the domestic it merges beautifully into the ecclesiastic, and the combination of the two has been charmingly expressed in recent

construction. Through this combination will perhaps come the greatest adaptability to civic purposes.

Whenever, in the hope of avoiding monotony, we have overwhelmed it with California Mission and other alien features, we have added not variety, but the monotony of confusion which is the most monotonous feature in the architecture of our modern communities. The results may be interesting but they are not constructive. They retard the development of the type through misrepresentation. Such examples are merely representative of that tendency to mix types through misunderstanding, that has resulted in the general loss of character, dignity and importance in most American architecture.

Character, in this architecture, is not skin-deep; it must be modeled into the building as it is built. An uneven coat of plaster, as is often suggested, over rigidly constructed surfaces and outlines, will not give it. A timidly formal imitation of a few interesting features of the original will not express character. The builder who will use *viga* tips and sawn capitals in rigid formality under a slant shingle or tin roof, is expressing in new building the tragedy that has overtaken some of the old Mission and native architecture.

It seems that a frank expression of the original, a practical reproduction of the best that it has to offer, requires more courage than some builders possess. That training which concentrates on the machine-like precision of factory quality in architecture is most fatal to either courage or appreciation. The architect who is to be successful with it need not ignore mathematics, but he must not allow mathematical precision to interfere where it has no place, and where its absence is essential. He should have in his make-up something of the sculptor, for he is dealing with a freedom of sculptural form which no other type includes, and upon which the greatest charm of this type depends. Its adaptation to domestic, ecclesiastic, and civic purposes need not bring about confusion. Its success along these lines depends upon the careful avoidance of Spanish Colonial and other alien features. That it is adequate as well as adaptable in its own characteristic simplicity has been demonstrated in many buildings.

That it is not likely to be extensively adopted elsewhere, adds to its value as a sectional development in its native environment. Besides representing the only architecture in America having its foundation in the prehistoric time of its locality, it is an expression of our earliest history, and it still bears the closest possible relation to its surroundings in modern times, even to the extent of being adaptable to modern uses. There is no other architecture within the limits of the United States in which all this holds true.

These, then, were the two types of building, indigenous to the soil and well suited to their environment, that the Spanish conquistadores and the Franciscan friars found when they began the colonization and christianization of New Mexico about 1580. The zealous friars, with a fervour and energy that were never surpassed, worked so devotedly that when Benavides was sent out to supervise the missions, in 1622, he brought with him twenty-six new friars to engage in the work and found already *eleven* churches built. Other buildings began to go up on every hand. With tireless persistence, with little or no help except from the Indians themselves, church after church arose. At the different villages of the Zuni, six were erected, three among the Hopi, one at Acoma, one at Isleta, etc.

These Franciscan friars were one in spirit and training with Junipero Serra and his coadjutors who, later, came to California. Yet the ecclesiastical buildings they erected were entirely different, though, as has been suggested, they had the same common origin. There must have been something peculiarly racial, as well as environmental, in the divergence. On this subject Vierra conclusively argues:

> The Pueblo Indian Mission architecture of New Mexico is not related to California Mission architecture except in original purpose. It is prehistoric American in character and construction. The fact that its proportions may be Spanish perhaps explains the tendency among modern architects to assume that it is Spanish in character, and in building they stand ready to supply Spanish elements which were never a part of it, and which the Franciscans themselves did not feel called upon to introduce. Spanish proportion expressed in Indian character does not make Spanish architecture, any more than Greek proportion in Egyptian character makes Greek architecture. . . .
>
> In considering the Mission structure too much has been made of its relation to Spanish architecture. It is an error natural to architects who, under the influence of conventional training, are in-

clined to see everything through the cold and formal medium of mathematical precision and symmetry, and the conventional forms of geometric ornament. What the Franciscans might have done had they been able to obtain Spanish workmanship and material has little to do with the type as it stands, except to emphasize its Indian character.

It is an interesting fact that none of the New Mexico Missions originally built of stone have endured, so that we have no knowledge of such features as roof-lines and belfries, and perhaps arches. The ruined walls that remain in the abandoned stone pueblos indicate that Indian methods were followed here as well. Had they endured they might have presented a variation — being more rigid in outline and not subject to the final harmonizing influence of erosion.

The earliest explorers among the Pueblo Indians returned with glowing accounts of a people who built great cities. It is reasonable to suppose that the Franciscans were confident of being able to build their Missions among a people who built cities, using the material and methods that served the native builders. It cannot be said with certainty that the Franciscans, had they been able, would have built of stone, lime, and tile, as they did in California 150 years later. There, the Indians had no permanent architecture of their own, and the Franciscans either brought trained workmen with them or trained the Indians in Spanish methods.

It is not improbable that, among the Pueblos, the Franciscans turned a seeming poverty of material to their decided advantage, perhaps realizing that by building in harmony with their surroundings they would establish a closer sympathy with the inhabitants than if they had built an imposing, an arrogantly foreign cathedral in the midst of simple and well organized homes. The fact remains that they used the simple adobe and wood of the Indian builders, and where they built with stone in pueblos using the same material it was after the Indian method.

So it is that either through the limitations of environment, or through appreciation by the Franciscans of the advantages of harmonious construction, or through both, we have in the New Mexico Missions a new type — quite distinct from the Spanish Colonial.

New Mexico has made a fine beginning towards the perfection of that which is indigenous to its own soil. Thousands will come, the traveled and cultured of the world, familiar with the highest expression of the Gothic, Grecian, Roman, Egyptian, Hindoo, Tartarian, Chinese,

Japanese and other forms of architecture who will stand before the Art Museum in Santa Fe and other less pretentious specimens of New Mexican architecture and will find in them a peculiar attractiveness, a simple and fundamental purity which cannot fail to claim admiration and worthy praise.

CHAPTER XV

THE PUEBLO OF TAOS

Taos — pronounced Towse, in one syllable, and not Tay-os, to rhyme with chaos — is the northernmost of the Pueblos of New Mexico, and of the United States. It is the last outpost of the civilization of the sedentary and home-loving, field-cultivating Indians before the home of the wild and nomad Ute, Comanche and other of the plains Indians were reached.

Ever since it has been known to the white man Taos has been a place of romance. Visited by all the earlier explorers who traversed the Southwest, it was a rendezvous well known to the American trappers. Here came Kit Carson long before the American occupancy of New Mexico, and here he settled down and made his permanent home for many years. He, with many other traders, scouts and trappers, made this their outfitting post for their expeditions to the West and North, even to the faraway Pacific, and it rivaled, if not surpassed, in commercial importance, its Southern neighbour of greater Spanish pretensions, Santa Fe.

In those days it was no uncommon thing to find the narrow streets of the Spanish-Mexican town crowded with visitors, dressed in the rude costumes of the pioneers and trappers. Great strings of mules strained in the harness and dragged gigantic canvas-covered prairie-schooners, with their single or double trailers, bearing supplies, merchandise and mining machinery for those who were fortunate enough to need them. Wild mus-

tangs and broncos dashed hither and thither, ridden by men who appeared even wilder than the animals they rode. Here and there a white man, or an Indian of striking dignity of mien and character might be seen walking through the commoner mass, and adding a new note to the scene. Such men as Carlos Beaubien, Colonel Ceran St. Vrain, Lucien B. Maxwell,— who gained the great Maxwell grant from the Mexican government, Governor Bent, and earlier still, Padre Martinez, who published, in Taos, the first newspaper issued west of the Missouri River, in what is now United States territory. This was in 1835. He was one of those proud and haughty educated Spaniards who regarded the American as an intruder. This land belonged to the Spanish by right of conquest, and not one foot of it would he have yielded to the hated *gringo*. It is generally conceded that he was largely instrumental in fomenting the Indian and Mexican rebellion of 1847, the chief battle of which was fought at the Pueblo of Taos, where the old Franciscan Mission Church, built over a century before, was battered down by the cannon balls of the American troops under the command of Col. Sterling Price.

It must not be overlooked that there really are three places called Taos, each of which has a personality, an individuality, of its own. First in order of founding is the Indian Pueblo. This is known by the thousands of photographs and engravings of it seen in numberless publications of the past fifty years, its several-storied communal houses, built of adobe, making a striking and fascinating picture, redolent of mystery, surprise, and Indian secrecy.

They were first seen by the white race in 1541 by Francisco Barrio-Nuevo, a captain of Coronado's Expedition, who found a wall of protection around the pueblo,

part of which still stands. In July, 1598, Juan de Oñate visited Taos, and received the submission of its proud and haughty people, and a few weeks later Padre Francisco de Zamora established a Franciscan mission for them and became their guide in the new religion their conquerors forced upon them. In 1629 the Pueblo had a population of 2,500 inhabitants. When the great Indian rebellion of 1680 — that for a time threatened the complete overthrow of Spanish rule in New Mexico — broke out, Taos rose with the rest of the Indians and drove out the hated invader. But, like the rest, it yielded to the power, or cajolements, or both, of Diego de Vargas, and never again successfully revolted against the outside rule — Spanish, Mexican, American — forced upon it.

To-day its members are singularly free from the white man's influence. They still preserve their aboriginal customs of society, religion and family. While they do not absolutely prohibit the whites from visiting them, there is no great sociability or cordiality in their intercourse. To the artist colony of Taos this aloofness is an advantage. It secures more primitive conditions for their pictures, more quaintness, strangeness, in the life of their subjects.

While the Indian is almost perpetually engaged in religious ceremonial, the whites know little of this, save at the one great festival of San Geronimo, which occurs in late September. For scores of miles around Mexicans and Americans spend days in preparation for their visit to this annual festival. At Fernando de Taos — the modern Taos — the native Mexican population is as busy and excited as a hive of bees. They are struggling to get in their harvest, do their annual trading, cook up great supplies of foods and *dulces* for visiting

relatives and friends, weaving additional blankets, making new festival dresses, hats and gewgaws of a general character, so that they will be fully prepared for this one great event of the year.

At the pueblo the bustle and hurry, the industry and expenditure of energy, are not less in exercise, though the stolid and quiet demeanour of the Indians would deceive all but the well-informed.

Herds of ponies are dashing around the circular enclosures tramping out the yellow wheat, urged to a fast trot by a happy, singing Indian boy who uses his long whip lash on the laggards; the squaws are busy replastering the church and baking in the out-door oval adobe ovens. Bands of Apaches arrive several days before the festival and their *tepees* dot the camping sites near the Pueblo. As soon as located the squaws begin to weave their beautiful baskets and gather a harvest of wild plums, which they dry in the sun and pack back to their own country for winter use.

These camps of the Jicarilla Apaches are one of the most picturesque sights of the occasion, with the children and papooses, dogs, ponies, tepees, costumes and busy camp-life lived in true plain Indian style, even to cooking and eating out-of-doors, after the manner of their ancestors of a thousand years ago.

Long trains of fruit wagons, canvas-covered, begin to arrive from as far away as Embudo, Alcalde, Española, and during the last days of September come the blanket-weavers from Chimayo, and the pottery-makers from San Juan and Santa Clara Pueblos with their wares. The neighbouring Picuris Indians make their annual visit, crossing the mountain trails from the south.

Merry-go-rounds are erected, generally at the last moment, and the native Mexican, American and Indian chil-

dren all push and struggle together for places on the favourite wooden ponies. On the evening of September 29th the bustle and confusion is at its height. Automobile, camp-wagon and equestrian parties arrive in such numbers that the hotels and rooming-places begin to overflow. Scores of people bring tents, or camp out in less pretentious fashion. The beautiful Sunset Dance takes place at the Pueblo between 5 and 6 P. M. Later on several *bailes* (dances) are in full swing and the crowd retires late, only to be up and gone early the next morning, when the rush is Pueblowards to witness the great relay race which starts about 8 o'clock. This race is the principal event of the day and is worth a journey from far places to witness. It is really a prayer ceremony, a hallelujah of thanksgiving, the Indians' old-time Harvest Festival, celebrated long before the Spanish conquistadores set foot on New Mexican soil.

The race is followed by a dance, and about noon a recess is taken until later in the afternoon, when the ceremonial sports of the Delight Makers entertain the crowd until sunset.

The spectacular sight of the relay race is a scene never to be forgotten. The four hundred yards of race track reminds one who has seen it of the river Thames on the day of the great annual regatta between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge. One sees the same moving kaleidoscopic colours and forms, only in place of the silvery gray river over which the flow of colour moves, one sees the gray sand of the track shining in the September sunlight.

What a sight it is to see the great five-storied communal buildings, and especially the north Pyramid, overflowing with life and colour! All the plaza in front is packed with the motley crowd, cheering and urging on

the runners as they struggle to the end of the course where fresh partners crouch to spring away and take up the burden of the long race. Cheers rend the air, individual shouts and yells, addressed to some particular favourite or laggard, occasionally pierce through the vocal confusion, and the loud applause that greets any particular spurt of speed or exhibition of good generalship is echoed and reëchoed even to the mountains and ravines to the east.

This race and its later accompaniments is a sight once seen that can never be forgotten.

It should not be overlooked that it was here at Taos that Thierlieu Lieurance gained so many of the melodies referred to in the chapter on Indian music.

But there is another Taos besides the Indian Pueblo, and that is the Spanish or Mexican town of Taos, founded late in the eighteenth century, and dedicated to *San Fernando de Taos.* This has been shortened to the curt, one-syllabled Taos, and this is the Mexican and American town we think of as the home of the Art Colony, and where the business of the whole valley is transacted. Here Kit Carson's home is shown, and the great scout's grave. Near by is the grave of that restless, proud spirit, Padre Martinez, who never forgave the *gringos.* The place is redolent of memories of these old heroes of a bygone age. But it is also the home of a large number of the Penitente Brothers, to whom I have largely devoted a later chapter. Here it was from one of their *moradas* that I secured the photographs of the Christ on the Cross, Saints and the *Carreta del Muerto* (Carriage of death), one of which is here reproduced.

There used, also, to be one of the most interesting of the old Franciscan Mission structures located here. It was used, however, as a parish church, and the good

Photograph by George Wharton James.

"CHRIST ON THE CROSS," IN THE *MORADA* AT TAOS.

priest, having a perpetual war to wage against the ravages of the weather, and to keep the church in a proper condition for worship, resolved to settle the whole problem by pulling down the old building and substituting a modern one in its stead. The fact that he bore the larger part of the cost attests to the nobility and self-abnegation of his beautiful soul, yet does not lessen our regret that the old historic structure has gone.

A few miles away, however, is the third Taos, known as *Ranchos de Taos,* and here compensation is found in the loss of the San Fernando de Taos Mission in another quaint Mission, built, I believe, in 1778, and which is well worth a visit.

Taos is not to be reached immediately by any railway, though the branch line of the Denver and Rio Grande which runs from Denver to Santa Fe, has a station 28 miles away. From this station one goes by auto-stage. There are two or three stage-lines but the informed never goes by any other stage than that owned by John Gunn. John used to run the old stage-coaches, and he and his father owned the old toll-bridge across the Rio Grande, deep down in the canyon gloom through which one must pass in order to reach Taos.

When the automobile came to stay John did not hesitate to adopt the new method of locomotion. In spite of rough roads, which no amount of persuasion could get Mexican and other *poco-tiempo*-loving officials to improve, John put auto-stages on his line, and proceeded to run them himself. The same individuality he had exercised in operating his old Concord wagon stages was immediately apparent in his operation of the auto-stages, and every traveler of the Southwest who has been over the road has some story to tell of John and his interesting methods.

John is a daring driver, but far from a reckless one. There is a vast difference between the two. Going down the steep road into the canyon of the Rio Grande, and climbing out on the other side, requires daring, combined with skill and knowledge. One instinctively feels that John Gunn possesses the proper combination, and you whirl around dangerous curves, look down frightful precipices and gaze off where the road runs into nothingness with perfect equanimity because he is at the wheel. And in and through it all his quiet and quaint humour flows like a golden thread. Just at the most critical time, when the timid tenderfoot is holding her breath and leaning over to the left because of the " fearful and yawning precipice " to the right, John nonchalantly interjects one of his most humorous sallies, and one laughs in spite of " fears within" or " foes without."

The ride itself is a wonderfully scenic one. Through miles of pinion and cedar, in sight of the snowy peaks of the range that hovers protectingly over Taos, until the deep and gloomy canyon of the Rio Grande is reached, one dashes, over good roads. Here one gasps at the very idea of daring to brave those awful deeps. But it means nothing to John. After a careful survey of tires, engine, brakes and the strapped-on baggage John " let's her go, Gallagher," and without a quiver, gets you across to the other side. If it is meal-time, however, you stop long enough at the old Dunn hotel down beneath, to get a real, old-fashioned, hearty, satisfactory meal of pioneer days and then start on the upward climb well fortified — at least as far as the stomach is concerned — for whatever may occur.

Taos is the northermost of the Pueblos of the Rio Grande. It is the most interesting of them all, yet there is not one of these Pueblos that is not worth visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders' book, referred to in the bibliography, will give the interested reader further knowledge of them, and he who visits New Mexico, and is wise, will make it his business to see them all.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ANTIQUITIES OF NEW MEXICO. ITS ANCIENT DWELLINGS — ITS MISSION CHURCHES

MANY of the other chapters of this book have been written in vain if they have not demonstrated to the reader how full New Mexico is of areas of antiquity. From one end to the other, in all directions, it abounds in places of deepest interest. Indeed it must truthfully be said that largely within its confines the science of American Archæology has been born, and its leaders and masters trained. Here, in the earliest years came Simpson, Powell, Stevenson, Jackson, Bandelier, Holmes, Cushing, Matthews, Ten Kate, Fewkes, the Mooneys, Hodge, Hough, and finally, Hewett, the directing genius of the School of American Archæology, together with the accomplished and growing band he is gathering around him, including Chapman, Neusbaum, Walter, Vierra, Harrington and others.

It is not my purpose, in this brief and merely suggestive chapter, even to outline the location and general description of the chief of New Mexico's antiquities. Many references are made to them throughout the volume, and the interested reader is advised that from no fragmentary sketch can he begin to gain the knowledge he needs. Reasonably complete information may be obtained from Dr. Edgar L. Hewett of Santa Fe, N. M., of all that will interest the student, the serious explorer, or the casual tourist, in the papers and reports of the School of American Archæology. Suffice it to say that

in this field alone any intelligent person can find material of sufficient interest to justify a lengthy annual visit to New Mexico for an average lifetime, and the subject would then be far from exhausted. In a volume now about to be sent to the press [1] I have given as full accounts, illustrated, as is possible, of all the Cliff and Caveate ruins of this fascinating area.

The same impossible sense of limitation is felt in dealing with the old Franciscan Mission Churches of New Mexico. No chapter can do the subject justice. One must read their history in the other chapters and then fill in the pictures as they arise. In each Indian community the zealous padres forced, cajoled, won, pleaded their way. They had but one object, one work. Their slogan was the exclamation of Saint Paul: "This one thing I do." They had set forth from Spain, and later, from Mexico, to convert the heathen aborigines of New Mexico to the joys and the heavenly assurances of Christianity. Under the teaching and guidance of Mother Church they were safe from damnation, here and hereafter; without it, there was no hope. Hence their frenzied zeal, their indifference to danger, their absolute disregard of martyrdom, their devoted persistence in their self-imposed, arduous and ungratefully received tasks. The Indians in the main hated them. They misunderstood their purpose. They refused to be saved; and all this in spite of the fact that the padres reported thousands, hundreds of thousands, who were already caught by the "gospel net."

The King of Spain, his Council, the Viceroy of New Mexico, and, of course, the leaders of the Franciscan

[1] *The Prehistoric Cliff and Cave Dwellings of the South West.* To be published in 1920 by the Radiant Life Press, Pasadena, California.

order, were alike urgent in pushing forward this work, and delighted at all new reports of enlarged spiritual progress. As quickly as possible friars were sent to occupy the new fields, and each man was urged, expected, to secure the erection of a Mission Church in the Pueblo to which he was sent. Hence there began to spring up, with mushroom-like rapidity, churches on every hand, and this a full century before the advent of the Franciscans into California. Zuni, Acoma, the far-away Hopi, Isleta, San Juan de los Caballeros, Santa Fe, Santa Clara, Santo Domingo, Zia, Jemez, San Ildefonso, Santa Cruz, Picuris, Pecos, Tesuque, and far-away Taos, in the north, speedily had their own buildings, and later, the Villa of Albuquerque was blessed by the addition of its church structure. Indians and settlers alike must be provided for, and places like Chimayo sprang into existence around the hallowed Sanctuario.

As I have shown in the chapter on Mission Architecture, these structures were of an entirely different type from the later California Mission buildings. They belong to another people and an entirely different location, and it is a matter of great congratulation that at last New Mexico has found herself upon this matter and set it forth with scientific accuracy and literary skill before the world.

For the history of these Mission churches and their connection with the tragic rebellion of 1680, and of the never-ending struggles between the new and the old religions, the reader must be referred to Governor L. Bradford Prince's excellent work — *The Mission Churches of New Mexico.*

CHAPTER XVII

THE AMERICAN PASSION PLAY

For many years Europeans and Americans have flocked to see the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau. Noted writers have vied with each other in depicting the deep earnestness with which the peasantry of this remote village reënact the chief scenes in the Passion of Christ. Photographs by thousands and films by the hundreds of reels have been made of the play so that it could be brought to non-travelers the civilized world over, until now the Oberammergau Passion Play is almost as familiar as household words.

Yet if one were to affirm that in the heart of New Mexico a score of Passion Plays might be seen each year, each and every one of them conducted with desperate earnestness, and a grim and stern fidelity to the cruel punishments inflicted upon the Saviour of mankind, and that each year there is every reason to suppose that more than one devotee loses his life *through actual crucifixion,* it need not be surprising if such affirmation were met with scornful incredulity. Apropos of this incredulity let me relate the following personal experience.

Twenty-five or more years ago I gave a lecture in the State of New York, before a learned Association, upon the American Southwest, wherein I portrayed several peculiar phases of the lives of the simple primitive peoples — Indians and Mexicans. Among other ceremonies which I described were those of the Penitente Brothers

— the self-whippers and self-crucifiers — whose rites I had seen.

The morning following my lecture the President of the Association apologized to its members for the wild and incredible stories I had told, as no less an authority than the *Encyclopedia Britannica* explicitly stated that the last procession of the self-whippers, the *penitentes,* or flagellant brothers, had taken place in Lisbon, Spain, in the year 1820, and of course, it was preposterous to imagine that such events could occur in the heart of the United States, in this advanced year of our Lord. As soon as I was informed of this criticism I appeared before the Association, absolved the president of any ill intent, but assured him that my eyesight bore me far more reliable testimony than all the encyclopedias on earth. He might believe that the *penitentes,* the Hopi snake-dancers, and the Navaho fire-dancers were impossible, and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* might assert they did not exist, but in such cases I must respectfully, modestly, yet positively affirm that my authority was superior even to that of so hoary, complacent, and recognized a standby as the time-honoured Encyclopedia.

The attitude of the president of the New York Association is easy to understand. It does seem incredible that in this age there should be people in our highly civilized land who adhere to customs so strange and foreign to the thought of those who are the exponents of its modern culture. The *penitentes,* however, not only existed at the time when I spoke, but they exist to-day. In spite of censure, ostracism, and the ban of Mother Church these simple-minded, ignorant peons follow the customs handed down to them from the centuries of the past, and with a steadfast devotion, as pathetic as it is lamentable, still whip themselves until the blood streams

down their bare backs as they go their wearisome way from their *moradas* to their chosen "hills of Calvary."

This practice of flagellation is by no means new. For centuries it has been followed in individual cases by hermits, monks, nuns and others, who sought by their self-punishments not only the discipline their consciences dictated that they deserved for their sins, but also the reward of those who shared the punishments of Christ prior to His Crucifixion. Their favourite quotations were:

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as you are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, you may be glad also with exceeding joy.— 1 Peter iv, 12–13.

We are joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.— Romans viii, 17.

Knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings (of Christ) so shall ye be also of the consolation.— 2 Cor. i, 7.

It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him: if we suffer, we shall also reign with him: if we deny him, he also will deny us.— 2 Timothy ii, 11–12.

The reasoning of the penitential order is very simple. In effect it is as follows: Christ is our Exemplar and Saviour. While He did not whip Himself, He was scourged on His way to the cross, the curse of which He willingly bore on our account. As He willingly bore His suffering though inflicted by others, so should we bear them inflicted by ourselves or others, that, thereby, we may be accounted worthy to partake of the highest joys of heaven which He has gone to prepare for us.

Boileau in his fascinatingly interesting *Historia Flagellantium,* traces the custom of self-whipping from the earliest ages, and devotes considerable space to showing its practice among the Carmelites, Cistercians, Trappists, Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans. But it was

among the more stern and ascetic of the latter brotherhood that the Order of *Flagellantes* became a recognized society. The sect first made its appearance in Italy in the year 1210, and the monk, St. Justin of Padua, gives the following account of it in the *Chronicon Ursitius Basiliensis*.[1]

When all Italy was sullied with crimes of every kind, a certain sudden superstition, hitherto unknown to the world, first seized the inhabitants of Perusa, afterwards the Romans, and then almost all the nations of Italy. To such a degree were they affected with the fear of God, that noble as well as ignoble persons, young and old, even children five years of age, would go naked about the streets without any sense of shame, walking in public, two and two, in the manner of solemn procession. Every one of them held in his hand a scourge, made of leather thongs, and with tears and groans they lashed themselves on their backs till the blood ran: all the while weeping and giving tokens of the same bitter affliction, as if they had really been spectators of the passion of our Saviour, imploring the forgiveness of God and His Mother, and praying that He who had been appeased by the repentance of so many sinners, would not disdain theirs. And not only in the day time, but likewise during the nights, hundreds, thousands, and ten thousands of these penitents ran, notwithstanding the rigour of winter, about the streets and in the churches, with lighted wax candles in their hands, and preceded by the priests, who carried crosses and banners along with them, and with humility prostrated themselves before the altars: the same scenes were to be seen in small towns and villages; so that the mountains and the fields seemed to resound alike the voice of men who were crying to God. All musical instruments and love songs ceased to be heard. The only music that prevailed both in town and country was that of the lugubrious voice of the penitent, whose mournful accents might have moved hearts of flint: and even the eyes of the obdurate sinner could not refrain from tears. Nor were women exempt from the general spirit of devotion we mention: for not only those among the common people, but also matrons and young ladies of noble families, would perform the same mortifications with modesty in their own rooms. Then those who were at enmity with one another became again friends. Usurers and robbers hastened to restore their ill-gotten riches to their right owners.

[1] As quoted by Rev. Wm. M. Cooper in his *History of the Rod.* W. Reeves, London.

Others, who were contaminated with different crimes, confessed them with humility, and renounced their vanities. Gaols were opened; prisoners were delivered; and banished persons permitted to return to their native habitations. So many and so great works of sanctity and Christian charity, in short, were then performed by both men and women, that it seemed as if a universal apprehension had seized mankind, that the divine power was preparing either to consume them by fire or destroy them by shaking the earth, or some other of those means which divine justice knows how to employ for avenging crimes. Such a sudden repentance, which had thus diffused itself all over Italy and had even reached other countries, not only the unlearned, but wise persons also admired. They wondered whence such a vehement fervour of piety could have proceeded: especially since such public penances and ceremonies had been unheard of in former times, had not been approved by the sovereign pontiff, nor recommended by any preacher or person of eminence; but had taken their origin among simple persons, whose example both learned and unlearned had alike followed.

To St. Anthony, of Padua,— the beloved saint of the Franciscan order, the miracle worker, the monk who was so pure in heart that God visited upon him the inestimable and blessed privilege of holding the infant babe, Jesus, in his arms,— is accorded the distinction, fanatical or praiseworthy as the reader may regard it, of having organized the solemn processions of *flagellantes* that, for centuries, continued to be seen throughout Latin Europe. In 1349, during the time when the Great Plague was raging, they appeared in Germany, and from the chronicle of Albert of Strasburg we read that two hundred of the self-whippers came from Schwaben to Spira, under one principal and two subordinate rulers, whose commands they implicitly obeyed. Here is Albert's account:[1]

They were met by crowds of people. Placing themselves within a circle drawn on the ground, they stripped, leaving on their bodies only a breech-cloth. They then walked with arms outstretched like a cross round and round the circle for a time, finally prostrating themselves on the ground. They soon after rose, each striking his

[1] As quoted in Cooper's *History of the Rod.*

neighbour with a scourge, armed with knots and four iron points, regulating their blows by the singing of psalms. At a certain signal the discipline ceased, and they threw themselves first on their knees, then flat on the ground, groaning and sobbing. On rising, the leader gave a short address, exhorting them to implore the mercy of God upon their benefactors and enemies, and also on the souls in purgatory. This was followed by another prostration, and then another discipline. Those who had taken charge of the clothes now came forward, and went through the same ceremonies.

Hence it will be seen that the *penitentes* of the American Southwest — for they are to be found alike in Southern Colorado, Southern Utah, Eastern Arizona, and New Mexico,— have an ancient and honoured paternity.

My first experiences with the *penitentes* began in Raton, New Mexico, in 1889. There I saw the procession of self-whippers, witnessed a crucifixion, attended the scary midnight representation of the horrors of the earthquake that shook the earth after Our Lord's death, and learned some of the songs of the *Brothers of Light.*

Soon after this I read Charles F. Lummis's accounts of the same ceremonials as witnessed by him at San Mateo, New Mexico,[1] and the Rev. A. M. Darley sent me copies of his *La Hermandad,* which was published in Pueblo, Colorado, in April, 1890. Mr. Darley received his information from a converted *Hermano Mayor* — Chief Brother — of the Morada del Llano, and its publication well nigh caused a dangerous uprising among the ignorant Mexican population of Southern Colorado. Lummis in his larger work, published in 1893, says:

Up to within a decade the order in this Territory numbered some thousands, with fraternities in towns of every county. Their strongholds were in Taos, Mora, and Rio Arriba counties where ten years ago they numbered respectively, 500, 300, and 1000 members, approximately. Los Griegos, a hamlet just below Albuquerque, was an-

[1] See *Strange Corners of Our Country,* pp. 90–93, and *Land of Poco Tiempo,* pp. 79–108.

Photograph by George Whartor James.

THE PENITENTE CROSS AT SAN MATEO.

other hot-bed of them, and many dwelt in the fastnesses of the Sandia Mountains east of Albuquerque. In 1867 there were 900 within a radius of ten miles from Taos. In scores of lonely canyons throughout the Territory, the traveler may see to this day the deserted, low, stone houses with huge crosses leaning in slow decay against their sides — tokens of the bloody rites which the surrounding hills once witnessed. The order was too strong in earlier days to be excommunicated at one fell swoop; and the Catholic Church — to which all the Penitentes claim allegiance — went at the work with prudent deliberation, lopping off a head here and a head there in a quiet way, which carried its full lesson without provoking rebellion. The policy has been a successful one and has been unflinchingly maintained. Town after town has dropped its Holy Week celebrations, fraternity after fraternity has melted away to nothingness. In the year 1888 but three towns in the Territory had Penitente processions; and but one — San Mateo, in the western end of Valencia County — enjoyed a crucifixion.

I questioned the accuracy of this statement when it was made, for I, myself, have witnessed penitente ceremonies since 1889 in ten different *moradas,* and in this year of Our Lord, 1920, I venture the assertion that there are twenty or more *moradas* in the four states I have named, in connection with which the full ceremonies, excepting perhaps the crucifixion, take place. There has been much opposition on the part of both whites and Spanish-Americans of the higher class to allowing the facts to be known, and those who practice the rites have been opposed to publicity ever since they learned the bitter resentment with which protestants regarded their activities. In this, as in all cases where religious antagonisms are aroused, misrepresentation and falsification have prevailed. In one historical work on New Mexico, otherwise fairly reliable, the author claims that the "sufferers were often the most wicked and abandoned criminals," and contends that the exhibitions were "degrading to the Christian Faith."

I am free to confess that to me it seems that, if this

first statement be true, the self-whipping would have a most beneficial effect. I have yet to find, in my not altogether limited experience, a "wicked and abandoned criminal" who has had the grace publicly to confess his wickedness and seek some measure of purging by personal flagellation.

As to its being degrading to the Christian faith that is purely a matter of personal opinion. I am inclined to have more faith in the simple, stern earnestness of people who will whip themselves for their wrong-doings than I have in the professions of some people who never forsake their luxurious and sensuous lives even though they make weekly protest that they are followers of the meek and lowly Jesus who had not where to lay His head. It is easy to sing with unction the hymn:

> Nearer, my God, to Thee,
> E'en though it be a Cross
> That raiseth me,

but it is far from easy to embrace or kiss the Cross and actually suffer some, even, of its agony.

Hence I have had no hesitancy in preparing this full and reliable account — for I personally vouch for its detailed accuracy — of the doings of *Los Hermanos de Penitentes* (The Penitent Brothers).

To those who wish to study the history of whipping as a means of grace I commend Boileau's *History of Flagellation* before referred to. Everything written upon the subject since the time of his book quotes extensively from it.

From the time of San Antonio de Padua to the advent of the Franciscan friars in the New World, the penitentes have had a varied history. Sometimes encouraged, at other times fulminated against by the popes, the spirit

of desire to humiliate themselves has remained, and soon after the Franciscan Missionaries were distributed and settled in New Mexico the self-whippers began to appear.

In the cathedral at Santa Fe, in a manuscript dated September 17, 1794, is what is supposed to be the oldest church record pertaining to the penitentes in the confines of what is now the United States. It is headed: "Information given to Governor Chacon by the Reverend P. Custadio Cayentano Jose Bernal," and a free translation is as follows:

> In each of the two related villages (Santa Cruz and Santa Fe) is founded the Venerable Third Order of Penitentes. This order has been in existence since the earliest years of the Conquest, although the exact year is not known. It is established with the previous permission of the Prelates of our Holy Religion, as of right its immediate Superiors. Furthermore, to them pertains the right to know and regulate its affairs as necessarily follows from many declaratory and confirmatory Bulls of many Popes of Rome.

The rites as actually conducted to-day are somewhat as follows. The customs at various *moradas* are not exactly the same. The Chief Brothers have considerable latitude and there have been slight variations in every celebration witnessed. But I have checked up my own observations with those of others who have seen the ceremonies on several occasions.

Wherever the penitentes live in large enough numbers to form a brotherhood, they erect a *morada* for a meeting-place. They then proceed to elect ten officers, who, though supposed to be elected annually, often serve for a period of years. They are: 1. The *Hermano Mayor* (Older or Chief Brother). He is the head of the local organization, has general oversight of its affairs, directs its activities, and sees that the other officers perform their respective duties. As his name implies he is

also regarded as an older brother to whom the members may appeal for help when in distress of any kind. He settles disputes between the brothers, and often between his members and outsiders. When he is a man of good sound sense and discretion he has great influence, quite equal to that of most of the priests in their churches.

2. The *Celador* (Warden). This officer is the caretaker of the *morada,* and under the direction of the Chief Brother carries out the sentences imposed upon members of the brotherhood for their misdeeds.

3. The *Coadjutor* (Helper) cleanses the scourges used by the flagellantes in their exercises, and he washes the bodies of the participants after they have completed their penance.

4. The *Infermero* (Nurse) visits brothers who are sick, sees that they secure proper attention and generally attends to the work of mercy of the brotherhood.

5. The *Mandatario* (Collector) acts as assistant secretary and aids the *Maestro de Novios.*

6. The *Maestro de Novios* (Teacher of Novices) is required to examine those who seek admission into the brotherhood, and conjointly with the *Mandatario* instructs them in regard to their obligations and duties. One of the chief obligations imposed is that of secrecy. No outsider is to know anything of what transpires in the *morada,* unless by authority of its officers. It is this feature, undoubtedly, equally with that of the public flagellation, that led the Catholic Church to place the brotherhood under its ban. There are many traditions in the Southwest of fearful punishments inflicted upon those brothers who have violated their vows. One is of burial alive, and there can be no question as to the faith many people have in the truth of these gruesome reports.

7. The *Secretario,* as his name implies, keeps the rec-

ords, and officially confirms the decrees of the Hermano Mayor.

8. The *Sangrador* (Pricker). This officer inflicts the seal of the penitentes upon the backs of the members. The full seal is three gashes the full length and three the width of the back at right angles to each other. These are cut with a sharp rough instrument, a piece of flint or glass, called the *pedernal.* The *Sangrador* also whips the members when he deems them lagging in earnestness and enthusiasm in their self-whipping.

9. The *Resador* (One who prays). This official accompanies the flagellants upon their marches and reads the prayers whilst they are whipping or otherwise punishing themselves.

10. The *Pitero* (Piper). This is the piper who plays the hymns sometimes with, and sometimes without, the singing accompaniment of the brotherhood. It is the wail of this pipe made from the cariso or reed — very much like a primitive oboe — of which Lummis thus writes:

> Every Friday night in Lent the belated wayfarer among the interior ranges is liable to be startled by the hideous too-ootle-te-too of an unearthly whistle which wails over and over its refrain.
>
> As the midnight wind sweeps that weird strain down the lonely canyon, it seems the wail of a lost spirit. I have known men of tried bravery to flee from that sound when they heard it for the first time. A simple air on a fife made of cariso seems a mild matter to read of; but its wild shriek, which can be heard for miles, carries an indescribable terror with it. "The oldest timer" crosses himself and looks askance when that sound floats out to him from the mountain gorges.

Another instrument used in the ceremonies is the *matraca,* the wooden rattle common in certain Catholic ceremonials, which makes a horrible noise and is used in England for frightening birds from growing corn.

These ten officials are known as the *Hermanos de Luz* (Brothers of Light). When an outsider wishes to join the brotherhood he is carefully examined as to his motives and his sincerity. This latter is fully tested, for it is affirmed that he must whip himself in private and in the public procession for five years before he is admitted to full brotherhood. Nor can he hold office until his novitiate is ended. No full-fledged brother is required to whip himself, unless as a penance imposed for some flagrant wrong-doing confessed, yet it is no uncommon thing for an earnest penitent to impose a special penance upon himself, and thus voluntarily join the whipping procession at Easter time.

It is affirmed by Lummis and others that the brotherhood's activities are confined to the Lenten season. This is incorrect. Naturally the imitative ceremonies of the Passion of Our Lord take place only at that time, but sessions are held in the *morada* at other times, especially on All Saints' Day (November 1) and at funerals of members of the brotherhood or their families. Whippings are common at these times, though they are not as severe as during Holy Week. At San Rafael a friend of mine has witnessed several funerals of penitentes. On one of these occasions she wrote me: "The body was wound around with ropes. Thorns were placed upon the brow, under the arms, and in the hands, after which the clothing was put on and a black cloth put over the head and face. At the grave the body was wrapped in a sheet and so buried without a coffin. The grave was large and deep and at one end a hole was made, into which the head was thrust after the body was lowered. During the whole ceremony the *pitero* played his melancholy melodies on his reed pipe. The night before the funeral several penitente friends of the deceased

formed a procession and whipped themselves, and his wife walked on a pathway formed by *chollas,* and then rolled herself upon it, wounding her back and breast with thorns."

The fast of the Lenten Season is rigidly observed. But there are other penances besides whipping and fasting. The *cholla* or buckhorn cactus (*Opuntia spinosior sp.*) is found all over New Mexico. It is covered with large and small cruel thorns, that, once in the flesh, continue to work their way in until they fester. Imagine men and women walking bare-footed over a pathway made of these vicious plants, or rolling their naked bodies over and over on them, or taking a mass of them, tied together, and carrying them upon their backs. These " disciplines " are not uncommon both during the Lenten Season, on All Saints' Day, and also at funerals and special occasions of penance.

But, naturally, it is in Lent that the penitentes' devotion is blown to a fierce blaze. For weeks before the brothers meet in the little *morada,* spending hours of the night in prayer, and in listening to the instructions of the *Hermano Mayor* and the *Maestro de Novios.* Processions at night-time are formed. One shudders with horror as he recalls his first sight of this thrilling ceremony, and had it not been repeated he could well believe it to be the product of the delirium of disease or the fantastic figment of a dream. But it was too real to be imaginary. It was a cold night in late March and I had ridden out three miles with a friend. We had tied our horses to trees, and then taken places on the slope of the lonesome canyon in which the *morada* was built. Feeble lances of light shooting through the chinks of the building showed that it was occupied, and now and again voices could be heard. After a long wait, during

which we sat shivering with cold, the door opened, and there stalked forth, in solemn silence, the *pitero*. As the others followed he began that piteous wail upon his reed pipe that is penetrating in the extreme. The only light was that of the stars and the dim radiance shed by two or three lanterns carried by the assistants, one of whom immediately followed the *pitero*. Behind came five men, the faint light revealing bare feet, legs encased in the thinnest kind of white calico trousers, the body entirely naked and the head enswathed in a black cloth. All of them carried in their hands rude whips, made of the fibers of the prickly pear or Spanish bayonet. All of the five were bowed over, as if in timid shrinking, and their very movements showed a fear of the ordeal through which they were to pass. Tears came into my eyes — as they do now at the remembrance,— as I felt the deep pathos of the scene.

Another brother, dressed in ordinary costume, guided the whipping brothers by a touch. In the rear followed the Chief Brother. Following the lead of the pipe, the brothers began to sing, and the procession moved. It was a doleful song, nasal and thin in quality, yet it made a profounder impression upon me than the scientific singing of Caruso, Melba or Schumann-Heink. For it had a rarer accompaniment than song ever before heard. Moving forward a step, the five whippers paused, and then, a swish was heard, as one of them swung his heavy whip over his shoulders and it fell with a heavy thud upon his bare back. Another struck, then others in irregular order. Two more steps forward were taken, another pause. Then, more swishes and dull thuds that seemed to the sensitive onlooker to reach even to his own marrow. Two more steps, followed by the slight pause to enable the swing of the whip. Now, even in the dim light, we

could see stains on the white fiber of the scourges, and on the tops of the trousers of the whippers. Fascinated by the tremendousness of the occurrence — for it seemed unbelievable — I was drawn to the *processionaires* in spite of myself, or perhaps it were better to say, in utter unconsciousness of self. Regardless of the threats of men who carried guns in their hands and bade my friend and me retire, I approached near enough to receive a spatter of blood on my face at the next swinging of the whip. And later, when I went over the path of the whippers by daylight, I picked up a dozen or more large chips of newly cut wood on which are blots of blood clearly yet to be seen. Let it not be forgotten that all this while the singing continued, and over all the thin wail of the pipe ascended, suggesting the faint but piercing cry of the soul's own agony. Here is a crude translation of the hymn that was sung. Both Spanish and the translation are very lame:

All upon our knees,
Ought I to implore
This blood of mine
That I am going to shed.

I am the sinner,
Who has already sworn,
To praise the blood
Of this discipline.

To praise You I come,
Jesus and Mary,
To implore the blood
Of this discipline.

On, on, the gruesome procession moved, my fascinated eyes and feet following, up to the slight mound or hill, upon which a cross was placed. Around this mound the procession moved three times, and then advancing to the

foot of the Cross, the five flagellants prostrated themselves, while the rest sang a hymn, of which the following are two verses:

There is no one now
Who is not worth something,
Christ is already dead.

Christ is already dead
And life is now ended,
Now give Him your soul
For which He is calling.

Now, the prostrate ones arose — and, did my ears play me false, or did I really hear groans? — the procession re-formed and returned to the *morada*. But as it did so one of the flagellants began to cringe and sidestep his own blows. As he threw his whip, now heavy with blood, over his shoulder, he involuntarily dodged, so that the blow fell slightly on his side as the whip slipped over his arm. Seeing this, one of the *companeros* produced a heavy blacksnake whip with which he vigorously applied two blows upon the body of the recalcitrant brother. A loud shriek, immediately stifled, followed this stern reminder.

The hymn sung on the return to the *morada* seemed endless. Here are some of the verses:

All together come
In on your knees,
To praise the blood
Of this discipline.

On their way they are,
Jesus and Mary,
To praise the blood
Of this discipline.

Oh! my dear Jesus,
Father of my soul,
You Who deliver man
From the cruel enemy.

All upon our knees
We must implore
This blood of mine
That I am going to shed.

I am a sinner,
Who has already sworn
To praise the blood
Of this discipline.

To praise thee I come,
Jesus and Mary,
To implore the blood
Of this discipline.

My tired Jesus
Always saw Himself
Greatly afflicted
With this discipline.

In my loneliness
There would accompany me
The whole universe
In this discipline.

With this destination
My Jesus came,
His body covered
With this discipline.

Again within the seclusion of the *morada* one might think the cruel rites over, and the poor wounded bodies being bathed and treated with healing oils. But, for a long time, at least, it is not so. Prostrate before the rude altar, moaning, groaning, praying, crying, the penitentes lie, while others pipe, sing and pray. Then, retiring to the inner room of the *morada* the coadjutor washes their wounds.

On another occasion I witnessed, prior to the open procession, a reception of novices. This was on Holy Tuesday. There must have been fully twenty-five of

them. Secure, by the invitation of the *Hermano Mayor,* and standing near him, within the *morada,* soon after night-fall, I was a fascinated spectator and listener. A knock was heard and the voice of a novice chanted (in Spanish):

God's child knocks at this Mission's door for His grace.

Hermano Mayor (from within): Penance, penance is required by those who seek salvation.

The Novice: St. Peter will open the gate, bathing me with the light in the name of Mary, with the seal of Jesus. I ask this brotherhood: Who gives this house light?

Hermano Mayor: Jesus.

The Novice: Who fills it with joy?

Hermano Mayor: Mary.

The Novice: Who preserves it with faith?

Hermano Mayor: Joseph.

The warden now opened the door and the novice entered. He was received by the *Maestro de Novios* and the *sangrador,* who took him into the inner room.

In the meantime another candidate had begun the same chanting catechism, and in due time was allowed to enter. This time one of the coadjutors received him, and when several were thus admitted, I asked the *Hermano Mayor* to take me into the inner room. Calling another to his place, and bidding me keep well in the background, he took me into the "Holy of Holies" of the *morada.* There I heard the Master of Novices instruct the novice in his duties: obedience, loyalty to the brotherhood and its officers, faithfulness in attendance upon its rites, the absolute need of whipping-discipline for salvation, and above all secrecy. Nothing that transpired within the walls of the *morada* must be revealed under any circumstances. Then, turning this novice over to the *sangrador,*

another novice received his instruction, and yet another.

I now sidled over to the *sangrador* and watched him. It was well I was prepared beforehand or I should have fainted. Stripped to the waist, the novice bent over, resting his hands on a rude bench. An assistant held a lighted candle over his back, on one side. Standing at his buttocks, the *sangrador,* with a jagged piece of broken bottle, made a deep incision clear down the back of the novice on the left side, then another in the middle and still another on the right side. Wiping off the blood, he stepped to the side of the novice and made three parallel slashes across the back. This is the official seal of the brotherhood.

Some *sangradors* do their work with a savage efficiency that leaves deep scars for life; while others are more pitiful. It is a gruesome sight to witness these men, one after another, submit to this painful ordeal, and one marvels at their self-control when he sees the *sangrador* take a handful of salt and carelessly rub it over and into the wounds. The victim may, generally does, weep heavy tears, but save now and then utters no groan or note of protest. Only once have I seen the salt used. On two other occasions the coadjutor bathed the lacerated backs with tea made of a plant known as the "Romero weed." The proceedings are conducted with a solemnity that is profound. No one can fail to be impressed with the deadly earnestness of these men.

But I have overlooked a further important part of the initiation. Before the wounds are bathed, the novice asks:

> For the love of God bestow upon me a reminder of the three meditations of the passion of Our Lord.

In response the *sangrador* gives him three sharp lashes

with a rawhide whip on one side the length of the spine, and three on the other. The novice now cries:

For the love of God bestow on me the reminder of the five wounds of Christ.

Five lashes are given, and then in turn, "For the love of God" prefacing each request, the *sangrador* is asked to bestow the "seven last words," and the "forty days in the wilderness," all of which are given. With a final warning to secrecy the novice is now allowed to go home. Generally there is a procession of whippers to the *Calvario* following the reception of new brothers.

Ash Wednesday is spent in confessing their sins, whipping themselves in the seclusion of the *morada,* whipping and praying, or visits to other *moradas,* the penitentes fasting the whole day. A procession is generally formed during the day, in which the one chosen to be Christ is made known. He is named by the *Hermano Mayor* as the result of a choice by lot — the drawing of straws — or he is named by a vision. For be it known, some of the *Hermanos Mayores* openly claim to be the vessels of heavenly communication by means of visions. The "Christ" on this occasion drags a rude, heavy cross to the *Calvario,* accompanied by several others, either bearing crosses, or with cactus bound upon their naked bodies. The crosses are heavy, rudely constructed affairs, being nothing but heavy poles of unbarked pine, or similar wood, for the standard, with slightly smaller pieces for the cross-bars. Several times have I tried to carry one of these crosses, but failed. It is as much as I can do to merely stand and hold it on my shoulder, but these men drag them up the hill to the *Calvario,* and back again. True it is they often faint on the way, stagger and fall, and were it not for the activity of the *coadjutors* and

Photograph by Bert Phillips.

THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTING TO CARRY A TYPICAL PENITENTE CROSS.

other helpers, they might sometimes be severely injured with the weight of the crosses falling upon them.

In the meantime there are women devotees, who are just as earnest in their self-inflicted punishments as are the men. I have not yet learned whether there is any definite relationship to the fraternity allowed to women, or whether their activities are purely voluntary. But I have seen women with bare feet and legs standing in beds of cactus, and on one occasion I was asked to go and see a sick woman who had been found, the day before, insensible. On taking off her clothes it was discovered that she had wrapped a rawhide riata around her arms and legs so tight that blood circulation had been seriously impeded and infection had set in. When her friend began to remove the ropes the sufferer begged her to allow them to remain. It is stated that one woman so persisted that the wounds in one of her legs became so serious that the limb was amputated to save her life. Women sometimes accompany the processions, and it is said they used to whip themselves in public.

As Friday, the day of the Crucifixion of Christ, draws near, the frenzy or zeal — whichever one prefers to call it — approaches its zenith. One writer well versed in penitente practice, having witnessed the ceremonies again and again through his boyhood, thus describes them on Thursday night:

"About midnight of Holy Thursday the quiet of the sleeping mountain village is oppressive, broken only by the quiet sigh of the cold wind through the cedars, or the occasional 'ki-yi' of a coyote. Suddenly the silence is torn by a shrill, unearthly wail, coming apparently from the air itself. It is the *pito* heralding the Day of the Cross. Mingled with it comes the sound of voices; almost inhuman are they, keyed at the same high pitch and

with the same tortured wail as the flute. The crack of the lashes can be heard. On they come through the darkness. A lantern flickers between the pinions and the weary procession is silhouetted against the sky line. Some stagger under the weight of the tremendous crosses, the heavy logs dragging and crunching over the stones behind; the wet slap and swish of the *disciplinas* keeps time with the never ceasing *pito*.

"Staggering and reeling they pass, bleeding and quivering under the torture that seems beyond human endurance, going to few know where. Never have I met a person who has followed them to their destination on Thursday night. We surmise, however, that it is to a cross, somewhere on a lonely mountain.

"At last they return, their steps more unsteady. Some reel and fall, only to be scourged the harder, some scream in an ecstasy of fanatic feeling, but never does one waver under the punishment. It may be that they are all able to return unassisted, but usually, more than once, the poor *Cristo's* load weighs him down; more than once, the *companeros* must hold the cross or catch it to keep him from falling under it and having his brains crushed out."

Good Friday, however, is the great day. To the penitente this is the one day of the year, and to the *Cristo* it may be the one day of his life, for many a man nailed or tied to the cross on this day has never again been seen on earth by relatives or friends. When such disappearances occur, the victim's boots are returned to his quietly disconsolate family and they are informed that he has "gone on a journey."

As the first signs of morning begin to appear over the mountains the investigating visitor finds others — friends, sympathizers or the merely curious — wending their way to the *morada*. It is generally shiveringly cold. All my

memories of the Lenten doings of the penitentes seem wrapped in shivers, whether of cold or nervous sympathy, or both, I can scarcely tell. Since the hostility and interference of officious protestants one now finds, on approaching the *morada,* a number of men armed with loaded rifles and shotguns, acting as sentinels who guard against any interference, and also scare the wits out of any simple-minded camera fiend, who fondly imagined he might be allowed to make photographs.

Suddenly the thin wails of the pipe, accompanied with the rousing din of the *matraca,* burst upon the ear. This was the signal to the brothers, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion after pain, to awaken and engage in the solemn rites of the day. Soon thereafter the door opened and the procession formed as before related. But this time the backs of the penitentes were fearfully lacerated and it seemed impossible that they could inflict further punishment upon themselves. The *sangrador,* however, a stern faced Mexican — who would have made an admirable and officious assistant of the Holy Inquisition of torture days — evidently did not think so, for he dipped the *disciplinas* — the scourges — in water that they might cut the more severely. The ground was frozen; here and there ice glistened, and the wind blew with chilly blasts down the narrow canyon. We were shivering; how must it have been with the naked backs of those poor sufferers! Yet stolidly they marched, and we heard the swish of the whip, its "thwack" as it struck the quivering flesh, and we could clearly see the blood spattering as each blow fell. This procession was to the *Campo del Santo,*— the graveyard,— as the *morada* is in the village, but in some cases it goes to the appointed *Calvario.* In either instance the procession halts as usual before the cross which is found in place there.

After their return, the lacerated backs are bathed in Romero weed infusion; the penitentes all partake of a rude breakfast, brought to them by relatives or friends, and then, with the visitors, all become reverent attendants at an altar service, conducted by the *Hermano Mayor.* After singing, in which all present join, prayers are offered, and all devotees advance and kiss a crucifix held in the leader's hand, at the same time making a small monetary donation. Then, in a silence that is painful, one sits wondering what comes next. Later, on my questioning him, the *Hermano Mayor* explained this silence as being necessary in order that he might receive the instructions of the Holy Spirit as to the future conduct of the brotherhood. One private member, however, rather cynically informed me that it was to give the devil a chance to suggest how he might more cruelly torture the brothers at the next period of discipline.

Before noon another short march, with lighter whippings, takes place, and then there is a period of rest and meditation prior to the final and important procession of the afternoon. At this all the penitentes appear. There are sometimes as many as six or eight bearing crosses, the *Cristo,* of course, having by far the heaviest one, and occasionally wearing a crown of thorns. All the whippers are in line, and it is not uncommon to see the women devotees or sympathizers straggling along, near by, as near to the procession as they are allowed to come. On this occasion, also, where the brotherhood is numerous, the *Carreta del Muerto* — the cart of death — is used. This is a home-made cart, with solid wooden wheels, shaped out of the trunk of a tree, and with heavy wooden axles. Laden down with stones, upon which is placed a bed of cactus, it makes a fitting seat for a skeleton, representing Death, which holds in its bony fingers a bow,

Photograph by George Wharton James.

THE *CARRETA DEL MUERTO* USED BY THE PENITENTES AT TAOS.

with the arrow set in the string as if ready to shoot. This is in accord with penitente theology, which is of a sterner type than that of the old Greeks, who placed a skeleton at their feasts to remind them that death was near, and that, therefore, they must feast with the more complete abandon. This *carreta* is drawn by six or eight men, each with heavy chains fastened around his ankles. Ropes for traction go from the cart and are fastened around their necks, to suggest the strangle-hold Death has upon all men. This *carreta del muerto* is seldom seen now-a-days except by members themselves. It is generally kept in seclusion in the inner sanctum of the *morada.* On one occasion it is said the arrow was accidentally loosened from the taut bow and killed a bystander.

The *pitero* heads the procession, followed by the *Cristo,* carrying the heaviest cross, and other cross-bearers. Then come the whipping brothers. The men's singing is reinforced by the higher notes of the women, as the gruesome party moves forward. Every few steps one of the cross-bearers staggers and would fall were he not aided.

Of late years there has been no open daylight crucifixion, except in a few cases where it is known that wooden images were used. This has led to the assertion, now often made, that crucifixions have ceased. This is not true. They still take place, but with the utmost secrecy and in the night-time in some far-away spot on the mountain side where curious and prying eyes are not apt to be.

Owing to there now being no public crucifixion — unless the wooden representation of Christ be used in one — a change has taken place in the ceremonies. A circle is composed of fourteen crosses, and the penitentes go around this circle, stopping at each cross while certain

prayers are recited. Each cross represents one of the fourteen stations.

As they return to the *morada* the frenzy of the zealots seems to increase. The singing of men and women denotes greater ardour; the prayers become more fervent; the blows fall faster and heavier upon the lacerated backs of the self-whippers; and the blood flows more freely. The cross-bearers are generally wholly exhausted and have to be aided on each side, and it is no uncommon thing for one or more of the whipping brothers to reel and fall fainting to the ground, owing to the agony they endure.

It is with a keen sense of relief that the compassionate onlooker sees the door of the *morada* open and the piteous ceremonies brought to a close.

The well-informed authority before quoted says of the crucifixions that he knows still take place:

"The time of the crucifixion is an uncertain thing these years, but the method is still the same. The cross that has been dragged many miles by the doomed man is laid with its foot near a small hole. The Christ stands fearless and resolute near it. The men and sometimes the mother of the victim gather near. The *Hermano* to be crucified is laid on the cross, his arms are bound to the shoulders, his legs to the thighs with ropes; the *companadores,* bracing themselves, pull the ropes so tight that the circulation is stopped. The cross is quickly raised, bearing its human load. The sermon of the seven last words is read. Then all is silent, except for the sobs of the mother, perhaps of another Mary, and some sympathizer. Slowly and surely the limbs darken, slowly discoloration passes up the trunk. Just before it reaches the heart, the *Hermano Mayor* signals and the Christ — unconscious, perhaps frozen so stiff that when taken into the

morada he must be turned sideways so his arms may not block the passage — is taken down. It may be that he regains consciousness, it may be that he does not. In the event of the unfortunate *Cristo* dying he is buried secretly before morning in some lonely place.

"A year later a small cross is placed over his grave. The reward that comes to him and his family is heaven. Of this they are all fully assured.

"The culminating tragedy over, quiet reigns supreme. Except for the usual noises of birds and beasts, the occasional tinkle of a goat- or cow-bell, all is still. Just after dark, however, the quietude is pierced by the startling notes of the *pito* and *matraca*. All are summoned by these imperative and insistent noises. The Mexican populace,— men, women and children,— all come in a body, all the *Brothers of Light* are there, and even those who carried the crosses, and the poor victims of their own whippings arrive. Again the solemn procession marches, but this time it is to the church. The service to be held is known as *tinieblas*. This is the name originally given to the matins or morning service of the Catholic Church held on the three last days of Holy Week. But among the Mexicans it seems to have changed its significance. It is applied to the evening service on Good Friday, which is conducted in entire darkness. This is in accord with the scriptural account of the occurrences after the crucifixion of Our Lord. St. Luke tells that 'there was darkness over all the earth' from the sixth to the ninth hour, 'and the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.' St. Matthew adds that 'the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened: and many bodies of the saints arose.'"

In one service which I witnessed, just *prior* to the *Tinieblas* the church was lit with twenty-four candles,

twelve on each side, placed in a triangular box. The hymn "La Passion" was sung, followed by the recital by the priest of twelve psalms, each psalm said to represent one of the twelve apostles. At the close of each psalm an acolyte extinguished a candle in each box, thus symbolizing the desertion of the apostle from Our Lord.

By this time the little church was filled, the general audience occupying the main floor, while the penitentes had taken possession of the choir gallery. Now began the *tinieblas*. To the scariness of perfect darkness was added a perfect clamour of horrible sounds — the rattling and clanking of chains, beating of a drum, shaking of sheets of tin or zinc, beating together of coal-oil cans, etc., while men and women shrieked and groaned, shouted and yelled with a wailing, suffering quality that made one feel he was indeed in hell. Lummis says this part of the ceremony is intended to represent the arrival of the soul in purgatory, but every one of the brothers and *Hermano Mayors* with whom I have spoken, and all the Mexican attendants on the services have translated the word *tinieblas* for me as "earthquake," clearly indicating that they regard this as the culmination of the actual occurrences on Calvary. For fully five minutes this unearthly noise continued. Then there was a sudden hush. Out of it a voice was heard calling for a *sudario*. This is a handkerchief or cloth put over the face of the dead. Immediately some one began a prayer. At its conclusion the racket was resumed in all its ear-splitting hideousness, continued for about five minutes, and was again hushed. Another *sudario* was called for. And thus, alternating noise, the silence, the *sudario,* lasted for an hour or more.

As near as I can gather the call for the *sudario* for a certain person supposed to be in purgatory materially

aids, if not altogether succeeds, in advancing it on its journey to heaven. For the whole philosophy of the penitential faith is that the sufferings willingly endured here produce a corresponding joy and freedom from pain and distress in the after life. The symbolism, thus, is apparent. As Christ rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, the penitentes believe that they can vicariously assist their deceased friends to ascend into heaven from purgatory.

The final *sudario* responded to, the noise hushed, the audience disperses, the mass of the people go to their homes, the penitentes to the *morada,* where they transact the business of the year, electing officers, etc. This often keeps them all night — as in more supposedly refined communities — and when all is done to their satisfaction they retire to their homes, each one assured that his soul is safe, until warned by the *Hermano Mayor* that his sins demand another penance, or until the arrival of the next yearly carnival of penitential agony.

Silenced by their vows of secrecy and yet allowing so much of their ceremonial to be seen by the public, there is little wonder that a thousand and one wild stories are circulated in New Mexico about the penitent brothers. One might naturally expect that those who so strenuously professed a desire to partake of the sufferings of Christ would also show forth some of the Christlike life. Lummis, however, says, and many good people in the State confirm his assertion, that this is a " serious error: "

> There are among them good but deluded men; but many of them are of the lowest and most dangerous class — petty larcenists, horse-thieves, and assassins, who by their devotions during Lent think to expiate the sins of the whole year. The brotherhood, though broken, still holds the balance of political power. No one likes — and few dare — to offend them; and there have been men of liberal education who have joined them to gain political influence. In fact it is un-

questionable that the outlawed order is kept alive in its few remote strongholds by the connivance of wealthy men, who find it convenient to maintain these secret bands for their own ends.

It is well known that some of these men are criminals, for there are several now in the state penitentiary at Santa Fe. As soon as they undress for bathing the guards recognize the "seal"— the scars of the cuts upon the back — and know them as penitentes.

At present, there is a serious split in the brotherhood. There are two factions, one having, I am told, over seventeen hundred members, and the other over a thousand, in the counties closely adjoining Taos County — the headquarters being in the city of Taos. The chief *Hermano Mayor* of the larger faction is a saloon-keeper.

That the brotherhood is under the ban of the Church does not seem to affect them at all. Many times in talking with members, I have said: "But you are *not* good Catholics. The Archbishop has said you cannot receive the sacraments of the Church if you remain penitentes," and the immediate response has been: "What matters it, Señor, I am a penitente!" That seems to settle the whole question with them. Yet, while under the official ban of the Church, the priests do not seem able clearly to separate the sheep from the goats. The penitentes often march from their *moradas* direct to the churches, and join the regular congregations in the services, as in the case of the *Tinieblas,* and I have photographs of one penitente celebration in which the regular parish priest blessed certain of the participants, etc.

And as for the law! — the penitentes used to regard themselves as outside and beyond the law. If a penitente was known openly to have injured an outsider practically no attention was paid to the matter by the *Hermano Mayor.* He might run off with his neighbour's sheep,

cow, burro, or even his wife, with impunity. But let him injure a brother penitente in any way, the *Hermano Mayor* not only could sentence the culprit to most condign punishment but his commands were held in such reverence that he had power to enforce them. Many a recalcitrant brother has felt the lash of the wire *disciplina;* and I have talked with one man who had been buried up to the neck, in a large *olla,* and compelled to remain in it all night, by order of the Chief Brother. One man was compelled to give up half of his herd and sheep and whip himself to and from the Campo Santo, because of a wrong committed, and still another crawled from his home on his knees, carrying a bundle of *chollas* on his bare back, to the home of another whom he had injured. There are many rumours afloat of brothers who, having violated the secrets of the order, have been buried alive, but, of course, such rumours are almost impossible to verify.

Such was the state of affairs thirty, even twenty, years ago. But the march of civilization is rapidly changing affairs, and men in authority are beginning to care less for penitente opinion, influence, or threats. Quite recently in one penitente stronghold — a county seat — several men were arrested for violating federal statutes in regard to selling liquor to Indians. The first man tried was convicted. The second and third were penitentes. Strong influence was brought to bear against having these men even brought to trial and when they were finally arraigned before the U. S. Commissioner the courtroom was filled with armed and angry penitentes, and a large mob of them gathered outside, clearly for the purpose of intimidating the Commissioner. He, however, was a man of sturdier type who believed in observing the law, and in enforcing it upon wrongdoers, and he contrived in

some way to let the *Hermano Mayor* know that if any riot occurred, or any other untoward thing happened, he would personally be held responsible. The trial proceeded, the men were found guilty and sentenced, and the penitentes began to realize that they were living in a land where they, as well as all other citizens, were amenable to the law.

Lummis quotes a song I have several times heard, and which shows how some outsiders regard the morals and flagellations of the penitentes. It runs:

"Penitente pecador,
Porque te andas azotando?"
"Por una vaca que robe
Y aqui la ando disquitando."

Which is, by interpretation,

"Penitente sinner,
Why do you go whipping yourself?"
"For a cow that I stole,
And here I go paying for her."

Considering the facts I have related it can well be understood that for many years I regarded the penitentes as incomprehensible fanatics, hypnotized into such superstitious and zealous frenzy that they were largely unaware of what they were doing to themselves, and that the whole organization and its life depended upon the fostering of these superstitious and fanatical ideas by wicked, crafty, cunning, and self-seeking leaders.

But of late years I am free to confess, there has been growing within me a strong belief that these explanations of penitente phenomena are inadequate and insufficient. Something more is needed than blind, fanatical, superstitious faith in the word of a leader, however crafty and cunning and specious he may be.

Is there not in the human heart, at times, at certain

stages in our mental and moral development, a natural desire for self-abasement, self-punishment? Every people of every clime in some period of their existence has had its "penitentes." From the aboriginal peoples whose shamans often carry the sins of their fellows away into the desert,— as the scapegoat of the Jews of the Exodus carried theirs into the wilderness,— through the fakirs of India, the ascetics of medieval times to the monks and nuns of our own day, the controlling idea is the same. Therefore I no longer dismiss the penitente with the shouts, "Fanatic!" "Ignorantly superstitious!" I don't understand him, quite. Perhaps I never shall. "Quien sabe?"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW MEXICO

Those who judge New Mexico solely by what they see traveling over main lines of railway to California know little or nothing of the wonderful charm and delight found in its mountains. Within its confines are to be found ranges that combine all the distinguishing characteristics of the Adirondacks, the Alleganies, the White Mountains of New England, and the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Even rare and strange human elements are not wanting, for there are miner and prospector-hermits, scholarly students bent on discovering facts and principles that they deem are hidden here, and Indians whose history was hoary long prior to Columbus or even the birth of Christ.

While by far the greater part of the State is composed of grassy plains and arid valleys lying between the levels of 4,000 and 7,000 feet, it is also diversified by higher mountain ranges which stand out in bold relief, usually capped with dark forests. Here and there are to be seen half-barren, jagged little peaks and ridges, rich in desert colours, quaint vegetation, and interesting forms of animal life, and often rich in minerals. The lowest part of the State is in the south, where the Pecos River crosses the line at about 2,800 feet elevation, and the Rio Grande at about 3,700 feet, while the highest is in the north, where Wheeler Peak towers above the northernmost of the Pueblo towns — that of Taos — at an altitude of 13,600 feet.

While I have climbed practically all the high mountains of New Mexico the following descriptions are taken *bodily* from Vernon Bailey's *Life Zones and Crop Zones of New Mexico,* a monograph issued by the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Professor Bailey and his wife, Mrs. Florence Merriam Bailey, have spent many months, scattered over a large period of years, in studying the plant, bird and animal life conditions of New Mexico, and the State owes much to their devotion and their faithful and happy transcriptions of the results of their observations.

New Mexico would be a sad and forsaken land, indeed, were it not for the mountains. They are just as essential to human and agricultural life as her valleys, for without them the latter would almost be waterless and hence unlivable.

For half the year the higher mountains are practically uninhabitable on account of cold weather and deep snow, but for the other half, when they are pouring streams of clear water into the lowlands, they are serving also as the summer resort and pleasure ground for the valley dwellers, not only from New Mexico, but from other States. There is therefore an imperative need for the careful guarding of these valuable assets of a developing State: Water, forests, grass, and a great outdoor playground for its people. An intimate knowledge of the more important ranges is the first step toward adequate protection of their natural resources.

Two branches of the main Rocky Mountain mass of Colorado extend into northern New Mexico, the San Juan Range on the west and the Sangre de Cristo Range on the east of the Rio Grande Valley. The Sangre de Cristo is the highest and most extensive range in the State, with broad plateaus, high mountain valleys, and

three groups of peaks (Culebra, Taos, and Truchas) rising above 13,000 feet. From Colorado it extends south between and a little beyond Santa Fe and Las Vegas in a broad and well-defined range. The lowest saddle in this range is Taos Pass, 9,280 feet; the highest point is Wheeler Peak, 13,600 feet. There is usually a central crest of sharp peaks and ridges rising above the broad shoulders of the elevated plateau. In places the range is double, with high interior valleys, and throughout it has a complex series of long, steep, and often rocky exterior ridges reaching down to the outer plains. The upper slopes, lying mainly above 10,000 feet, are deeply cut or broadly rounded by comparatively recent glacial action. Numerous *cirques* or glacial amphitheaters cutting into the base of the higher ridges and peaks give ample evidence of the forces that chiseled the cliffs and gouged the hollows. Numerous and often extensive lateral or terminal moraines stretch across or along the edges of the valleys. An example of the usual type of stream source in these well-watered mountains is the head of Pecos River. A mile below the little lake, at 11,700 feet, from which the river rises, the stream rushes down a morainal dam, apparently 500 or 600 feet high, to flow for some distance through a round-bottomed valley, after which it cuts its way out of the mountains through a sharp-bottomed gulch. Numerous other lakes, some mere shallow ponds of snow water, others deep green basins left behind the moraines or scooped out of the solid rock in glacial paths, form the headwaters of visible or hidden streams. These are mainly near or above 11,000 feet, but lower down the stream courses are almost devoid of natural reservoirs. Springs and creeks are numerous from near timber line down through the higher zones, but become scarcer toward the base of the mountains as

the streams gather into larger and more widely separated channels.

Until the midsummer rains begin the mountain slopes are drenched with melting snow. As late as August 14, 1903, a few large snow banks still occupied the cold slopes of the Truchas Peaks, while one small drift yet remained behind the crest of Pecos Baldy. On August 12, 1904, a little of the old snow still clung to the cold slopes of Taos and Wheeler Peaks, and on August 20, some large banks were found on Culebra Peak. It is doubtful if the winter's snow ever entirely leaves these tall crests of the range, which during most of the short summer are heavily streaked with white.

During July and August showers, often violent, are of frequent occurrence about the peaks. In consequence of this abundant moisture over the upper slopes, vegetation has a vigorous growth, even where reduced to a carpet of Alpine plants. The coniferous forests of the upper slopes, where undisturbed by fire, are dense and clean. Grass is abundant in the open, and the parks and timber-line meadows are brilliant flower gardens. Even the highest peaks, when not of bare rock, are carpeted with dwarf Arctic and Alpine plants of exquisite beauty and fragrance.

The forests lie in well-marked belts, or zones, around these mountains, as is plainly seen where a broad view of the range can be had from an elevated point on some opposite range. The upper timber zone, or Hudsonian, is but a vanishing fringe of forest, where the foxtail pine and stunted spruce and fir struggle for bare existence among the rocks.

Then come the spruce and fir in the Canadian zone, covering the slopes from 9,500 feet to 12,000 on the southwest and from 8,500 to 11,000 feet on the north-

east. In a few places, narrow tongues of trees reach down into the canyons as low as 7,500 feet, or even clear through the Transition Zone. At one place at 7,500 feet where the Pecos flows through a deep narrow gulch, spruces and firs cover the cold slope, while just over the crest of the ridge on the warm slope ten rods distant there are nut pines, junipers, and live oaks. Such overlapping or interlacing of zones merely shows the extreme effect of local configuration on temperature.

The Transition Zone is that occupied by the yellow pine, covering the lower slopes from approximately 7,500 to 9,700 feet on the southwest and 7,000 to 8,500 feet on the northeast. Usually the yellow pines stand in scattering growth or open forest, occasionally in dense groves of young trees. The Douglas spruce also is an important tree in the upper part of this zone, which it invades from the Canadian Zone above, while several of the deciduous oaks are irregularly distributed through it, and the narrow-leaved cotton-wood borders most of the streams.

The zone of juniper and nut pine, or Upper Sonoran Zone, covers the foothills and reaches out over the surrounding plains and valleys. Along the Pecos River Valley it ascends on southwest slopes to about 7,500 feet and along the west base of the range to about the same altitude. On northeast slopes in the Pecos Valley and along the east base of the range it reaches to about 7,000 feet. The upper edge of the zone is marked by the limit of nut pine, juniper, several species of cactuses and yuccas, and many shrubby plants, and the beginning of tall yellow pine timber.

Animal life in these mountains is abundant and in many ways is of unusual interest. Such rare birds as rosy finches, pine and evening grosbeaks, pipits, solitaires, three-toed woodpeckers, and ptarmigan are found dur-

Photograph by U S. National Forest Service.

A SUMMER CAMP IN THE SANTA FE NATIONAL FOREST.

ing summer high up in the mountains, while Clark's nutcrackers, Rocky Mountain jays, and long-crested jays are regular camp visitors. Water ouzels bob in the streams, thrushes, kinglets, warblers, vireos, tanagers, juncos, and sparrows sing exuberantly during their breeding season, and brilliant hummingbirds flash among the flowers. There are also a few band-tailed pigeons and some dusky grouse and wild turkeys.

White-tailed and mule deer are present, although becoming scarce, coyotes and black bears are fairly common, and there are still a few grizzlies or silvertips, gray wolves, and red foxes. The beavers are increasing under recent protection.

The big tuft-eared gray squirrels are an interesting feature of the yellow pine belt, while the little spruce squirrels and striped chipmunks give added life and interest to the forest. Big woodchucks whistle from the ledges and boulders and the odd little rock conies squeak and stack their hay under slide rock near timber-line. Pocket gophers, mice, and shrews burrow into the mountain slopes or make tiny roads under cover of protecting vegetation.

Most of the streams are well stocked with trout, which often penetrate to the very sources of the little creeks above 10,000 feet. With proper restrictions good fishing and hunting can be permanently maintained and even greatly improved.

The mountains form a natural park and ideal pleasure ground for summer camping and attract more campers each year. Some day they may be more highly valued for this purpose than for sheep ranges and lumber yield.

From the majority of campers here, as elsewhere, much remains to be desired in camp ethics, especially in guarding the forests from fire and their inhabitants from wan-

ton destruction, in beautifying rather than desecrating camp grounds, in guarding streams from pollution, and so sharing health and happiness with others and passing these advantages on to future generations. The useless destruction of song birds and harmless animals is due mainly to ignorance. To any but a human brute the beauty and songs and interesting ways of our wood neighbours in feather or fur appeal more strongly than do their dead and mangled bodies. From the boy or man who once begins to study them more closely than at rifle or shotgun range they are comparatively safe.

West of the Rio Grande Valley the San Juan Mountains extend from Colorado south to the Chama River, which separates them from the Jemez Mountains and interrupts what would be otherwise a continuous range. The San Juans are a wide and not very high range, with a broad expanse of plateau top at about 10,000 feet and few points rising to 11,000 feet. Their broad middle slopes are largely covered with open yellow-pine forests and the upper slopes with dense growth of spruce and fir, alternating with great grassy parks and meadows. On the west slope deep canyons cut into the range, and along at least one of these, the Brazos Canyon, east of Tierra Amarillo, rise sheer granite cliffs, Yosemite-like in size and structure. The lack of timber-line peaks gives a tameness to these mountains that is increased by gentle slopes and good roads over the highest parts of the range, but among the advantages are ease of access to many beautiful camp grounds, good springs, abundant grass, cool forests, and many sunny slopes, while many rough canyons offer picturesque grounds for exploration.

These mountains differ from the Sangre de Cristo range in animal and plant life, mainly in the absence of Hudsonian and Arctic forms of higher altitudes. Both

ranges are characterized by the Rocky Mountain species of southern Colorado, with comparatively few sub-specific variations.

The Jemez Mountains are of about the same extent and general character as the San Juans, from which they are separated by the deep narrow canyon of the Chama River. They are largely volcanic, with the highest peaks standing as remnants of old crater rims 10,000 to 11,500 feet high. Santa Clara is the highest peak, while several others are only a little lower. Pelado Peak is 11,266 feet high, Abiquiu 11,240, and Goat Peak, just south of the head of Santa Clara Creek, 10,400.

None of these reaches true timber-line, although on northeast slopes near their summits the timber is dwarfed and a few Hudsonian Zone plants are found.

On the middle slopes of the mountains, streams and springs are numerous, but the high peaks and ridges are generally without water. Some of the streams disappear or are used for irrigation before they extend far into the valleys, while others carry their surplus water to the Rio Grande. Numerous dry washes show evidence of fierce floods that tear down them during heavy rains. The mountains are generally covered with soil and vegetation except where cliffs and canyon walls break through and long lines of broken lava extend down from the peaks. A number of large park-like valleys at 8,000 to 9,000 feet afford valuable grazing land, but most of the mountain area is well forested.

Southwest of the Jemez Mountains lies the Mount Taylor Range or group, in close connection with the Zuni Mountains. There has been much confusion in regard to the name of this group of mountains, parts of which have been called San Mateo, Sierra Chivato, and Cebolleta Mountains. The name San Mateo is also applied

to the range west of San Marcial; the other names apply to local ridges or mesas. As Mount Taylor is the highest point, its name has been used to designate the group.

Following the Zuni Mountains come the Datil and Pinyon Mountains leading across the high plains to the Mogollons, the last great link in the broken chain between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Madre of Mexico.

The Mount Taylor group is a broad volcanic plateau with the great ruin of an old lava crater, Mount Taylor proper, at its southern end, standing 11,389 feet at the highest point of its wide semicircular rim and inclosing a steep secondary cone about 1,000 feet high. Part of the plateau is lava from the old crater, part from numerous smaller craters scattered over its surface. Series of great sandstone ridges stretch away to the west beyond Fort Wingate, including Hosta Butte, Navaho Church, Mesa Butte, and Sierra de los Lobos, which almost connect with the Zuni and Chusca Mountains. These ridges, 7,000 and 8,000 feet high, are mainly flat-topped mesas like the Chusca and the western part of the Zuni Mountains. The mountains are not well watered. A beautiful permanent creek winds down inside the old crater of Mount Taylor and cuts its way out through the broken rim on the south.

A few other little creeks and scattered springs breaking out around the edges of the mountains are permanent, but the greater number of streams are merely spring torrents from melting snow.

The Chusca Mountains [1] are a long low range, in reality

[1] The name Chusca, or Choiskai, is generally applied to the southern half, and Tunicha, or Tunitcha, to the northern half of this perfectly continuous and nearly uniform range. There is certainly not room for two names, and I have used the one that seems better known and in its shorter form, which is in common use among local residents.

Photograph by George Wharton James.

SAN MATEO MOUNTAIN — ALSO CALLED MT. TAYLOR.

a long mesa or plateau, extending from a little north of Gallup northward across the New Mexico and Arizona line and almost connecting with the Carrizo Mountains, a higher, rougher group lying mainly in Arizona.

Most of this mesa is of sandstone, 8,000 to 9,000 feet high, with abrupt rimrock margins, but toward the north there are ridges of rough lava rock and basaltic cliffs. The top is an undulating forested country with great numbers of shallow lakes, usually without outlets. Below the rim are numerous springs and short creeks that rise in the canyons and flow for a short distance down the steep slopes or in a few cases out into the neighbouring valleys. There is abundance of water for stock, but very little for irrigation.

The Navaho Indians live in large numbers in the open canyons or wide gulches around the base and lower slopes of these mountains. Here on moist, mellow flats their garden patches yield a good supply of corn and wheat, beans and squashes for winter provisions; their herds of sheep, goats, cattle, and horses range out on the plains, or up the mountain sides; scattered nut pines, junipers, and live oaks furnish not only fuel and shelter but even food; and the yellow pines come down low enough to be available for house logs and timbers. It is a region of primitive comforts but with no possibility of a great future in agriculture.

In summer many of the Indians with their herds migrate to the cool broad top of the range, where there is good grazing and abundance of water. Numerous *hogans,* summer huts of rude pattern, are scattered over the top, but there are no evidences of attempted agriculture except the sheep corrals and occasional little horse pastures. During my trip over the Chusca in October, 1908, the mountains were practically deserted except for

stray bands of cattle and ponies, and wisely so on account of cold nights, driving winds, and rain and snow.

The Navaho Indians in their religious reverence for feathered spirits have made their great reservation to some extent a bird preserve. Ducks are unmolested in the lakes and doubtless breed there in considerable numbers. Wild turkeys have held their own unusually well, but have suffered somewhat from hunting by outsiders and Christianized Indians. Some mammals, considered sacred, especially the black bear and coyote, have also thrived, while the mule deer and antelope have been exterminated over a wide area. Prairie dogs are now popular game animals and the Indians, who shoot and dig them out for food, have almost depopulated some of the dog towns.

Another range of mountains seen from the Santa Fe trains opposite the Mount Taylor range, is that known as the Zuni Mountains.

At their highest eastern end, where Mount Sedgwick rises to an altitude of about 9,300 feet, the Zuni Mountains are rough and volcanic, but to the west they are great flat-topped ridges 8,000 to 9,000 feet high, largely of sandstone with abrupt rimrock edges. Extensive lava fields with numerous small craters stretch off to the south and east, while isolated buttes and ridges are scattered beyond.

The mountains are well timbered but poorly watered. The few small streams that flow down the mountain valleys reach the plains only during high water. The timber is mainly yellow pine in open forest, now largely cut over but originally of great extent and value. There are some Douglas spruces and Gambel oaks; aspens and spruces cover the higher cold slopes and we found there in June a number of Canadian Zone birds, such as the western

goshawk, long-crested jay, Clark's nutcracker, junco, Williamson's and red-naped sapsuckers, broad-tailed hummingbird, western flycatcher, pine siskin, ruby-crowned kinglet, Audubon's warbler, brown creeper, and Audubon's hermit thrush.

The necessity for a group of names for the mountains of western Socorro County, New Mexico, is apparent to all who know or speak of them. While the maps give names to the many local ranges comprising this group, people constantly speak of these ranges collectively by the name of the highest central peaks, the "Mogollons." In the broadest sense of this term is made to include the Mogollon, Burro, Black, Mimbres, Diablo, Little Elk, Tularosa, Tucson, Datil, Pinyon, Oak Spring, and San Francisco Ranges, which form one extensive and regular mountain mass, a continuation of the chain which includes the White Mountains of Arizona. The name has now become restricted to that part of this chain lying in middle western New Mexico. To the northwestward they are loosely connected through the White and San Francisco Mountains of Arizona with the ranges extending through central Utah, and still more loosely through the Zuni Mountains with the Rocky Mountains of northern New Mexico and Colorado. But in both these cases the connection is much closer than with the Sierra Madre of Mexico to the south, where a broad belt of low plains intervenes.

The greater part of the Mogollon Mountain mass is rough plateau 7,000 to 8,000 feet high, deeply cut with many canyons and here and there ridged with 9,000- and 10,000-foot ranges. At least three of the central peaks of the Mogollons reach an altitude of about 11,000 feet, but not high enough for any true timber-line or for many Hudsonian Zone species. Still they are high enough to

be of great importance, for on the border of a region of low hot deserts they receive a heavy fall of rain and snow. They feed most of the sources of the Gila River, several forks of which rise close under the highest peaks, and they have been called the Gila Mountains. They are covered by the Datil National Forest on the north and the Gila National Forest on the south, formerly mainly included under the name Gila National Forest.

The mountains are largely volcanic, and many of the high ridges and plateau tops are very old, deeply cut, and eroded lava rock. There are many other formations, however, including numerous ore-bearing strata. Many of the cliffs and canyon walls along the branches of the Gila and San Francisco Rivers are sandstone, much eroded and full of cracks and caves.

The Canadian Zone of this group which ranges above 8,500 feet on the cold slopes and 9,500 feet on the warm ones, is generally steep and difficult of access, of little value for timber, and of less use for stock or agriculture. Its worth as a source of water supply for rich valleys below can hardly be realized. As a permanent breeding ground for game birds and mammals, as a source of beautiful and teeming trout streams, and as an ideal camping resort to which people flock from the hot valleys below, its importance is steadily increasing.

Below this comes the Transition Zone, which is characterized by beautiful open forests of yellow pines, with scattered Douglas spruce and a sprinkling of Mexican white pine. In places there are scrubby oaks of the *gambeli* group, the white-leaved oak, and New Mexico locust, and along the streams are generally fringes of narrow-leaved cottonwood, alders, willows, and cornel.

This open clean-trunked forest is not only of great and permanent value as a source of lumber supply to a

vast treeless region, but it affords much of the finest grazing land in the State. There is far more humidity than in the valleys, and if the range is not overstocked the grazing need not interfere with forest growth and reproduction.

Some agriculture on very restricted areas would be possible in this zone, but its value would be little in comparison with that of the present forest, water, and grazing. Over a great part of the area the surface presents the formation commonly termed *malpais,* which consists of extensive lava beds partly covered with thin layers of soil and with angular fragments of lava strewing the ground so thickly as to make traveling difficult, and in most places to render cultivation impossible.

The Magdalena and San Mateo Mountains are so closely connected with the Mogollon Mountains and resemble them so much in general features and fauna and flora that they might well be included in the group if narrow Upper Sonoran valleys did not intervene. The following description is from reports by E. A. Goldman, who has worked in both ranges.

They extend along the west side of the Rio Grande Valley in Socorro County as steep, rugged desert ranges, reaching approximately 10,000 feet in altitude. They are very rocky, with numerous side canyons and sharp ridges and steep slide rock slopes. They retain but little of the water that falls on them, and while showing deep erosion they have few streams and only occasional springs. The little available water along their basal slopes is, however, of great value, as the surrounding country is devoted mainly to stock raising.

They are scantily forested with the usual Rocky Mountain trees.

Three life zones are represented: Canadian, Transition,

and Upper Sonoran. The Canadian Zone covers a narrow crest along each range and extends down to 9,500 feet altitude on hot slopes and to 8,500 feet on cold slopes. It is characterized by such trees as the aspen, white fir, Douglas spruce, and Rocky Mountain maple; by the long-crested jays, Clark's nutcracker, junco, and Townsend's solitaire; and by the Rocky Mountain meadow mouse, a red-backed mouse, and a little shrew.

Transition Zone covers the lower slopes of the mountains from about 7,000 to 8,500 feet on cold slopes and from 8,000 to 9,500 feet on hot slopes. It is characterized by scattered yellow pines, narrow-leaved cottonwoods, oaks of the *Quercus gambeli* group, *Ceanothus fendleri, Sericotheca, Prunus,* gooseberries, and currants. Its birds and mammals are practically the same as those of the Transition Zone of the Mogollon Mountains.

The Upper Sonoran foothills and basal slopes are characterized by the usual juniper, nut pine, live oak, bear grass, yucca, and cactus. There are numerous dry washes and a few springs and streams. Agriculture is limited mainly by lack of water to a few garden patches and a little fruit raised for home use in the canyons and gulches. There is usually good grazing over the foothills and basal plains, and stock raising is an important industry.

The San Luis and Animas Mountains form in the southwestern corner of New Mexico the northern terminus of the Sierra Madre of Mexico. The higher part of the San Luis range lies south of the boundary line, but the Animas range, north of San Luis Pass, is practically a continuation of it, and attains an altitude of 8,600 feet near its northern end. The Big Hatchet Mountains (8,300 feet) and Peloncillo Mountains (about 6,500 feet) are outlying ranges less closely connected with the main Sierra Madre but largely occupied by the same set of

species. Hemmed in on the north, east, and west by hot Lower Sonoran valleys, these steep, rough, arid little ranges are widely separated from the Mogollons and Rocky Mountains on the north. As the Animas peaks are the highest and most northern part of this ragged terminus of a great range, their plant and animal life is of particular interest.

While the San Luis and Animas Mountains are of relatively slight importance for lumber, grazing, or agriculture, they still catch moisture and render the surrounding valleys habitable and valuable. There are no rivers of any importance for irrigation, but the streams that sink at the base or half way up the sides of the mountains break out lower down in springs, or carry a supply of good water below the surface to the bottoms of broad valleys. Thus stock raising becomes the most important industry, and where open water cannot be found within reach of good grazing areas, wells or tanks are used. Eventually parts of these warm rich-soiled valleys will be reclaimed by pumping from wells or reservoirs supplied by water from the mountain slopes.

Incidentally the mountains are of some value as natural game preserves, but in such small areas the game will soon be exterminated unless protected. At present the country is so thinly settled that protection for game depends mainly on the interest of the ranch owners and the more intelligent settlers. In most cases, however, local interests are powerless against outside hunting parties and irresponsible campers, though the New Mexico Game Protective Association has done excellent work in warning and punishing violators of the law during the past few years.

The Big Hatchet Mountains, according to Ranger E. A. Goldman, which are in the southeastern part of Grant

County, form a steep, rugged, desert range with a trend from northwest to southeast. They are steep and rough on all sides, but are tilted upward very abruptly toward the west. The highest peak, near the northern end of the range, is over 8,000 feet high. Toward the southern end the range divides and nearly surrounds a small, open valley, while farther south rises another rugged but lower desert range or group called the Alamo Hueco or Dog Mountains. On the northeast of the Big Hatchet Mountains the low range called Doyle Hills crosses the international boundary into Chihuahua, and farther to the eastward in Chihuahua is the Sierra Boca Grande, similar in height, trend, and general character to the Big Hatchet Mountains. All the mountains of the general region are very arid, and no permanent water or even temporary "tanks" are found in the Big Hatchet Mountains. The broad, gently sloping Hachita Valley extends along the eastern side of the mountains, at about 4,200 feet altitude, with drainage toward Lake Guzman, Chihuahua, while the Great Playas Valley lies west of the mountains.

The Manzano and Sandia Mountains form the eastern border of the Rio Grande Valley opposite Albuquerque and Belen. The northern part of the range is known as the Sandias and the southern part as the Manzanos, the two ranges being separated by a high pass or open saddle. The Manzanos are joined loosely toward the south to the lower San Andres Mountains by way of the Cerro Montoso, Chupadero Mesa, and Sierra Oscuro, but the main part of the range includes only the Manzano and Sandia Mountains, which reach altitudes of about 10,000 and 11,000 feet, respectively, and carry narrow crests of the Canadian Zone and a wider and continuous area of the Transition Zone. On the west these ranges drop abruptly

Photograph by Walton, Albuquerque.

BEAR CANYON, IN THE SANDIAS.

to the low Rio Grande Valley, while eastward they slope off gradually to the high open plains. The upper zones are narrow on the steep, barren west slope and much wider on the gradual and better-forested eastern side. Though in the midst of an arid country, these mountains are high enough to induce considerable precipitation, which results in a good cover of vegetation and extensive forests. There are numerous springs and a good supply of underground water far down the slopes, but streams are few and mainly ephemeral.

The Canadian Zone covers the tops of these mountains and the cold slopes down to about 8,000 feet. It is well marked by a rather meager forest of white fir, blue spruce, Douglas spruce, *Pinus flexilis,* aspen, and Rocky Mountain maple, with mountain ash, alders, and willows in cold gulches and along streams. It has a few characteristic mammals, the spruce squirrel, pocket gopher, dusky shrew, and probably others not yet recorded. The breeding birds are little known, as most of the field work done in the range has been late in the season. On July 30 I found half-grown wild turkeys near the top of the Manzano range, but they may have wandered up from below after the nesting season. I also found olive-sided flycatchers, juncos, and thrushes that were probably on their breeding grounds.

The Upper Sonoran Zone of the foothills and surrounding valleys is the main zone of agriculture and stock raising. The foothill division of this zone is of particular interest along the eastern slope of the mountain, where it carries picturesque little forests of nut pine, juniper, and scrub oaks, with tree cactus, prickly pear, yuccas, red barberry, skunk brush (*Schmaltzia trilobata*), and other shrubs scattered between. Many little farms and stock ranches are located along this slope in sheltered

corners where some irrigation is obtained from flood water and where dry farming yields occasional crops. The old apple trees at Manzano, from which the mountains are named, are said to be over one hundred years old. They are very large but yield poor ungrafted fruit. Much if not most of this juniper belt would seem admirably adapted to apples if sufficient moisture for the growth of trees and fruit could by proper cultivation be conserved in the soil.

The natural growth of grama and other grasses is good and forms fine grazing, while the gulches and timber afford good shelter for stock.

The name Sacramento Mountains is applied by the United States Geographic Board to the range lying west of Pecos Valley, and includes the groups locally known as the Jicarilla, Sierra Blanca, Sacramento, and Guadalupe Mountains. These form a practically continuous chain of ranges about one hundred and forty miles in length and thirty miles in greatest width. They lie between the Pecos and Alamogordo valleys and extend a little below the Texas line. On the west and north they are distantly linked by high mesas with the Manzano Range and these again by other high mesas with the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, which are part of the Rocky Mountains proper.

Sierra Blanca, the highest peak in the range, rises 11,880 feet. The Captains are over 10,000 feet, the Sacramentos, near Cloudcroft, 9,500 feet, and the Guadalupes, near the Texas line, 9,000 feet. The lowest pass is over the Guadalupe arm, which comes down to about 7,000 feet. On the west and at the north and south ends the mountains are abrupt and rugged, while on the east in the broad central part they slope gradually down to the broad plains of the Pecos Valley. The various groups

form a well-timbered range in the midst of arid plains, carrying a few Mexican or peculiar species or subspecies of animals and plants, but dominated largely by Rocky Mountain species.

The Canadian Zone of this group of mountains is one of cool coniferous forests throughout which are numerous parks and spruce-bordered grassy gulches where springs and little streams afford conditions for delightful summer camps. For the people of southeastern New Mexico and much of western Texas it is the most convenient resort during the long hot summers. Railroads and wagon roads make the mountains easy of access at many points and the national forests should insure the protection of this natural park region. Only a few years ago it was famous for its variety and abundance of game, especially elk, mule deer, white-tailed deer, antelope, bighorn, black and silver-tip bears, and wild turkeys. The elk are now exterminated and other game birds and animals are becoming scarce, but it is hoped that they can be protected so that present numbers at least shall be maintained.

CHAPTER XIX

THE NATIONAL FORESTS OF NEW MEXICO

MANY people who have seen New Mexico only from the transcontinental trains have the impression that the State is largely desert. This is because the railways, in order to find the easiest grades, naturally avoid the mountain ranges and seek the more convenient elevations. Few people are aware that on the higher elevations of New Mexico are to be found millions of acres of great forests, green mountain pastures, clear cold trout streams, and a summer climate that combines all the sunshine of the desert with the cool mountain air born only of pines and snow-capped peaks. This mountain country of New Mexico lies mostly within the National Forests. These forest areas contain not only a large proportion of the material wealth and resources of the State, but offer as well a unique variety of opportunities for sport, rest, and recreation to the city dweller and tourist.

There are seven National Forests in New Mexico, comprising a gross area of approximately ten million acres and bearing a timber stand of fifteen billion board feet of timber. They are administered by the Government with the purpose of insuring a permanent timber supply and to prevent the destruction of the forest cover which regulates the flow of streams. They provide for a permanent lumbering industry; supply material needful for the development of ranches, farms, and cities; protect the watersheds essential to agricultural development; add stability to the livestock industry; promote the de-

velopment of facilities for transportation and communication on the forest areas, and contribute through the receipts derived from their administration to the road and school funds of the counties in which they are situated. Mining, agriculture, and all other uses of the forest areas not incompatible with their primary purpose, are encouraged by the Forest Service.

The timber resources of the New Mexico National Forests, under forest management, are estimated to have a present annual productive capacity of about eighty million board feet of lumber, sufficient to build each year 8,000 homes for the people of the State, without diminishing the stand or forest capital. This annual production may be expected largely to increase with the practice of better methods of management. The watersheds which the forests protect affect the flow of most of the important streams in the State, and all of the larger irrigated districts derive a large part of their water supply from the National Forests.

The greatest enemy of the timber and water supply of New Mexico is fire. Before the creation of the National Forests, forest fires destroyed millions of feet of timber annually. But with the present system of lookout towers, telephone lines, and trails, the Forest Rangers are enabled to detect and reach all fires with great promptness, and over ninety per cent are extinguished before they have covered ten acres.

The Forest ranges of New Mexico are a large factor in the livestock industry of the State. One hundred and eighty-three thousand head of cattle and horses and five hundred and fifteen thousand head of sheep and goats are grazed each year for a small fee per head. The grazing regulations of the Forest Service are aimed to protect the small stockmen and to produce an equitable distribution

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

of grazing privileges and a permanent grazing industry. Under scientific management the productive capacity of the forest ranges is increasing each year through the development of watering places, the construction of range improvements, and the improvement of the forage crop.

The Forest Service is rapidly improving transportation and communication facilities on the New Mexico forests. It has built 1,200 miles of telephone lines, 83 miles of new roads, and 1,200 miles of trails for the purpose of facilitating administration and protection of the forest areas.

One-fourth of all Forest receipts are paid direct to the local counties for roads and schools, an additional five per cent goes to the State on account of school lands administered by the Forest Service, and ten per cent is expended by the Forest Service for roads. The total sum accruing to the roads and schools of the State, exclusive of the Federal Aid Road Act, is about $100,000 per year.

The National Forests of the Southwest are self-supporting, and in fact turn in a handsome profit, which is steadily increasing with increased development. It costs $180,000 a year to protect and administer the New Mexico Forests and they turn back into the public treasuries the sum of $250,000 annually.

The National Forests of New Mexico offer excellent business opportunities to stockmen and lumbermen who are seeking a location. With the general development of the State, new bodies of timber are becoming marketable, concerning which the Forest Service furnishes definite information to prospective purchasers.

In addition to the purely economic resources of the New Mexico Forests, they have a large and increasing value in the attractions which they offer to travelers, sportsmen, and health-seekers, and in their increasing

popularity with the people of New Mexico and adjacent states as a location for summer homes. They are becoming more and more the vacation ground for the men of moderate means. On the headwaters of the Pecos, for instance, the Forest Service has laid out a large number of summer home sites, which can be leased for ten year periods at rentals varying from $10 to $25 per year. With the building material already on the ground and obtainable from adjacent sawmills, $300 or $400 will build a very comfortable cottage. An automobile road brings the cottager to his front door. The Forest Service telephone line and near-by post office connects him with civilization, and almost at his doorstep he can enjoy excellent trout fishing and the finest scenery in the Southwest. These summer home sites are being rapidly taken up, mostly by the business men of the New Mexico cities. In the not far distant future, it would be safe to say that many of the Southwestern Forests will be dotted with summer homes and will supply health, rest and recreation to many thousands of visitors.

The Datil National Forest

A huge sweeping circle of mountain ranges over a hundred miles in diameter, embracing three million acres of grazing ranges and great bodies of virgin timber as yet unpenetrated by railways; a region full of wealth and business but fuller still of untouched resources — this is the Datil National Forest.

The timber stands of the Datil Forest are estimated to contain three and a half billion feet of lumber and five million cords of wood. The development of a great lumber industry in this region awaits only the extension of railroads.

An extensive and thriving stock industry has already

developed, practically all of the range being utilized. Permits are issued annually for the grazing of about 52,000 cattle and horses and 129,000 sheep. A few of the mountain valleys support agricultural settlements.

An interesting and potentially important resource of the Southwestern Forests is the heavy crop of nuts borne every few years by the pinion pines which grow in extensive stands along the lower edges of most of the mountain ranges. The pinion industry is rapidly developing on the Datil Forest. In 1916 over a million pounds of nuts, worth about $96,000 wholesale, were shipped from Magdalena. These nuts were all gathered from the hoards of the native pack-rat. Without the services of this little animal in gathering the nuts, the pinion industry could not exist. With a growing shortage of food, the pinion industry will doubtless undergo a rapid expansion in the future.

The Gila National Forest

The Gila National Forest, administered from headquarters at Silver City, New Mexico, comprises an area of 1,600,000 acres in the region of the Mogollon, Black, and Big Burro Mountain ranges, and includes particularly valuable resources of timber, range, and minerals. The forest area includes the headwaters of the San Francisco, Gila, and Mimbres Rivers, on which large areas in both New Mexico and Arizona are dependent for their irrigation water.

The high mountain region known as " the Mogollons " is inaccessible except by saddle horse and pack train. It contains numerous trout streams which afford excellent fishing. Thanks to the efforts of the local Game Protective Association in enforcing the game laws, the Mo-

gollons are also well stocked with deer and wild turkey. They offer a real hunting ground to the sportsman who is looking for a thorough outing.

A large proportion of the Gila Forest is covered with valuable stands of timber estimated to contain over two billion board feet of lumber and nearly a million cords of wood, the sawtimber being western yellow pine, Douglas fir and Engleman spruce, while the cordwood is largely juniper and oak. Due to inadequate transportation facilities a considerable proportion of the timbered area is at present inaccessible. The forest at present supplies the raw material for four active sawmills, but the increasing development of the region will make possible a large extension of these lumbering operations without exceeding the sustained producing capacity of the forest. Excellent opportunities are offered by this timber, especially to large operators who are in a position to undertake construction of logging railroads.

The principal present industries of the Gila Forest are mining and stock raising, the steady development of which has made the region well known as one of the most productive in the State. Grazing permits are issued for a total of 64,000 head of cattle and horses, and 13,000 head of sheep and goats annually. There is every indication that the forest area will indefinitely support at least these numbers of stock.

The Lincoln National Forest

In southern New Mexico, extending north and south for two hundred miles between the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Pecos, are a succession of high mountain ranges which comprise the Lincoln National Forest. Almost surrounded by great expanses of treeless country, the wooded slopes of these mountains provide timber and

give rise to living streams on which the development of many adjacent agricultural areas is dependent.

A more obvious, but not less valuable resource of these mountains is the bracing summer climate they offer to the people of the hot valleys and plains of southeastern New Mexico and western Texas. No other section of New Mexico is attracting as many summer visitors. This summer population centers mainly in the resort at Cloudcroft, in the Sacramentos, to which a special chapter is devoted, and on the Ruidoso, in the White Mountains.

The grazing ranges of the Lincoln Forest afford pasturage for twenty-six thousand cattle and horses and twenty-three thousand sheep and goats. The productivity of parts of the lower ranges has in years past suffered severely from an over-abundance of prairie dogs. In 1915 the U. S. Biological Survey exterminated the dogs on one hundred thousand acres of range in the Guadalupe Division. As a result of this work, the Guadalupe range is supporting many hundreds of additional head of cattle.

To the sportsman or naturalist, the most interesting feature of the Lincoln Forest is the small herd of mountain sheep that survive in some of the rugged escarpments of the Guadalupes. The Forest Rangers, the State authorities, and the New Mexico Game Protective Association are making a united effort to enforce the law protecting these sheep, in the hope that they will increase and eventually restock the other ranges of the State where they were formerly abundant.

The Carson National Forest

Situated in the extreme north central part of New Mexico, the Carson National Forest more closely resembles the mountainous regions of Colorado than those of New Mexico and Arizona. The Forest area lies in three di-

Photograph by U. S. National Forest Service

A GOAT RANCH IN THE LINCOLN NATIONAL FOREST.

visions and is administered from headquarters at the historic town of Taos, the home of the famous scout and pioneer, Kit Carson, after whom the forest is named.

The Carson National Forest is an area of large economic importance, and of intense and varied interest. Its comparatively ample rainfall and heavy winter snows give rise to many streams which form a part of the headwaters of the Rio Grande and San Juan Rivers. Its timber resources are of considerable magnitude, the total stand being estimated as a billion and a quarter board feet of lumber, and over seven hundred thousand cords of wood. These timber resources are in process of rapid development, and at present supply active sawmills with the material for their operation. Among these is one of the largest sawmills of the Southwest, which is operating in connection with fifty miles of especially constructed railway lines. The pinion nut industry is also important during nut years.

The grazing resources of the Carson Forest are fully utilized by the numerous small Spanish-American towns included within and adjacent to the Forest boundary. About 9,000 cattle and horses and 149,000 sheep and goats, in addition to many thousands of milk and work animals which are carried free of charge, graze on the Forest ranges.

The Carson Forest is one of the oldest settled regions in the United States. In the seventeenth century this was the frontier where the northward spreading Spanish settlements contended with the nomadic Indians of the Rockies for the possession of the land. In the days of the " Forty-Niners " one of the branches of the *Santa Fe Trail* passed through Taos. Quaint old churches, ancient orchards, and picturesque walled plazas remain to this day as monuments to the long history of this region.

And in the more remote canyons are to be found dozens of cliff dwellings, some not yet explored by scientists.

Except for the neighbourhood of Taos, famous for its Indian Pueblo, its picturesque Indian festivals, and its artist colony, the Carson Forest still remains largely unexplored by the general public. Dozens of fine trout streams; the wonderful Toltec Gorge; the lake region of Wheeler Peak, the highest point in New Mexico; and even the new automobile road over Red River Pass are still comparatively unknown to the traveling public. With the gradual extension of good roads, this region will take its proper place as one of the most interesting in New Mexico.

The Manzano National Forest

This Forest comprises eight divisions, aggregating over a million acres, located on the various mountain ranges of central and western New Mexico, and is administered from headquarters at Albuquerque. The best estimates available place the total stand of timber at four hundred and twenty million board feet of lumber, mostly western yellow pine, Douglas fir, white fir, and Engleman spruce, and one and a half million cords of pinion, juniper and oak wood.

The Manzano-Sandia Division, lying to the east of the city of Albuquerque, is topographically distinct from the remainder of the Forest by reason of an uplift of the geological formation which exposes the rock strata on its western slope in the form of a precipitous escarpment of about four thousand feet, a prominent feature of the view from the city of Albuquerque. The long eastern slope, on which most of the timber is located, follows the dip of these strata, thereby causing almost the entire precipitation of the mountain range to drain eastward into

the Estancia Valley. This valley has been extensively settled by dry farmers. It has now been demonstrated that irrigation water may be obtained by pumping at levels varying from ten to one hundred feet below the surface. The future prosperity of the valley would therefore appear to depend on a stable and adequate supply of underground water, and it is certain that most of this water is derived from the National Forest area immediately to the westward, whose careful administration accordingly assumes additional importance.

The three remaining divisions of the Manzano Forest located on the San Pedro, Chupadera and Zuni Mountains, also bear valuable stands of timber, which furnish material for large sawmill operations.

The Manzano National Forest is an important grazing region, affording range for nine thousand and five hundred head of cattle and horses, and 98,000 head of sheep and goats each year, as well as for a large additional number of cattle, horses and goats grazed free of charge by the settlers and by Zuni and Navaho Indians. The forest is comparatively densely populated, about three thousand people being directly dependent on its resources for their immediate livelihood, and a much greater number for fuel and timber supply.

The Manzano country is a region of great historical interest. Adjacent to the Sandia and Chupadera Divisions are found the Abo Ruins and the Gran Quivira National Monument, while between Mt. Sedgwick and Zuni Divisions is Inscription Rock, to which a special chapter is devoted.

The Santa Fe National Forest

In northern New Mexico, on either side of the valley of the Rio Grande, lies the Santa Fe National Forest, em-

bracing a gross area of a million and a half acres. The forest headquarters are at the historic town of Santa Fe.

The watersheds of this forest, supplying important feeders to the headwaters of the Rio Grande and embracing the headwaters of the Pecos River, bear a most important relation to the irrigated agricultural regions tributary to those two streams.

The timber resources of the Santa Fe Forest are only beginning to be developed. The total stand is estimated to be over two and a half billion board feet of lumber and half a million cords of wood. The forest supplies material for eight active mills. Excellent opportunities are offered, especially by the timber on the Jemez Division, to lumbermen prepared to undertake big operations.

The grazing resources of this Forest are also of very considerable importance. Permits are issued annually for about nine thousand head of cattle and horses and one hundred and two thousand head of sheep and goats. Most of these animals belong to the settlers of the adjoining valleys. There is at present some excess range, especially on the Jemez Division, which offers a good opportunity for settlers desiring to enter the stock business to secure grazing privileges under the Forest Regulations. The forage on the excess range is largely bunch grass, which is best adapted for the summer grazing of cattle and horses.

While important for its economic resources and watershed value, the Santa Fe National Forest is most widely known by reason of its Cliff Dwellings, historic Franciscan Missions and its popularity as a summer resort. The archæological interest of the region centers largely in the cliff dwellings of the Jemez Division, while its best known historical monuments are found in the ancient city of Santa Fe, formerly the capital of the Spanish

Photograph by U. S. National Forest Service.

SANTA FE LAKE, SANTA FE NATIONAL FOREST.

province of New Mexico, and famous in American history as the half way station of the Santa Fe Trail. The present development of the recreation resources has taken place largely on the headwaters of the Pecos River. Here are found a number of hotels for the accommodation of tourists, while the excellent fishing and the delightful climate and scenery are attracting a growing colony of summer cottagers. A similar area is being developed on Gallinas Canyon adjacent to Las Vegas.

The Coronado National Forest

The Chiricahua Division of the Coronado National Forest occupies the summits of several small mountain ranges in the extreme southwest corner of New Mexico, and the southeast corner of Arizona. The Forest area is exceptionally rough and mountainous, and in addition to the value of its timber to the large treeless areas surrounding the forest, the protection of its watersheds is a vital factor in the maintenance of the underground water on which the valleys of Playas, Animas, San Simon, Sulphur Springs and San Pedro, mainly in Arizona, are becoming increasingly dependent. In fact it has been demonstrated that the depth of the water table of at least one of these valleys is largely in direct proportion to the distance from the forest watershed.

The Chiricahua Forest is administered with headquarters at Tucson, Arizona. The principal industry at present is the grazing of cattle, which occupy the Forest range during most of the year.

Chiricahua is the Indian word for turkey, which were formerly abundant in these mountains but are now locally exterminated. Many of the interesting animals and birds of Mexico are found on the Chiricahua, including the Paroquet, Javelina, and Jaguar.

CHAPTER XX

THE BIRD LIFE OF NEW MEXICO [1]

New Mexico is not only a State full of bird life — it is a veritable aviary. It is a bird-garden, in which are gathered, under one roof, as it were, representatives of bird life from the four corners of the earth. The reason for this extraordinary variety is not hard to find. It arises from the fact that New Mexico embraces so many different kinds of country. Birds of the arctic tundra — birds of the Mexican jungle; birds of the treeless plains — birds of the farm and orchard; birds of the piney woods — birds of the sage-brush; birds of the lakes and rivers — birds of the barren hills; birds of the ocean and air — birds that burrow underground,— all these, and more, find a congenial home somewhere in New Mexico. Scientists tell us there are over three hundred and twenty bird species native to the State. If New Mexicans are wise, they will not suffer the destruction of a single species of this rich heritage.

Is New Mexico a waterless desert? Looking down on the State, as it were, from above, it is a little white bird which conclusively gives the lie to this very common assumption. This little white bird is the arctic ptarmigan. Even the seasoned traveler naturally associates the ptarmigan with dim wastes of Alaskan tundra,— with midnight suns and caribou; with the great white reaches of the "land of little sticks." But New Mexico also has

[1] For this chapter I am indebted to Aldo Leopold, Assistant District Forester, U. S. Forest Service.

Photograph by U. S. National Forest Service

A NEW MEXICO WILD TURKEY

her land of little sticks. Ask the mountaineer of Sangre de Cristo Range, and he will take you there. High up on the naked timberline peaks beside little snow-fed lakes fringed with arctic wild flowers, you will find the ptarmigan. Only a few to be sure, and those rigidly protected by game laws, and by rewards offered by the New Mexico Game Protective Association for the apprehension of vandals who molest them. But still they are ptarmigan,—snow-white in winter as they cruise about on feathery snowshoes; brown-white in summer as they make their nests among the lichen-covered granite crags. And with them you will find the little rabbit-eared cony, the whistling marmot, the little dwarfish conifers, the scant grasses and willow bushes, and all the proper settings for a little arctic island in the sky.

In flat countries a thousand miles of transitional territory separates the home of the ptarmigan from the pine woods. In New Mexico the two are hardly more than a stone's throw apart. Flanking every mountain range of the State is a broad belt of coniferous timber, which lies mostly within the National Forests, and is endowed with its own collection of native birds, including dozens of especially interesting species.

The characteristic bird of the New Mexico pineries is the wild turkey. These Southwestern pineries are, in fact, the only place where this typically American bird, so permanently interwoven with our national history and traditions, is still to be found in sufficient numbers to afford the ordinary traveler or vacationist even a slender chance of seeing one. "Turkies," as Lewis and Clarke called them, are scarce enough, even in New Mexico, but if the efforts of the State's bird-conservationists are successful they will remain for all time an interesting feature of the Southwestern National Forests. A flock of wild

gobblers is a splendid sight, and well worth many days' travel to see.

To the eastern bird-lover, the most amazing performer among the pinery birds is the little gray water ousel. The ousel frequents the cold gushing trout-streams of the mountain slopes. He frequents them literally. He lives not by, but *in* the ice-cold snow water of the Alpine torrents. He does not even swim — but walks among the dripping boulders, quite indifferent as to whether his circumambient medium is the water or the air. But the final touch to the astonishment of his beholder comes when he flies "spat!" into the very face of a roaring waterfall and disappears therein. Only the initiated knows that he has gone to his nest, which is often built on the cold wet rocks behind the wall of water — safe from every preying thing that creeps or swims or flies.

Hundreds of other birds likewise frequent the pineries. Faintly cheeping flocks of pygmy nuthatches animate the pine boughs; gaily painted hummingbirds dart like little meteors above the flowered carpet of the woods; band-tailed pigeons boom and coo in the tops of the towering fir-trees, and maybe a splendid blue-grouse will thunder out from under the stroller's feet and disappear into the quivering curtain of aspen leaves. And in the evening the ringing melody of the thrush echoes from out some still abyss against the hushed thickets of the mountain sides.

Below the pineries lies an ocean of rolling cedar-covered foothills. Autumn is the time to see the foothills of New Mexico, and the pinion jay is the bird whose memory is indelibly associated in the mind of the bird-lover with the foothill country. Great flocks of these rollicking fellows wander about among the spicy groves of cedar and pinion, rending the crisp autumn air with

their merry cries, and conducting themselves for all the world like a flock of shouting schoolboys out on a nutting tour of a sunny Saturday afternoon. *Piñoneros* they are called by the native people. The name has a ring to it which is singularly appropriate. Spanish names possess this quality of musical description to an extraordinary degree — witness also the *cadornices,* or little blue-gray foothill quail, known to science as the scaled partridge. The word has no particular literal meaning, but it somehow fits these swift-footed little fellows as they dart to cover among the sage bushes with raised crests and soft whistles of alarm.

Fanning out from the foothills in great graceful sweeps, measured not in miles, but in scores of miles, lie the New Mexico plains. Even these great reaches of treeless country have their distinctive birds,— mostly quiet little sparrows, threshers, and larks that flit noiselessly from one little clump of snakeweed or pingue to another. The most characteristic bird of the plains is the burrowing owl. He often inhabits the prairie-dog towns, where he sits solemnly blinking at the mouth of his burrow. The real relation, or lack of relation, between this little owl and his prairie-dog neighbours presents an interesting field for ornithological study which has by no means been exhausted.

The nearly birdless plains are a fitting interlude to prepare the traveler for that real paradise of birds — the river valley. Flanked by miles of treeless mesas, these valleys are like ribbons of oasis, threading the State in every direction, and crowded with birds of a hundred varieties. In the spring the grassy *vegas* ring with meadowlark music. Along the edges of the cotton wood *bosque* flash red and yellow tanagers, bright blue grosbeaks, and long-tailed magpies resplendent in black and

white. Noisy chats scold from the willow thickets, and in the hedgerow and orchard the western mockingbird sings all day and all night. Sleek waterfowl splash and play on every pond, and swift winged doves dart in and out of the gnarled old cotton woods that line the roadside and the banks of the irrigation ditches. In the valleys of the southern part of the State the traveler also finds many unfamiliar species that belong to Old Mexico. The rose-coloured pyrrhuloxia, the vermilion flycatcher, the white-necked raven, the white-winged dove, the diminutive ground dove, and a dozen other semi-tropical species furnish a real treat to the bird-lover. And occasionally, in the southern foothills, the persistent observer may even find several species of parrots and paroquets, so rare that the scientists are not yet ready to recognize them as duly authenticated visitors on our side of the international boundary. But they are there, and who knows how many other species not yet scientifically recorded? It is a rich field for the ornithologist — this border country — and truly thrilling discoveries are yet to be made in it.

New Mexico is one of the few Western States which has awakened to the interest and value of her bird life. National Bird Refuges have been established on the waters impounded by the Elephant Butte Dam and the Carlsbad Dam, and the New Mexico Game Protective Association is now campaigning for the establishment of a third Refuge at Stinking Lake, which is one of the most wonderful breeding grounds for waterfowl in the whole West. The bird-lovers and real sportsmen of New Mexico are making a really earnest effort to prevent the destruction of the wonderful variety of wild life with which nature has endowed their State. They have begun by eliminating partisan politics from their state game department, which has resulted in a much better enforce-

ment of the game laws. Forging ahead under their slogan, " Remember the Buffalo," the outlook for the actual practice of wild life conservation in the State is a particularly favourable one.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FLORA OF NEW MEXICO

To the technical botanist or the ordinary lover of flowers New Mexico is one of the most desirable States in the Union. For, while it is doubtful whether any other State, except California, and possibly Colorado and Texas, could present so large a list of interesting flora as New Mexico, it is still not half explored, and it is not improbable that the future will see its catalogue considerably extended.

Already about seven hundred varieties have been found, and scores of these are not only indigenous to the State, but were first found here, and many of them apparently do not exist elsewhere. The reason for this great variety is readily apparent to any one conversant with the topographical diversity of the State. Here are high mountain peaks, barren desert plains, rolling foothills, "staked plains," vast sand-mounds, well-watered valleys, elevated plateaus, the *jornada del muerto* — a veritable desert of death — and all the richly clad mountain slopes where trees, plants, and flowers abound in luxuriance and variety.

It should be interesting even to the general reader to follow what might be called the botanical history of New Mexico. The first known collector to visit the State in his professional capacity is one whose name is attached to many species peculiar to the West. It was Dr. A. Wislizenus, who accompanied Doniphan's expedition in 1846–7, and entered the region from Kansas, striking

Wagon Mound, Pecos, Santa Fe, Albuquerque and down the Rio Grande, over the *Jornada del Muerto* to the upper crossing of the Rio Grande.

In 1849 and 1851–2 Charles Wright, at the suggestion of Dr. Asa Gray, came to the Southwest to make botanical collections and spent some time in the State. He collected along the lower Rio Grande, at Mimbres and around Santa Rita, and also in the Organ Mountains.

In 1853 an expedition was sent out by the federal government under Lieut. Whipple, for the purpose of finding a railroad route from the Middle West through to California. The botanist of the expedition was Dr. J. M. Biglow. He did the major part of his work, however, east of Albuquerque, it being too late for successful botanizing when he passed further west.

Again, in 1854, another railroad-route-exploring expedition (Pope's), collected plants and flowers, in the extreme south, above El Paso, and still another (Parke's), which entered by way of Santa Rita and went down the Rio Mimbres to the Rio Grande and thus to El Paso.

It is rather remarkable that New Mexico should have so large a flora, for the State is relatively high above sea level, its lowest valleys being more than 3500 feet in altitude, while some of the mountains soar into the peerless sky far above timber line. These elevations, combined with the inland location of the country, produce climatic conditions of atmospheric humidity, variations and extremes of temperature, and an intensity of light that are especially severe on all plant life. Only those plants can live that are peculiarly adapted to these conditions. The lack of moisture in the air is particularly hard upon plants that are accustomed to a humid atmosphere, since it increases the evaporation from their leaf surfaces to such a degree that they find they are able with great diffi-

culty to get enough water from the ground to replace that lost by evaporation.

The changes of temperature, too, both diurnal and annual, are extreme. The altitude renders the atmosphere thin and the lack of moisture heightens this effect. The heat of the direct rays of the sun shining through this thin and dry atmosphere, is intense, yet as soon as the sun goes down the drop in temperature is sudden, great and severe. The growing season, therefore, in New Mexico is very long, and the total quantity of heat received during the season much larger than the average. This tends to produce rapid growth in plants and trees, but shortens their lives.

Sunlight is essential to the life of a plant and it must have it in proper quantity. Yet plants differ as much in the amount of light they need as in their demands for water. Some species require strong light, others only a small amount, while others thrive best when they get a quantity of shade. It is also a fact that some trees, while young, demand shade, yet when they mature they demand an abundance of light. Hence it will be seen that in New Mexico the light conditions — except, perhaps, on the slopes of the high mountains where the dense coniferous forests exist — are extremely severe, for the direct sunlight is exceptionally intense, and the reflected light very strong.

In view of these conditions, therefore, the wonder is not that there are so few varieties of plant life that thrive in New Mexico, but that there are so many that have adapted themselves to such an inhospitable environment.

It is well to set forth these climatic conditions in clear and definite statement that their influences upon the State's botanical resources may not be forgotten. 1. Very dry atmosphere; 2. Extreme daily variation in

temperature; 3. Late spring frost; 4. Very high summer temperature; 5. Very intense light. In addition it must be recalled that upon many of the plateaus there is a sparcity of soil and here and there relatively large quantities of alkali.

To those who wish to study the botany of New Mexico and its various light zones can be commended highly a small report issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey, entitled *Life Zones and Crop Zones of New Mexico,* by Vernon Bailey. It is full of information and readable as a novel, and gives definite knowledge of the fauna of the State as well as the tree and plant life.

There are certain regions in New Mexico that have been botanically studied and explored with unusual care and from this fact it might be assumed that the whole State is known equally well, but Paul C. Stanley in his *Localities of Plants from New Mexico* thus writes on this matter:

> Two localities in New Mexico are remarkable for the number of plants described from them, Santa Fe and Santa Rita. The reason for this is the fact that the first extensive collections made in the Southwest were made largely at these two places. Although there is hardly a county in New Mexico in which a few new species have not been found, it is not to be inferred that the flora of the Territory has been thoroughly explored and that new plants are no longer to be discovered within its boundaries. This is far from being the case. With but few exceptions the areas that have been best explored are those most easily reached by railroad. In the more remote parts of New Mexico there are hundreds of square miles that have never been visited by any botanical collector. When explored, these will reveal dozens of new plants to swell our list. Even in the best-known regions new plants are continually being found. More collecting has been done in the Organ Mountains than in any other part of the Territory, yet a botanist seldom visits them, limited in extent as they are, without finding something new to their flora.

Elsewhere this same writer, in conjunction with E. O. Wooton, enlarges upon the fact as follows:

As a result of our study of this rather ample material we have compiled a list of the plants of the State, which shows that the flora of New Mexico will compare favourably in number of species with that of any of the Western States. It is to be remembered that the plant life of the State is still imperfectly known, except in certain limited localities. Even in those areas which have been fully investigated unknown plants are often turning up; and there are extensive ranges of mountains and hills, as well as stretches of plains, where little or no collecting has been done. For example, the Jemez Range, one of the largest in the State, has never been visited by a botanist. Fewer things of interest are to be expected there, however, than in some of the regions near the boundaries, particularly on the eastern and southern sides. One of the writers in the summer of 1911 collected in the northwestern corner of New Mexico and found more than a hundred species that had not been known previously from the State. Equally productive would be collections made along the southern edge of New Mexico, especially in the Guadalupe and San Luis Mountains and about the south end of the Sacramentos. Along the western border there may be expected many Arizona species which have not yet been collected in New Mexico. When it is realized that the area of New Mexico is above one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, which is considerably more than the combined areas of New York and the New England States, and that the number of those who have collected extensively in the region is less than a dozen, it is clear that there remains a fertile field for exploration by those interested in taxonomic botany. When new plants are still being found in New England, where for the past century or more hundreds of botanists and botanical collectors have been at work, it is evident that it will be many years before any botanist working in almost any part of New Mexico will fail to find plants that have not before been reported from the State.

Perhaps the most striking features in its botany to the stranger who sees New Mexico for the first time is its cacti. While there are nothing like so many here as in Arizona or California, it is in New Mexico that the traveler from the East first sees them; hence they are impressed upon the mind as an individualistic feature of this State, and the conception has become popular, viz., that New Mexico is essentially the home of the cactus. Another popular misconception is that any queer-looking,

PALO VERDE.

MESQUITE.

DESERT FLORA.

THREE ETCHINGS BY WALLACE L. DEWOLF.

(See page 394.)

spine-covered plant growing on a mesa or desert is a cactus.

Already I have referred to the peculiar climatic conditions of New Mexico. These have a direct bearing upon the number and variety of the cactus growths. There are five genera found, viz., Opuntia, Mamillaria, Echinocactus, Echino-Cereus, and Peniocereus, and in these there are known to exist in New Mexico among the Opuntia, 28 species; Mamillaria, 12 species; Echinocactus, 7 species; Echino-Cereus, 14 species; and Peniocereus, one specie, making 62 varieties in all. Arizona has more than three times this number, hence it, rather than New Mexico, should be known as "the Thorny State."

While a popular belief has sprung up that a cactus will grow anywhere on the desert, such is very far from the fact. Many varieties are extremely sensitive to cold, and where the temperatures vary so greatly as they do in New Mexico quite a number are unable to live.

Few Eastern people have any idea how large a part the cactus plays in the food supply of the Indians and the poorer of the Mexicans of the Southwest. The prickly pear, or tuna, has as many varieties of fruit as an apple. It is pearlike in shape, and covered with spines, hence its name. He who would eat of it must learn to handle it properly: certainly not "without gloves," and if "firmly" then when the spines are removed. When the New Mexican wishes to eat or cook these pears they are generally impaled upon a wooden skewer, or other implement, and well peeled, the person doing the peeling, however, being very careful not to let thumb, fingers, or hand touch the unpeeled fruit. For the thorns are far worse than they appear; and there are incalculably more of them. It seems incredible that one even totally ig-

norant of them could do what once I saw an Eastern tourist do. He left the car at some siding where we stopped soon after reaching New Mexico, ran and picked off a prickly pear from its lobe-like leaf of cactus *in his handkerchief.* He was *still* removing thorns when I bid him good-by in the Los Angeles depot two days later.

The skin should be plentifully removed — there is enough of it. It is almost like the rind of a watermelon, and only the inner part of the fruit is worth eating. Many strangers do not like the flavour at first, any more than they do ripe olives, fresh figs, tomatoes, casabas or persimmons. But those who acquire the taste are exceedingly fond of them. It is said that most, if not all, of the edible varieties were brought from Spain or Mexico by the Franciscans, for there is little or no flavour, and little flesh or juice in most of the native wild varieties. Still the Indians possibly had learned, in their seasons of famine, to eat even these, and were ready to enjoy to the full the better varieties wherever they came from.

There is also a syrup made from the prickly pear, called by the Mexicans, Miel de Tuna — pronounced *mee-el day too-nah* — by boiling down the crushed pulp and then straining out the seeds. It is of the consistency of honey or molasses, and, after standing awhile, gradually candies.

The " cactus candy " so popular from New Mexico and Arizona is made from the barrel cactus, or nigger-head, — Mexican, *bisnaga, Echinocactus wislezeni engleman* — by boiling in one or two waters to take out the peculiar vegetable taste, then boiling in sugar or fruit syrup until candied.

CHAPTER XXII

THE INFLUENCE OF NEW MEXICO UPON LITERATURE

If a country is to be judged by the influence it exercises upon the artistic emotions and expressions of man, then, indeed, New Mexico must rank high. For few of the States have stimulated, as has she, so vast an amount of literature of a high order, and in so many diverse fields, and been the inspiration and love of so large a number of literary artists.

Before entering more fully upon the general subject it may be interesting to the reader to learn how the geologic wonders of New Mexico have led to the enlargement of our scientific vocabulary. Captain Clarence E. Dutton is the writer, in his fascinating monograph published in the *Sixth Annual Report of the U. S. Geological Survey,* entitled "Mount Taylor of the Zuni Plateau." He asks:

> By the way, what is a Mesa? What is the special significance of this term? And why is it used instead of good Anglo-Saxon? I will now answer these questions by asking another. Did it ever occur to the reader how poverty-stricken the (I will not say the English exactly, but) Anglo-American language is in sharp, crisp, definite topographic terms? English writers seem to have gathered up a moderate number of them, but they got most of them from Scotland within the past thirty or forty years. They are not a part of our legitimate inheritance from the Mother Country. In truth, we have in this country some three or four words which are available for duty in expressing several scores of topographic characteristics. Anything that is hollow we call a valley, and anything that stands up above the surrounding land we call a hill or a mountain. But the Spanish — or Mexican, if you prefer — is rich in topographic terms which are delightfully expressive and definite. There

is scarcely a feature of the land which repeats itself with similar characteristics that has not a pat name. And these terms are euphonious as well as precise: they designate things objective as happily and concisely as the Saxon designates things subjective. Therefore we use them. There are no others adapted to the purpose. A mesa means primarily a table. Topographically it is applied to a broad, flat surface of high land, bounded by a cliff, the crest of which looks steeply down upon the country below. And the Plateau country is mesa, mesa everywhere — nothing but mesa. It is not at all necessary that the high tabular surface should be completely encircled, or irregularly but completely environed, by a descending cliff. One side may be cliff-bound, while the other dies away by a gentle, barely perceptible declivity into distant lowlands. Still it is a mesa. Or a few miles back of its crest line a second cliff may spring up to a higher flat beyond. Even so it is a mesa to the Mexican; a mesa, though we might in this case call it a terrace. The Mexican sees but one side at a time, and if that answers to the general conception it is enough for him.

To any student of the growth and development of the American branch of the English language New Mexico is of vast importance. Not only has it enriched our scientific vocabulary, as indicated by Captain Dutton, but it was what inspired Lummis to his study of words of Spanish and Mexican origin that had become incorporated in our language. He has a chapter in his book on Mexico entitled, *The Awakening of a Nation,* which interestingly discourses upon these words and which every student should read. His analysis of the words is more fascinating than a novel.

Of course no student of New Mexico can ignore the first great historic work of Castañeda's *Narrative* of the journey of the great and first pathfinder *Coronado.* Cabeza de Vaca had blazed the way across the Continent, though it is now asserted by the highest authorities that he never touched the soil of what is now New Mexico. Marcos de Nizza and the negro Stephen were sent by the Viceroy Mendoza to spy out the land and see if the reports brought by Cabeza de Vaca might be relied upon.

Stephen's amorousness and arrogance led to his untimely death at Zuni, which Fray Marcos saw only by stealth. But his report was enough for Mendoza and the gold-lustful conquistadores, under Coronado. Castañeda's story of the Coronado Expedition, in its fine translation by George Parker Winship, published in the *Sixteenth Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology,* will ever be the basic stone of New Mexican history.

Then came Oñate, whose letters Bolton has published with elucidative notes. Belonging to this epoch is one of the remarkable books of all American literature. I think it is safe to affirm that New Mexico is the only State in the American union that has its early settlement and foundations of history told in poetry by one of the chief participants in the events. A larger account of this book is given in the special chapter, entitled "The Homeric Epic of New Mexico."

Of almost equal importance is the *Memorial of Fray Alonso de Benavides,* written in 1630, and translated by Mrs. Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, and annotated by Frederick Webb Hodge, former Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, and with an Introduction by Charles F. Lummis.

Only three hundred copies of the Translation were published, and they are rare and valuable enough to be highly prized treasures. For in its Notes, twenty-two in number, covering from pages 187 to 285 inclusive, there is a vast amount of condensed and well digested New Mexican History — spelled purposely with a capital, the value of which no student can over estimate.

Of researches made in original documentary matter of New Mexican history no name stands higher than that of Adolph F. Bandelier, to whom I owe the title of this volume. I had the pleasure of meeting him in Santa Fe

while he was engaged in the exploration of the little-known portions of the country and writing his now growingly popular novel *The Delight Makers*.

Following closely in the steps of Bandelier, but with all the advantage of clues and knowledge gained to work upon, with increased interest, which implies money to work and enlarged facilities, Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton, of the University of California, is doing work of incalculable benefit, and illimitable interest. He has delved into original archives in Texas, New Mexico, Old Mexico and Spain. He is indefatigable and untiring, and so glowing is the enthusiasm that burns in his own soul that it has inspired a body of young men and women to help in the work. With funds provided by an endowment by the "Native Sons of the Golden West," several students have been sent to Spain to dig out from the original letters, reports, documents, and registers, the complete history of matters of which our earlier students knew nothing or merely had glimpses of.

The result of Professor Bolton's researches and those of his students are being published as rapidly as possible, and they pour floods of light upon New Mexico, as well as Arizonian and Californian history.

There is a good deal of fugitive literature on New Mexico found in various writings of the early years of the nineteenth century, as, for instance, Zebulon Pike's narrative of his enforced march to Santa Fe, and thence down the valley of the Rio Grande into Mexico.

But of decided importance is the valuable report made to the Spanish Cortes, then sitting in Cadiz. Under the Napoleonic influence, King Ferdinand VII was forced to grant his people a liberal constitution and, under this, the Spanish colonies were allowed representation. The deputy elected in August, 1818, from New Mexico, was

Pedro Bautista Pino, and he left for Spain Oct. 14, 1811. He made a report on the country he represented, giving a full account of its products, its institutions, its social life, and its needs. This was deemed of such importance and so accurate in its details that it was reprinted in Mexico twenty-seven years later. There was another important report published in Puebla, Mexico, in 1832, written by Licenciado Antonio Barreiro, who was the representative of the Mexican Government in New Mexico. He gives breezy and searching comments on conditions and it is well for him, doubtless, that it was published after his work in the country was done and he had left it.

Of an entirely different type but even more interesting — if less instructive — is a small volume, not often seen, entitled *Prose Sketches and Poems.* It was written by a young soldier named Albert Pike, who visited Santa Fe and Taos, and gives his personal experiences, some poems, and several romantic stories of New Mexico life. It was published in Boston, in 1834.

Ten years later came George W. Kendall's *Texan-Santa Fe Expedition,* one of the much discussed, much abused, much defended books of New Mexico. It related the story of the Texan expedition which was to result in New Mexico joining hands, politically, with Texas. Instead of attaining that result the members were marched down to the City of Mexico and treated to indignities, imprisonment and some of them to death.

Inseparably connected with the history of New Mexico is the old Santa Fe trail, and it was inevitable that some one should put into literature at least a part of the interesting facts connected with this noted highway. Before it was known as the Sante Fe trail, however, in 1844, Josiah Gregg had written his *Commerce of the Prairies,*

which was published in New York the following year. This has become a classic, and is constantly referred to by historians and writers to-day. Its value can be understood when it is known that a reprint of it was made in 1905, in *Early Western Travels,* edited by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, and published by Arthur H. Clark Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. It is interesting also to note here a fact, of which I was informed by Mrs. Governor Bradford L. Prince, viz., that the actual writing of this book was done by John Bigelow, later a noted American diplomat, but at that time a writer in the office of William Cullen Bryant, on the *New York Evening Post,* who personally recommended him for the work. There are scores of pages which one would delight to transfer bodily, but the interested reader must get this enchanting book and read it for himself.

One may well say the same thing of Col. Inman's *Santa Fe Trail.* It gives a vivid account of the history of the development of commerce with New Mexico, and its pictures of scenes and methods of travel, etc., are graphic and interesting in the extreme.

While Inman's *Santa Fe Trail* (a book which ought to be in every educated American's library), is a natural successor to Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies,* there was a deluge of official literature flooded the country following the American Occupation of New Mexico. First came Major W. H. Emory's *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego,* then Lieut. J. W. Abert's *Report of the Examination of New Mexico,* both containing interesting pictures and descriptions. In the same volume (as they were later bound with these two), appear the Journal of Philip St. George Cooke, from Santa Fe to San Diego, and the Journal of the ill-fated Capt. A. R. Johnston, of the First Dragoons, who

lost his life in a fight with the Californians at San Pasqual, California. These were all issued by the Government Printing Office as official documents, in 1848. Two years later from the same office appeared the *Report of Capt. R. B. Marcy's Route from Ft. Smith to Santa Fe,* and Lieut. J. W. Simpson's *Report of the Expedition to the Navaho Country.*

This latter work was of especial importance. Indeed it might be said to be epoch-forming. It was the first book to call explicit attention to the ruins of New Mexico, giving full descriptions of those of the Chaco Canyon and Mesa. Indeed it may well be termed the father of all literature on the Cliff and Cave Dwellings of this region, and it is still eagerly sought and read by those who are interested in this fascinating theme.

Another historical work dealing with the American Occupation written at the time is John T. Hughes's *Doniphan's Expedition.* Alexander W. Doniphan was elected a Colonel by the volunteers of Missouri who joined Kearny's "Army of the West." A rather flamboyant account of the journey to Santa Fe is given and we see Gen. Kearny start for California after the peaceable conquest of New Mexico. Before he went he ordered Doniphan to proceed to Chihuahua and report there to Gen. Wool, as soon as Col. Price had arrived to relieve him. In the meantime Kearny had changed his mind, and had decided to send Doniphan to chastise the Navahos, which he did, crossing the Tunicha Mountains in winter, suffering great hardships, rounding up the Indians and finally making one of the many treaties with the Navahos at the Ojo del Oso, Nov. 22, 1846. He then visited the Zunis, and shortly took up his march to Mexico. The story is of decided value and was reprinted many times, finally appearing as Senate Docu-

ment No. 608, issued by the Government Printing Office in 1914.

One of the most interesting and all-around-information books on New Mexico, soon after the American occupation, is that entitled *El Gringo*. There are two books with this title, one being by Lieutenant Wise, of the U. S. Navy, and the other by W. H. H. Davis. The former one refers mainly to California and the journey thither by water. The latter is the one here referred to. It is rather a rare volume, and was published in New York, by the Harpers, in 1857.

It gives a vivid and personal account of the ride over the Old Santa Fe trail by stage from Independence, Mo., when the rate was $150.00 per passenger, including board (such as it was) and transportation of forty pounds of personal baggage. The mail was then carried monthly. This was in November, 1853. While not as picturesque and humoresque a story as Mark Twain's later ride on the Overland Stage to Nevada, it is useful as a true picture of the daily experiences of at least one set of travelers. There were the usual breakdown, scares of Indians, storms, agreeable and disagreeable features. Then follow chapters on the History of New Mexico, fairly full and reliable in the then state of our knowledge; the Pueblo Indians; Santa Fe and the manners and customs of the people, all of which records are as valuable historically as they are interesting.

Davis later, at Doylestown, Pa., in 1869, published *The Spanish Conquest of New Mexico*. This may well be termed the first historical work dealing with the country, and laid the foundation for a subsequent and more thorough treatment of the subject.

The last seventeen chapters of this book were mainly written from the Spanish records in the Secretary's office

at Santa Fe, which had never before been translated. These old manuscripts are complete, and their genuineness is undoubted. Their contents include an account of the great Indian rebellion of 1680, and the subsequent efforts of the Spaniards to reconquer and hold the country.

Three other writers have been true historians (exclusive of the critically useful and highly valuable work of Bandelier and Bolton), viz., L. Bradford Prince, Ralph E. Twitchell and Benjamin M. Read; all have written important books on New Mexico.

General Lew Wallace in 1878 was appointed Governor of New Mexico by President Hayes, and for over two years lived in the old Palace in Santa Fe. It was there, he himself relates, that he wrote the last three chapters of his famous novel *Ben Hur*. His wife, Susan E. Wallace, who traveled considerably throughout the country when it was much less known than to-day, also wrote a series of letters from the Palace which appeared in various Eastern publications, such as the *Independent*, *Atlantic Monthly*, etc. These letters were afterwards gathered together and published in book form under the title *The Land of the Pueblos*. Historically they are of little value, being rather misleading than otherwise, but in their descriptions there is a fresh vividness that is interesting, and some letters are both important and valuable as true pictures of her own impressions and experiences.

In 1879 L. Bradford Prince came to New Mexico as its Chief Justice, appointed by President Hayes. He was born at Flushing, New York, in 1840. Of a scholarly turn of mind, he became much interested in the history of the new country to which he had come, and, in spite of the immense volume of work thrust on his

shoulders in the courts, he found time to become, in 1882, President of the New Mexico Historical Society, and in 1883, to publish his *Historical Sketches of New Mexico from the Earliest Records to the American Occupation.* He was later appointed Governor by President Benjamin Harrison, and has continued his historical researches, publishing in 1903, a pamphlet on *The Stone Lions of Cochiti,* in 1910, *New Mexico's Struggle for Statehood,* in 1912, *A Concise History of New Mexico,* and in 1915, what I regard as his most important work, *Spanish Mission Churches in New Mexico.* Governor Prince's work has been of decided helpfulness to the general student and he has done much to popularize the history of New Mexico, and add to our knowledge about the old Franciscan Missions, which are so much earlier than those of California.

In 1880–1890 the Reverend Horatio Oliver Ladd was sent to Santa Fe by one of the Protestant denominations to aid in planting educational institutions. He traveled extensively over the then territory of New Mexico, became enamoured with it, was privileged to read the unpublished, as well as the published writings of Bandelier, and was thus rendered well qualified to write a *Story of New Mexico* when the D. Lothrop Company, of Boston — who were publishing a series dealing with all the States — asked him to do so. It is a fairly-well considered volume of nearly five hundred pages and gave to many thousands their first idea of this fascinating land.

Then charmed and saturated with the interest the Navaho Indians had awakened in him he wrote a novel entitled *Chunda,* in which he shows the effect of conversion to Christianity of one or two Navaho children. The book is entirely conventional, written from the standpoint of the Episcopalian missionary, but gives some

fairly accurate pictures of Navaho Indian life, manners, customs, homes and their picturesque environment.

Less worthy of note, and still deserving mention because of the praiseworthy intent of its author, Henry R. Brinkerhoff, an officer in the U. S. Army, is another novel entitled *Nah-nee-tah,* a Tale of the Navahos, published by J. H. Soulé & Co., of Washington, D. C., in 1886. The author evidently — as stated in his Preface — had ideas of publishing a carefully prepared scientific monograph upon these nomads of Western New Mexico. But he did not know the language, and from his own statements it is evident he did not know how to go to work to penetrate the natural reserve of the Navaho when approached by strangers who seek to learn the innerness of their lives.

The result is a statement which contains many things far removed from the truth as revealed by more successful students, and a book which, while evidently written in deep sympathy with the Navahos, fails to give the reader any adequate picture of them.

Of entirely different character, and approximating to the work of Bandelier in accuracy, and going beyond Bandelier in its intimate knowledge of the living Navaho, are the writings of Washington Mathews, also an army officer, who spent several years at Fort Wingate, N. M., learned the language, became intimate with some of the leading shamans, *hatalis,* or chanters, laboriously wrote down many of their songs, chants, traditions and legends, and gave them to the world in several fascinating volumes. His *Navaho Legends* is a classic; and his *Night Chant,* published by the American Museum of Natural History, is a revelation of aboriginal methods of thought which will delight the real student.

In the same category, though less complete, is the

work of Col. James Stevenson, who also studied the *Night Chant* of the Navahos, and embodied the results in a monograph published in the *Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.*

Undoubtedly Col. Stevenson's profound interest was what excited the determination of his wife, Matilda Coxe Stevenson, to follow his lines of investigation. For years she studied at the various pueblos of New Mexico, especially Zia and Zuni, and in later years at Santa Clara, and other pueblos on the Rio Grande. I had the honour and privilege of her friendship and have chatted many hours with her at her ranch-home not far from Española, where her later work was done. Her *Religious Life of the Zuni Child,* in which she vividly and sympathetically tells of many peculiar customs connected with the child life of the Zunis, and her monograph on the pueblo of Zia, give her an established place among careful ethnological students, and among the literati of New Mexico, but her greatest work is a colossal monograph of over 600 folio pages, and hundreds of illustrations, upon the Zuni, which takes up the entire space of the *Twenty-third Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.*

Earlier than the work either of Colonel or Mrs. Stevenson was that of Lieutenant Frank Hamilton Cushing, one of the most deeply sympathetic, winning and successful ethnologists of the American world. He was no mere pedant scientist, probing daintily or ruthlessly into human pasts and presents for their cataloguing and classification, but he was overflowing with red-blooded sense of human brotherhood, and sought to understand the heart-motions of the people he enjoyed to study. Among the most entrancing pages of the literature of New Mexico must be placed his *My Adventures in Zuni,* published in February to May, 1883, in the *Century Magazine.* These articles

were followed by another series in the *Millstone,* during 1884–1886, on *Zuni Breadstuffs,* and two wonderfully interesting and illuminating monographs in the *Second and Thirteenth Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology,* respectively, on *Zuni Fetiches* and *Zuni Creation Myths.* These contributions to New Mexican literature show the profound knowledge Cushing had been able to obtain of the operations of the Zuni mind. At his death a volume of *Zuni Folk Tales* was published which he had collected and edited. This also adds valuable and important knowledge to our aboriginal lore.

Almost equally valuable, though a little coloured by his literary instinct which demanded that he make a "good story" of each one, is Lummis's collection of Tiguan folk stories and legends, entitled *The Man Who Married the Moon.* The introduction gives a fine picture of the scene, as one of the old story-tellers gathers the younger ones about him.

Earlier than this book of Indian Stories are his *Tramp Across the Continent,* which tells in graphic and readable fashion how he walked from one ocean to the other. It was on this trip that he fell in love with New Mexico and vowed to return again to it and make it better known. Then he wrote his *New Mexico David and Other Stories,* and later, *The Enchanted Burro,* (more stories), and his noteworthy *Land of Poco Tiempo.* His *Spanish Pioneers,* too, deals with the early history of New Mexico, written in simple and entertaining fashion for children, as is also one of his earlier and more popular books *Some Strange Corners of our Country.* In his magazine *Out West* he also gave many interesting pages to the history, the Indians, the scenery and life in New Mexico and I doubt whether any author has done more to popularize the country and excite interest in it than he.

His stories certainly possess the "local colour" of New Mexico to perfection. One feels the bracing air of the nights and mornings; the warm or hot sunshine, without moisture or mugginess, of the midday; the pellucidly clear atmosphere; the velvet sky of night, studded with brilliantly clear stars; the peculiar shades and tones of the landscapes; the vivid colouring of some of the rocks; the forbidding areas of the lavas; the snow-crowned purity of the mountain summits; the treacherous lurkings of the safe-looking quicksands; the sleepy flowing of the half-hidden streams; their sudden arousement and dangerous power at flood-times; the picturesque adobes of the Mexicans; the interesting three or more storied houses of the Pueblo Indians; the charm of colour caused by the blues, blacks and reds of their blankets and head-bands; the red of the strings of chili peppers hung on their white-washed walls; their fascinating and complex dances, with the weird *Katchina* headdresses; their quaint and patient burros — these and a hundred and one features he has permanently "fixed" with the chemical alembic of his brain and skilful pen. And not less surely than the observable things has he given us true pictures, portraits, intimate and reliable, of the people. The whites he seldom refers to, except those Spanish who have the white skin and clear blue eyes. He is generally more interested in the lowly Mexican and the Indian — Pueblo, Navaho, and Apache.

Lummis is essentially a story-teller, whether he learned the art from his preacher father, absorbed it unconsciously from that mother whose untimely taking away he has so exquisitely and poetically portrayed, or gained it from hearing the Indians tell their stories of "the old," no one can gainsay that he possesses it to perfection. Take his telling of the story of the Enchanted Mesa. You

hear the Governor make his proclamation that the people must go down the next day to care for their fields. You see their terraced houses; the women washing their long black hair from ollas of rainwater; Katzimo, the accursed, the Enchanted Mesa, the island of rock a thousand feet high (Lummis's excusable exaggeration — it *seems* a thousand, in reality it is less than three hundred); a Pueblo boy approaching his father and learning that he must stay home and care for his sick mother. The following morning's mental pictures come easily from the graphic descriptions: the procession of men, women and children starting and climbing down the gnawed-out cleft of the mesa side and down, down, the pecked-out hand- and foot-holes of the sandstone column to the valley beneath; the careful watching by the lad, A'-chi-te, lest the dread Apaches might come; then the coming of the storm; the crashing down of the house; Achite's climb down the ladder; his leap across the swirling torrent at the base of the column; his wild run to his father eight miles away; the unbelievable fall of the ladder-rock; the sad return of the Acomese to the foot of the cliff they would never again climb; and their heart-rending watching of the two crazed women above who could not climb down, and whom they were unable to reach or succour.

How vivid it all is! No wonder Professor Libbey wanted to climb to the top of the Katzimo as scores of others had wished, and that he felt disappointed at what he found there. But this I have related in its own chapter to which the interested reader is referred.

Let the following be an illustration of one type of Lummis's stories,— not a usual one — but no better than a score of others he has told.

It has a more or less respectable paternity among the Scotch, Irish, French, English and Italians. I have

found a variant of this story current with all these peoples, and in their literature, but in not one of them is it told with the consummate mastery here displayed. It is used by Lummis to illustrate the conservative character of business methods among the elder population of New Mexico.

Cristobal Nunez and Transito Baca are two venerable residents of Llanito, brothers-in-law, and equally addicted to legitimately obtained hiccoughs. Having amassed a few round *pesos* by labour at a sheep-shearing, they formed a partnership, bought ten gallons of whiskey in Santa Fe, and started over mountainous roads to retail it in outlying *plazas* from a small cart. Each knowing the other's failing, they swore a solemn oath that neither would give the other a drop during the trip; and thus forearmed, they set out. They had spent every cent, save a nickel which Cristobal had accidentally retained.

"*Valgame Dios!*" groaned Cristobal, after they had gone a few miles, "but it is very long without to drink. For the love of the Virgin, *cuñado,* give me a little to me."

"But how! That thou not rememberest our compromise?" asked the virtuous Transito.

Cristobal groaned again, and rode a few miles in silence. Then an idea percolated through his shaggy locks — the nickel in his pocket.

"It is truth, *compadre,* that we compromised not to give us not one drop. But of the *to sell* was nothing said. See! That I have *cinco centavos.* Sell me a drinklet to me."

"*'Sta bueno!*" said Transito, pocketing the nickel and pouring his companion a small dose. "The saints are witnesses that I kept my oath. I give not, but sell."

Everything takes its time in New Mexico; but in half an hour the inspiration got across the wagon to Transito.

"*Carrambas!* How buy not *I* a drinklet *tambien? I* have *cinco centavos* now. Sell-me a little to me, *compadre.*" And Cristobal did so, thereby regaining his nickel.

"But wait-me a so-little, and I will buy a drinklet from thee also, that we may drink joined."

Back went the nickel to Transito; and in a moment the two old men were clinking glasses mutually, "*a la vuestra salud, compadre.*" This seemed more social, till a disturbing thought occurred to Transito.

"*Pero hombre!* Thou hast had two drinks, and I only one. Go, sell-me to me another, that we are equals."

This logic was not to be gainsaid; and Cristobal doled out the whiskey and resumed the nimble coin. Just then a trace broke.

"Ill-said horses! And of ill-said fathers and mothers! That now we have to camp here. To-morrow we will fix the harness."

But they did not fix it to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next. They just stayed in camp and attended strictly to business — which was remarkably good. Now Cristobal was a merchant, and Transito customer; and now *al contrario*. No one else came along to disturb the routine of trade, until the third day, when a sheep-herder found two white-headed men sleeping beside an empty ten-gallon keg. A much-worn nickel lay in one half-closed fist, and the wool-propeller took it along for luck.

"And how to you went the journey?" people asked in Llanito.

"*Mala suerte,*" sighed Cristobal sadly. "We sold all our whiskey; but some *ladron* robbed to us asleep of all we had taken in."

In Lummis's story of the *Penitente Brothers* the same mastery of telling is evident. How he makes you feel the creeping sensations of mystery at the hearing of the doleful wail of the *pitero's* pipe, and how he compels attention to the secrecy with which the curious must carry on his investigations.

Colonel Ralph E. Twitchell, the third of the quartet of serious historians of New Mexico, is an attorney of a strong literary and historic bent, who for years resided at Las Vegas. He first wrote a series of articles for the Reports of the Bar Association dealing with the lives of the early Territorial Judges. In 1909 appeared his first pretentious historical work entitled: *The History of the Military Occupation of New Mexico from* 1846 *to* 1851. This was followed, in 1911 and 1912 by his *Leading Facts of New Mexican History,* a monumental work in two volumes, that will long be the standard work for all future historians to draw from. The volumes give a clear outline of New Mexican history, well written and well digested, together with a vast number of notes which further elucidate the text and enforce the author's deductions. So impressed were the people of New Mex-

ico with this stupendous work that the legislature of 1914 passed an act authorizing Col. Twitchell to publish *The Spanish Archives of New Mexico,* one volume dealing with the vast quantity of original documents, etc., in the office of the Surveyor General, and the second with the records carried from the territory in 1903 and now in the library of Congress in Washington. With these volumes in hand the student desirous of consulting the original *sources* of New Mexican History during Spanish days, finds his labour reduced to a minimum. For several years past Col. Twitchell has resided in Santa Fe, and has published many interesting historic sketches in *Old Santa Fe,* a quarterly magazine of high class of which he is practically the founder and editor.

The fourth of the historic quartet is Benjamin M. Read, a native Spanish New Mexican, whose familiarity with the original archives has enabled him to make several valuable contributions to local historical knowledge. He first published his *Synoptical Sketch of the Mexico-American War,* and followed this in 1911 with an *Illustrated History of New Mexico* written in Spanish, the translation of which appeared the following year. Since then he has published several lesser works and at the present writing has two or three important volumes under way.

Small but interesting historic volumes have also been issued, two by Rev. James H. Defouri, viz., *Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico,* in 1889, and *The Martyrs of New Mexico,* 1893, and one by Archbishop J. B. Salpointe, *Soldiers of the Cross,* in 1898. The Rev. Thomas Harwood also has issued two volumes, *New Mexico Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church,* dealing with the activities of his church, but save as historic material, none of these really rank as literature.

On the other hand, there is quite a good deal of fiction both in magazines and books, some of it of a high class, dealing with New Mexico. Undoubtedly the finest of these are the books written by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, two of which I have recently read with unqualified pleasure. Rhodes was born in Nebraska in 1869, and his father was Hinman Rhodes, Colonel of the 28th Illinois Inf. Volunteers. He went to New Mexico as a cowpuncher in 1881 and remained there until 1906, except for about a year when he attended the University of the Pacific, at San Jose, California. His books are proof that he knows the business of bronco-busting thoroughly, and that he is fully familiar with that part of New Mexico in which he toiled. How one can read his love for the country in his vivid and striking descriptions!

As word pictures they equal and surpass almost anything ever written of the country. They have a vividness of colour that reminds one of the landscapes of Tintoretto or the sunsets of Turner. His *Bransford in Arcadia* introduces a cowboy character as distinctly a creation as any of the characters of Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot, who is gifted with a quiet yet delicious humour that keeps one's risibles ever in delightful titillation. His *West is West,* published by the H. W. Fly Company of New York, will add much to his reputation. His stories have a strength and vigour that denote increasing mastery, and if one cares for true pictures, graphically given, of men who live roughly, intensely and vigorously in the open, he will find in this author those qualities that will impress and captivate him. There are surprising and daring qualities in his humour, too, that are very amusing, though at first some readers feel annoyed at the trick played upon them. For instance, for one of his chapter headings he gives us the following lines:

> Oh woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> But seen too oft, familiar with thy face
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace!

It looks all right, and reads all right, and yet we know there is something wrong about it, and when that something dawns upon us, we are immensely tickled at the crafty fraud that has been perpetrated upon us. This spirit permeates the whole of Mr. Rhodes's writing.

Then, too, he knows his men, his material, as only one who has lived with them year in and year out, bunked with them, eaten, ridden, caroused, worked, suffered, enjoyed with them under all conditions, can do. This gives his books a distinctively historic value, for they can be relied upon as giving faithful portrayals of a life that is rapidly passing.

Of an entirely different character in New Mexican literature are the spontaneous song-effusions of the cowboys.

While the super-critics may condemn them and refuse them a place as literature I would rather accept the judgment of Professor Barrett Wendell who, in speaking of Cowboy Songs, collected by John A. Lomax (published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York, 1916), says:

> In this collection of American ballads, almost if not uniquely, it is possible to trace the precise manner in which songs and cycles of songs — obviously analogous to those surviving from older and antique times — have come into being. The facts which are still available concerning the ballads of the Southwest are such as should go far to prove, or to disprove, many of the theories advanced concerning the laws of literature as evinced in the ballads of the old world.
>
> Such learned matter as this, however, is not so surely within my province, . . . as is the other consideration which made me feel, from my first knowledge of these ballads, that they are beyond dispute valuable and important. In the ballads of the old world, it is not historical or philological considerations which most readers care

for. It is the wonderful, robust vividness of their artless yet supremely true utterance, it is the natural vigour of their surgent, unsophisticated human rhythm. It is the sense, derived one can hardly explain how, that here is expression straight from the heart of humanity; that here is something like the sturdy root from which the finer, though not always more lovely, flowers of polite literature have sprung. At times when we yearn for polite grace, ballads may seem rude; at times when polite grace seems tedious, sophisticated, corrupt, or mendacious, their very rudeness refreshes us with a new sense of brimming life.

I should much like to quote some of these songs, but the limits of space sternly forbid.

Another feature of New Mexican literature must not be overlooked. We have considered the songs of the cowboy. These are of American origin. But there is a vast treasure of folk-lore songs of Mexican origin, containing a wealth of allusions to love and family, social customs and the like, that is known only to the native. Few Americans have studied in this field; few have known there was such a field. Lummis, however, has not ignored it, and in his *Land of Poco Tiempo* he has devoted a chapter to the subject, with a luminous Introduction, and a number of the songs, both tunes and words. In this he has done excellent service, for conditions are rapidly changing in New Mexico, and another decade or two will hear the last of most of these songs.

How often have I enjoyed these songs, even when I did not completely understand the words, at weddings, at night by the quiet hearth of a *paisano,* or by the campfire of a sheep-herder. Yet few of the singers were sweet-voiced. As Lummis quaintly expresses it: "*The paisano* sings in palpable doubt of his own voice. . . ."

The accompanying photograph is of a New Mexican "Vocalist," who sang a dozen or more songs at a native wedding I had the pleasure of attending. He was ac-

companied with the guitar and violin, the latter being played by a blind man. In piercing, straining, high-pitched falsetto, fiercely rolling his r's, but letting his words slip and slide hither and thither as he willed, his songs still had a vigour, a verve, and a point that won him vociferous applause.

As late as 1917 a volume entitled *Schat-Chen; the History, Traditions and Narratives of the Queres Indians of Laguna and Acoma,* was published. It is by John M. Gunn, formerly an employee of the Santa Fe railway, who, in his cabin, in the solitude of winter nights, and under the stars of the midsummer nights' sky, won the confidence of the Indians who told him their legends, etc. He does not say, in the book, whether he has mastered the language of the Queres, though I am inclined to the belief that he has, for I knew Mr. Gunn over twenty years ago, when he first began his studies with the Indians.

Among other stories that he presents is an interesting one which shows how the Indians regard the gods as aiding them in their fights. The Sto-ro-ka and Ka-tsi-na warred with each other; each using bows and arrows. But the strings of bows of the Sto-ro-ka were made of the fibers of the soap-weed, while those of the Ka-tsi-na were of deer and antelope sinews. As the battle raged a terrific storm of rain and hail came upon the warriors. The bow-strings of the Ka-tsi-na were rendered limp and useless by the rain, while those of the Sto-ro-ka were made more tense and efficient by the wetting, and consequently the Sto-ro-ka won the battle.

A treaty was then made between the chiefs, and in order to preserve it, the history of the fight and the conditions of the treaty were made in hieroglyphics on a smooth sandstone bluff which stands some eight or ten

Photograph by George Wharton James.

A NEW MEXICO "VOCALIST."

miles west of the Jaralosa Spring and about twenty-five miles northwest of the Salt Lake of Zuni.

If this story be true it is one of the most important of contributions to our knowledge of American Indian pictographs.

A vast amount of material on the Mexicans and Indians of New Mexico has been published in the various church papers of those who have been engaged in seeking to convert them from their native religious ideas and modes of life. The major portion of this material that I have seen is ill-digested, ill-informed, inchoate stuff that was not worth the cost of setting up into type. Most of it is misleading — possibly not intended to be so — but written by half ignorant, self-conceited religionists of a fanatical turn of mind, who assumed that everything contrary to their mode of thought and life, and especially of religion, must necessarily be heathenish and to be condemned. Though myself a Christian man, and for years a minister of a Protestant church, I am compelled to confess that by far the major part of the so-called missionary effort that I have observed, unless it was expended in the simplest educational endeavour, was not only useless, but actually mischievous and evil in its effect upon it objects. It took away the simple faith they had, which did ennoble and purify their lives, made them chaste, industrious, good fathers, honest, truthful and helpful to each other (I am speaking now of the Indians), and instead made them cynical, disbelievers, sycophants for the material good that came to them with their acquiescence in the belief of the missionaries, liars, unreliable, and treacherous to their kin.

One of the better class of the missionaries, however, whom I met in the early days, was the Reverend John Menaul. He was then the Presbyterian missionary at

Laguna, had studied the Keres tongue, until he could both speak and write it, had established a printing-press and therefrom issued portions of the New Testament, a hymn-book, catechism, etc., in the Indian tongue.

Though necessarily he regarded the religious ideas of the Pueblos as heathenism, devil-worship, and where the simple phallicism of a primitive people asserted itself — as it does in all aboriginal worship,— obscene, he did see some of the good points of their religion.

In considering the literature of New Mexico it would be negligent to ignore some of the remarkable pleadings, judgments and decisions rendered by the courts. It is not always that one may find "literature" in dry legal tomes, yet many cases of the New Mexican archives read more fascinatingly than any novel. Take, for instance, Judge Kirby Benedict's decision in the case where certain De la O and others had sued the Pueblo of Acoma for six hundred dollars which they claimed the Indians had pledged themselves to pay for the return of the title deeds to their land. With biting sarcasm the judge riddles the case of the plaintiffs.

These quaint and remarkable decisions have been preserved by Colonel Twitchell in *Old Santa Fe*.

One of the latest to enter the field of New Mexican literature is Miss Rose Henderson. With keen poetic insight and equally fine powers of expression she gives, in her verse, her conceptions of the large and new country into which fate has thrust her.

She is a graduate of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, and for a time was Literary Editor, then Dramatic Editor, and finally, for three years, Associate Editor of the *Register and Leader* of that city. Then she went to New York as literary critic of the *Evening Post* of the metropolis, at the same time writing for the magazines

and the most representative of Eastern newspapers. Came the illness of her sister and it was this that called her to New Mexico, where she joined the faculty of the State Normal School, at Silver City, in the summer of 1916.

Here are two of her purely New Mexican poems. I wish I might quote more:

THE BORDER

Stretches of yellow, glaring sand,
Gray dust smarting with alkali,
Mesquite huddled on either hand,
And a beaming, sun-drenched sky.

Creak of leather and clank of steel,
Khaki village and sun-burned men,
Rising clouds when the horses wheel
Back to the camp again.

Mess and gossip and drill and rest,
Night and the white stars thickly sown,
Moonrise over the ragged crest,
And the coyote's dreary moan.

Hot gray rocks where the lizard runs,
Skulking greasers in haggard bands,
Swift brown horsemen, the click of guns,
And a splash of blood on the sands.

— *The Independent.*

SPRING: NEW MEXICO

Spring crept over the purple hills,
Over the yellow, sun-baked sands.
No wild music of April rills,
But her hands
Slim and wanton and softly white,
Swam in the windy, cloudless night.

Spring danced over the cactus plains,
Vaguely tender in timid green,

Veiled in the sudden, fleeting rains
Silver sheen.
No mad riot of buds, and yet,
Wild red poppies and mignonette
Flung from her floating, garland gown,
Fluttered down.

Spring fled out of the panting south,
Drooping eyelids and burning mouth,
Blown gold hair and a robe of mist—
Desert-kissed.

—*The Poetry Magazine,* Chicago.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE INFLUENCE OF NEW MEXICO UPON ART
THE TAOS SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

In the painter's art, as in literature, the Southwest (New Mexico) has contributed to America of the highest and the best. In determining the artistic value of an object, a place, an environment the question of inspiration is the chief factor. That which inspires, stimulates, urges the artist to high and noble endeavour, which furnishes his imagination, supplies his dream with tangible materials, is a priceless treasure, not only to him personally, but to the nation at large. It should never be forgotten that it is a nation's ideals, and the way they are striven after, that make a nation's greatness. It is not alone the soldier in the field, and the statesman in the halls of legislation, that win fame and glory for his native land. It has well been said that "an artist in his studio, a writer at his desk, or a composer at his instrument, may struggle for a national ideal valiantly, and often with as great a personal sacrifice, as the soldier in the trench. But the spirit of war — the willingness to suffer for and defend an ideal — must be in them all. And it is this spirit which counts — no matter what form of activity it takes — in the high achievement of any nation."

New Mexico has stimulated the artist and supplied the material for the achievement of his high ideal. It has given him subjects native to our soil, that are distinctive and historic, appealing to the wide gamut of peculiar

American art expression, and materially extending it. So strong has been this distinctive inspirational influence that it has led to the foundation of the Taos Society of Artists. In a former chapter the artistic conditions and environment of Taos have been fully described. This chapter gives the history of the art colony, now a permanent feature of its daily life.

It may be these artists have not formed, will not form, a "school," yet it cannot be denied that they have influenced, most powerfully, the course of American art. Whence has come the increasing interest in pictures of the American Indian? How has that interest been met and fostered? The answers to these and similar questions cannot ignore the members of the Taos Society of Artists.

Twenty-five or more years ago J. H. Sharp, who was born in Bridgeport, Ohio, in 1859, and who had studied under Verlat in Antwerp, Jean-Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant in Paris, and was then the Instructor of Art in the Cincinnati Art Museum, wandered into New Mexico and happened upon Taos. Its silent, stolid, stalwart, secretive Indians attracted, allured, intrigued him. His artistic eye saw the unnumbered pictures waiting to be seized and transcribed, and, though he did not fully realize it at the time, this chance visit was largely to shape the course of his future life. Seven years later Bert Phillips and E. L. Blumenschein, carrying out a cherished plan, long formulated, of making a sketching trip in a wagon, came to Taos. As Blumenschein says:

"The month was September, and the fertile valley a beautiful sight, and inspiration for those who ply the brush for happiness. The primitive people of this out-of-the-way region were harvesting their crops by sunlight and by moonlight. Brown people they were, both

Mexicans and Indians, happy people with happy children, in a garden spot protected by mountains,— the 'Blood of Christ' mountains the Spanish priests had named them. And one can't tell about Taos without dwelling on the mountains that box in the valley on three sides. The great plateau of the American Southwest runs from the west to the foot of this range. There, where the creeks spill down into the desert, are trees and earth that only need man's care to produce all that man needs, frijoles and maize. So the brown man came here long before the Spaniard, and the Indian pueblo — that remarkable community home — was built at the mouth of Taos Canyon in the stone age.

"The Indians of Taos, pocketed in a northern corner of New Mexico, have resisted all enemies for these many centuries during which they gradually developed the grand little democracy of the Pueblos, self-governing, self-supporting and self-respecting. They have been influenced by the northern plains Indians and by the Spaniards, but have always maintained their customs and their religion even until now, when they are struggling against the mighty white race that threatens to swallow them up and spit them out again, servants, with short hair and clad in overalls! In their executive underground councils the officers elected by the people make rules to counteract all the outside influences that might destroy their traditions, change their native costume, bring a mixture of white blood into the race, upset the beautiful nature worship. And so far the old wise men have done well. The monthly dances are tributes of thanks to their great gods above for the corn and the beans; the Pueblo blood is not mixed with white; and more to our particular point, the Indian of Taos wears the clothes of an Indian.

"We had to write this little about the Pueblo inhabitants, if only to counteract the impression so common in our country that our Indians are not quite respectable.

"The two artists who stopped at Taos on their wandering journey found so much to admire and respect, and were so deeply moved by the sights and life of this beautiful valley, that they decided they had wandered far enough and here was work for a lifetime.

"Thus began the Taos art colony, now so well known in the United States."

Out of this "Colony, sprang the Taos Society of Artists," which was organized in 1916 to set forth the high and definite standards of the really artistic workers of the Colony, by the upholding of high artistic ideals and the demanding of persistent and conscientious work. Before an artist can be considered as a future member of the Society he must have visited Taos three years in succession, have proven himself serious in the painting of Indian subjects, and have exhibited in reputable galleries or the New York salons. The reasonableness of these requirements is readily apparent. Any one might come to Taos, spend a month or two in desultory work, and return, claiming to be a member of the Taos Colony. And while it cannot be denied that such an one might produce one or a dozen of excellent pictures, it is beyond even the power of genius to paint that which he has not earnestly studied and learned to know. Scores of pictures traduce the Indian because they were painted by those who were ignorant of the facts and psychology of his life. The true artist will never willingly falsify. He may change, alter, re-combine, but it is all done that he may make the truths more alluring, more attractive; never for the purpose of deceiving, cheating, or falsifying. And when even a recognized artist becomes so

careless, or indifferent, that he paints, for instance, a picture of a blanket-weaver with the heddle intruding between the warp below and the row of warp the weaver is now introducing, it becomes necessary to protect the public from the work of those who have not given themselves sufficient time or opportunity properly to study and know their subjects.

The Society now includes the following members:

E. Irving Couse, N. A.....	New York.
Bert G. Phillips.....	Taos, N. M.
Ernest L. Blumenschein, A. N. A...	New York
J. H. Sharp.....	Taos, N. M.
W. Herbert Dunton.....	Taos, N. M.
O. E. Berninghaus.....	St. Louis
Victor Higgins.....	Chicago, Ill.
Walter Ufer.....	Chicago, Ill.
Julius Rolshoven.....	Florence, Italy.

The original six having been in Taos from ten to twenty-five years, the other three elected later.

That these men have already given a new impetus to American art and enriched it beyond all calculation no well informed critic will deny. The virility and prophecy of their work has created new roads over which countless thousands of followers will travel. How could it have been otherwise?

When Sharp, Phillips, Sauerwin, Louis Akin, and Blumenschein began to send out their paintings of this country the critics cried out against their high key, their vivid colour, their tremendous vibrational quality. They denied their reality, their fidelity to nature, their truth. Yet is was in this essential quality of truth that their great value lay. How could their critics know, never

having seen, or felt, never having been moved as were the artists? Knowledge, deep, profound, sure, is the essential element of criticism, and he who is ignorant and still dares to criticize reveals the ignorance of conceit. A reverent, receptive and awaiting attitude should be the spirit of all true critics when asked to pass judgment upon that with which they are unfamiliar. Once, while editing an Eastern magazine, there hung over my desk a painting of the desert, as true and real as that of any artist that ever lived. Technically there were faults in the picture, but in the essential quality of truth it left little to be desired. In the course of business there came to the office a Professor of Art in one of the Eastern Universities. In time our conversation drifted to the picture, and seeing disapproval in his eyes, I asked for a candid expression of his criticism. It came forth unhesitatingly, boldly, positively, to the effect that it was unreal, impossible, untrue, in its high and vivid colouring. Having wandered for twenty-five or more years over the desert and knowing the falsity of this destructive criticism I resolved to be even more daring than the critic — for had I not knowledge and truth on my side?

I asked him if he had ever been on the particular desert here pictured. "No!" Had he seen any of our American deserts? "No." Had he visited the African or Asian deserts? Again the answer came, "No."

"Then," said I, "permit me to say that I regard your criticism as a piece of arrogant insolence. You confess you know nothing of deserts, having never seen one of them, yet you dare to criticize the work of a man who has given us as true and faithful a desert picture as any that was ever painted."

There is an interesting sequel to this rather personal story.

When the Fine Arts Palace at the San Francisco Exposition of 1915 was opened, as I entered one of the rooms, with a friend, my eyes were immediately attracted to two paintings, the colour of which soared above every other picture in the room. They out-Heroded Herod in their vivid intensity of colour. Calling my friend's attention I exclaimed, "Desert pictures!" and walked toward them. They were excellent pictures, true, vivid, soulful, but, on looking for the signature, to my surprise, and also delight, I found them signed with the name of the artistic critic I had ventured so forcefully to rebuke.

As late as 1903, Louis Akin wrote of the Taos region: "It is simply too good to leave. It's the best stuff in America and has scarcely been touched." That is as true to-day as when he wrote it, and as to fear lest it be worked out, "It can never be done," says Walter Ufer, of Chicago, after four years' work there. "It is the variety, the depth and the breadth of it, rooted in æons of time," he continues, "which explains the secret of its infinite charm. The portrait painter, the landscape artist, the limner of character, the genre and prehistoric painter, every school and every temperament, will here find what his heart desires. Such a world cannot be created in a day, or a year, or even a thousand years. It takes ages."

Yet these men missed some of the picturesque and characteristic features of Indian, Spanish, Mexican and pioneer life, enjoyed by Sharp, Phillips, and the earlier comers.

The Taos of those first days was a very different place from what it became later. It was wild and woolly of the wildest type. A tough gang of white cut-throats was in full control, gambling dens were wide open every day and night, Sundays and holidays; saloons abounded and drinking was the chief occupation of the major part of the

visitors from the country round about, whites as well as Mexicans, who came as often and as regularly as possible to indulge in the wild license the place openly tolerated, nay, fostered and encouraged. For, to the conscienceless scoundrels who ran the town, drunkenness was essential to their business. How could they fleece, rob, strip to the skin the sheepherder, the cowboy, the farmer, the miner, unless they could first get him drunk? He must be tempted to the town; the saloon, brothel, dance-hall, and gambling den were made the baits with which to allure him. The few good men of the place were forced into the background unless,— or until,— their principles compelled them to risk their lives in their assertion. Such risks were not uncommon, and they were real and genuine, for shootings were frequent, murders rife. The life of a sheepherder or a Mexican was no one's concern. To go to the post-office or drug-store after dark was a risk. Dangers from thugs lurked at every corner.

Hence there had to be some extra inducement to lead ordinary Americans to sojourn here for any length of time, and to men of culture and refinement it seemed impossible. But for his art a man will bear, brave, dare, suffer much. Phillips was a true artist. Perhaps he was also a dreamer and saw into the future — when conditions should improve with the advance of civilization and a group of artists should make this their chosen center. Anyhow he stayed and painted, making friends with and studying the Indian, greeting the Mexican kindly, and reveling in the glory and exuberance of colour that Nature spilled before him on every hand. He established his family in an old Mexican adobe which his artistic taste transformed into the joy of his friends and the favoured visitor. Here he has gathered Navaho and Chimayo

blankets and other Indian articles of great help to him in his art.

In due time Blumenschein came back, and Sharp, and Couse, and Beringhaus. Sharp was fortunate enough to secure an old Penitente morada or church as his studio. This characteristic bit of New Mexico architecture he has sanctified by making it a temple devoted to the worship of Beauty and Truth. Here he has painted some of his greatest canvases. Eleven of these — portraits of famous Indians — were purchased by the Government, and are now hanging in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington. In 1902, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst bought eighty of his Indian portraits and other cognate pictures for the University of California, and added a commission requiring him to paint fifteen more each year for five years, covering all the most noted tribes.

One of his well known pictures is "Watchful Waiting"— two Taos Indians stalking game. Here the perfect draftsmanship of the artist is proven. Sharp does not believe that the cry of impressionism or any of the modern shibboleths should be held to justify careless or indifferent drawing. He is as faithful to the fundamental principles in drawing, in that his human figures and faces are truthfully made, as he is to the peculiar brilliancy and vividness of the landscape he so much enjoys. The field is flooded with sunlight. What consummate art in the perfection of both delineations — human figures and New Mexico sunlight. The men are alive, every delicate touch of the brush has added to their reality, and the trees, the grass, the hill-slopes bathed in sunshine are so real that you can feel the warmth and smell the delicious tree-scents. One Indian is nude save for a red breechclout, and he crouchingly kneels behind the trees with extended bow in one hand and arrow resting upon

the taut bow-string in the other. Expectancy is in every muscle, and though only a partial side-view of the face is afforded, its tense and perfect watchfulness is apparent. The other figure sprawls upon the ground, head and shoulders slightly upraised. The body is wrapped, in characteristic Taos fashion, in a white blanket, the right shoulder and the lower part of the legs being exposed. How easy the pose. How restfully confident, yet how intent the watchful waiting.

In other pictures, however, Sharp shows his deeper studies of Indian psychology and life. None but one beloved by the aborigine could ever have gained the insight into their character, or been allowed to witness the scenes depicted. For instance, one of his undoubted masterpieces is "The Stoic"— a large canvas presented by him to the Art Museum in Santa Fe. Here is the same conscientious work on the almost nude figure of an Indian, who is developing and proving his manhood by dragging a number of heavy rocks, fastened with rawhide thongs to sharp steel spikes that penetrate deep into the muscles of his shoulders. An ordinary white man might live a hundred years with the Indians and never be allowed to see such a scene. The same may be said of his "Indian Medicine or Black Robe." This is a gripping study to one who grasps its deep significance. An Indian is seated on a rude bench in the interior of his house. Before him is the feathered paraphernalia of his old-time "medicine," the panacea of his forefathers for all their ills, the "Way of the Old" which seldom failed to demonstrate the power of *Those Above* over all evil. On the wall above him, slightly to the right, is the crucifix of the Franciscan, the brown-habited friar, who, ever since the day of Coronado had vexed the Indian *shaman* with his insistent demand that none other should be wor-

shiped save this Crucified One of Nazareth. The Indian realizes the dominating power of the White Man. He feels that the intruder possesses far more than his gods have given to him, and he remembers the Black Robes' teaching (in reality a gray robe, but he calls it black), that these superior possessions of power of the White Man are the gifts of his God. Yet his ancient faith is strong. He hates to forsake the religion of his forefathers.

Who but a great artist would have seen and known enough to seize this moment of doubt, uncertainty, perplexity, when the old is struggling with the new; adherence to the teachings of his fathers, his pride, grappling to the death with the strong appeal of the religion of the conquering White? Pictures like this confirm Joseph Henry Sharp's right to the title of a master painter of the Indian.

Bert G. Phillips is a close comrade of Sharp in his devotion to Taos and his masterly portrayal of Indian scenes. A good test of a picture is to live daily with it. For months, each time I sat at my dining-table, I fellowshiped with one of Phillips' canvases. Many a time I found myself "brain-traveling," "wool-gathering,"—reveling on the hill-slopes of the Taos country, wandering through the adobe-lined streets of the old Pueblo—instead of paying strict attention to the occurrences of the hour; proof sufficient of Phillips' wizardry of the brush. The tragedy of the "passing race" is well pictured in his "Relics of His Ancestors." Here an Indian, partially nude, sits on the ground with a modern mattock across his knee, and just before him a stone-ax, flint arrow and spear points and knives and several pieces of ancient pottery. But it is his face that attracts attention. Here are set forth the grief, the sorrow, the hope-

less despair with a tinge of sullen anger that denotes the Indian's recognition of his speedy destruction from the category of races. It is this that makes the Indian so pathetic to the gentle and sympathizing white. He knows that he is doomed.

Of the work of E. Irving Couse little need be said. His paintings are known everywhere, and his Taos picture reproduced by the Santa Fe on their calendar for 1918 has made him known in scores of thousands of homes, stores, offices and shops. His "Vision of the Past" was awarded the Altman prize of $500 by the National Academy of Design in 1916, and prior to this his genius had been rewarded by election to membership in the National Academy. He has converted an old convent at Taos into a fascinating home and studio, where he gazes alike on mountains and valley. Here he paints in summer, while he generally winters in New York City.

Ernest L. Blumenschein, who was one of the earliest resident members of the Society, has already won his high laurels. Recently (in 1917) he received the Chicago Art Institute cash award of $1,000, and many other honours have been conferred upon him. He, like the others named, is a master draftsman, skilled in the fundamental technique of his art, depending upon no adventitious aid for his success but winning it by sheer hard work, vision, and incontrovertible genius. His "Orator" is a finely dramatic piece of poetic art, as well as a superbly executed piece of painting. There are four life-sized figures in the canvas, and their size adds to the dignity of the composition. The chief figure is that of an almost nude Indian, who, with calm and dignified gesture, is indicating to the others the land of their fathers, which lies, bathed in sunlight, below them. Two of these figures are in blankets and ceremonial- or feather-bonnets,

while the fourth is a small nude boy who leans against one of his elders. We can almost hear the deep, impassioned tones of the speaker as he declaims against those who have despoiled his people, and our hearts instinctively thrill to the melancholy note in which he laments his race's decline.

W. Herbert Dunton is another of the honoured members of the Society. For years he had been an illustrator of the leading American magazines. Living in the East he had read other men's verbal descriptions of the West, and had been thrilled by them to artistic expression. But, as was natural, the desire was ever present that he might have his thrills at first hand, and become a painter, rather than an illustrator. Remington's pictures of the West had always fascinated him and he had a perfect passion for cowboys, and pioneer life, hence it was natural that, footloose, he should gravitate to the West. For many years he rambled around in old Mexico, Oregon, Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, etc., fraternizing with cowpunchers, reveling in the wild excitements, dangers, pleasures and picturesque scenes of round-ups and storing his mind and heart with impressions and material for future pictures. His friendship for Blumenschein naturally directed his attention to Taos, and knowing the advantages to be derived from intimate association with artistic friends, the colony idea appealed to him. He had always wanted to spend his summers in the West, devoting his winters to the East, so here he anchored. In an old Mexican house he has fully established himself and is happy and contented in his work. It is confessedly of a somewhat different character from that of his associates. What might be termed the pioneer phases of Western life appeal to him tremendously. The Indian, not so much as an Indian, but as a part of the great Western life of

the past. He sees the wild free days of the Indian and the buffalo, then the tremendous changes caused by the coming in of the invaders — the Spaniard, the Mexican, the trapper, the miner, the cowboy. He thrills, and his eyes sparkle as though stimulated with strong wine, when one speaks of the Coronado Expedition, that of Espejo, of Oñate, of Lewis and Clarke, of the founding of Astoria, of Parkman's "Oregon Trail," of the old buffalo days on the plains.

He rises to eloquence, even in verbal expression, when he tells of his first meetings with bands of cowboys, of half-breed trappers, of Mexican vaqueros. Here, in Taos, he finds genuine models for the pictures of these scenes he desires to paint. It is the meeting-place of the few remnants of the olden times.

The adventurous life of the early West, in all its varied manifestations, appeals to him as affording him more than a life work. Let others paint Indians and Mexicans in their every-day life of to-day; he has chosen to depict the passing of past phases; the history, the romance, the tragedy, the activity, the movement, the invasions, the immigrations of the past. What does the present-day dweller in Salt Lake City, in Virginia City, in Reno, in Truckee, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, in Portland, in Seattle, all Western cities,— know of the struggles the founders of those cities had to pass through ere the civilization he knows was established? The slow plodding of the ox-team-caravan over the plains; the dread awaiting the night-attack of the hostile Indian; the terrors of the storm; the devastation of the cloudburst; the destruction of the floods; the blank horrors of the trackless and waterless desert; the dread sense of helplessness when the animals relied upon for transportation were stolen, slain by Indians, or ran away in search of water; the

panic that struck the heart when a prairie fire swept everything before it; the dull hopelessness of plodding on when food supplies gave out; the heart-sinkings when men of the same party quarreled even to the death, and they must travel on knowing that their fellow-traveler's hands were dyed in his brother's blood — ah, these were some of the things the pioneer had ground into his consciousness and these are the things Dunton loves to paint, and, furthermore, he does it well. He served his apprenticeship in a good school; the discipline of the illustrator stands him now in good place. He sees with the artist's eye, and has the advantage of a keen literary training as well. The result is he is giving the world pictures of lasting historic value, pictures that will be more and more appreciated as we get further away from the times and conditions they depict. For they will make their appeal not only to the patriotism of the citizens of the future; there will be the sense of tenderness aroused, when a man, a family, recalls that these were scenes in the life of their own ancestors; *their* grandfathers and grandmothers — perhaps when they were children — had endured these peculiarly trying experiences. The artist who preserves these tender and historic memories is a benefactor to his race and deserves well of it. Such an artist is W. Herbert Dunton.

To Taos came and rejoiced in his art for awhile that ill-fated genius, Frank Sauerwin, painting with fervour and power while the flame of his life burned low and finally went out. His pictures will ever remain a tribute to the alluring personality of this land. He saw with the eye of a poet and master and depicted with the hand of a genius.

Another of the ill-fated ones — in that he died young, yet helped in that he had reveled in the West — also enjoyed some time here,— Louis Akin,— and his Western

pictures will ever be a joy to their appreciative possessors.

Then came Victor Higgins and Walter Ufer. Higgins had been a student at the Chicago Institute, and also in Paris and Munich. When eighteen years old he first came into New Mexico and to Taos, but he was then unformed as an artist. His training days had scarce begun. As soon as they were over his Paris master told him, "You are past the student stage now. Go out into the big country; go through your own land. The West and its people are stores of material that should have been felt in American art from the first."

Curiously enough, this advice seemed to put into words the vague whisperings of impressions gathered during the first journey through the West, and crystallized a determination to go where a half dormant love for the mountains, mesas, great plains and alluring skies had been urging him.

His final advent at Taos was adventitious and unexpected. A syndicate was formed in Chicago some years ago, of which Carter H. Harrison was the moving spirit. The object was a wise and practical combination of philanthropy and business — mostly business. It provided for the financing of a young and rising artist for a certain and specifically defined period, for which he agreed to paint a certain number of pictures. The scheme was essentially practical. Higgins had been engaged in mural work, though for the past two years he had turned his attention almost solely to the figure. In 1910 he had gone to Europe to study, and on his return to Chicago, in 1913, his work had captured two desirable prizes, one from the Art Institute and the other from the Municipal Art League. He had also won the Palette and Chisel Club's Gold Medal. Just at this time the Syndicate was looking for a new man to utilize its financial opportunity and

Higgins was approached. Due consideration decided his acceptance. When he arrived at Taos he was more than delighted with his decision. The colour, atmosphere, environments, variety, character, Indians, Mexicans, *everything* dazzled him. But he soon organized his impressions. Thrills of emotion, of delight, of exaltation must be transferred to canvas in colour, line and mass. Pictures began to crowd his brain and they soon materialized. Then he began to comprehend that to be a true painter of the Indian he must have a profound knowledge of his traditions, his religion, his ceremonies, his history, his social, domestic and tribal relationships, his industries, sports and recreations. The fields of Indian archæology and ethnology were opened up to him, and his interest grew into a passion, until now he is firmly attached to the land, fond of the aboriginal peoples, whom he has found courteous, kind and full of encouragement toward his highest aims.

That his decision was a wise one is evidenced by the honours his work has received — the first Altman prize ($1,000) at the National Academy, New York, in 1918; the first Logan Medal and $500, at the Chicago Exhibition, 1917; the second Logan Medal and the W. R. Hearst prize in 1916; the Edward B. Butler purchase prize, Chicago, in 1915; and the Medal of Honour of the Chicago Society of Artists in 1914.

The attractions of Taos are further emphasized by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Harwood, formerly of Paris, and their enthusiastic acceptance of it as an ideal location for the artist. Practically driven from France by the disturbing conditions of the world war they came back to their former home in the United States, seeking a new artistic environment and atmosphere. They were directed to Taos and immediately fell in love with it.

Purchasing the old and historic adobe house of Capt. Simpson, the place has been transformed to a refined, completely equipped, city dwelling. *El Pueblito,* or the Smaller Pueblo, the Indians and natives have christened it, and the Harwoods have accepted the christening.

On approaching the place an old-fashioned bell tower greets the visitor. In this will be shortly placed an ancient Spanish church bell which the owners of El Pueblito have acquired. The massive gates to the entrance of the placita are furnished with wrought iron hinges and latches embellished with Indian designs. Over the main entrance to the house is a carved beam from the oldest church of Taos. There are two sculptured serpents on either side of a rose, and the date 1813 with Ave Maria below.

Various parts of the place are among the most ancient in Taos. One building is called the " Casa del Alcalde " and is known to be over two hundred and fifty years old. On the ceiling of another part, equally ancient, was found written in old Spanish the priest's blessing, which translated reads:

" May the blessings of God the Father rest upon this house and all who inhabit it."

Mr. Harwood has endeavoured to preserve everything that savours of the olden times,— and has given his entire time to the work for nearly two years.

Nothing has been ignored, from carved sideboards and the like to the installation of modern electric light, water and sewer systems and all modern conveniences. Indeed it is one of the surprises of a lifetime to walk down the winding, dusty, adobe-lined back streets of Taos, in which one is transported back to sixteenth or seventeenth century conditions, and then suddenly to come to this made-over old adobe house. The exterior is scarce changed, except that it is " cleaned up " and everything made

healthful and sanitary. In the old courtyard or plaza, adjoining the house, Mr. Harwood has built a commodious studio that is worthy to be the proud possession of any painter. Here are priceless old Navaho, Chimayo and other blankets. The wood-work and furniture have all been made by a local workman of artistic temperament under Mr. Harwood's own supervision. He found a few fine old cupboards, chests, and the like, heirlooms of the oldest families of New Mexico. With open purse in hand and exercising that "sweet persuasiveness" that has won him many a model for his pictures, he gained possession of these desirable bits of antique wood-work, and everything in the house and studio has been lovingly and carefully patterned after them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood claim that they have "fixed up" the old house merely for the duration of the war, but to the bystander it appears that they have made preparation for a long life-time at Taos of happy activity in their chosen artistic careers.

Still another of the younger members of the Colony is Lee F. Hirsch, formerly a student of the Cleveland (Ohio) School of Art, and of Douglas Volk and Kenyon Cox in the New York Academy of Design. After spending a year on the figure, he turned to landscape painting as his chief work, and located himself at Woodstock, in the Catskill Mountains. Then the desire came to him to go to Spain and make a thorough study of the Castilian types, but the war intervened and good fortune directed his steps to Taos instead. Here, to his delight, he finds all and more than he had expected to find in Spain. The higher types of Castilian physiognomy are not hard to find, and of the lower types, the Mexicans afford him innumerable opportunities. It is to these he turns more than to the Indian — he believes they are more primitive,

less developed in some respects than the latter, and as they were of the people who laid the foundations for the new civilization in New Mexico he finds full scope for his artistic talent among them.

To me perhaps the most interesting art development as the result of the influence of New Mexico is found in the rare etchings reproduced in these pages. Unfortunately no reproduction of an etching can more than faintly set forth the delicacy, refinement and suggestiveness of the original.

These are the work of Mr. Wallace L. DeWolf of Chicago, one of the earliest trustees of the Art Institute, and a member of the Print Committee. These facts reveal his artistic leanings, though he has always preferred to regard himself as a business man. The magnificent collection of Anders Zoon's fine etchings now in the Institute was made by him and is proof of his critical judgment and rare appreciation. Of late years his business has demanded constant visits to the Pacific Coast, and as he journeyed to and fro he slowly grew to appreciate the subtle art-appeal of the desert. From positive repugnance and dislike, he graduated through various stages from tolerance to interest, and, at last, fell completely under its spell and allure. As soon as he realized this he began to spend days, even weeks, at a time on the deserts and plateaus of New Mexico, Arizona and California far from the haunts of the ordinary tourist, and even of Westerners.

Before attempting the etchings, however, the delicate colourings, shadings, tintings and altogether unique and marvelous atmospheric effects of the New Mexico desert, together with its unusual floral growths, so appealed to DeWolf that he began to devote the genius which confessedly is his to depict them on canvas.

Reproductions of two of his striking pictures grace our pages. One of these is entitled: "The Guardian of the Desert." In a hundred places in New Mexico just such a tree as this is often seen, together with the marvelous and almost unbelievable combination of colours, shades, tones and landscape and sky effects. Here the very dust of a past breeze is luminous and the mountains seem as though made of semi-precious stones, the brilliance of their colours slightly veiled for human eyes to look upon. And the sky — opalescent, pearl-like, iridescent, glowing, fit covering for the heaven of archangels, cherubim and seraphim, makes one feel he must cast off his shoes, for ground overarched by such a sky must be holy.

One of Mr. DeWolf's critics, Kate Terry Pearson of Glendale, California, herself an artist of repute and power, on seeing this picture went home and wrote the following poem. This, in itself, is another remarkable tribute to the power of the country over an artistic literary mind, for it is a poem of true fire.

THE LONE TREE IN THE DESERT

Desert sand, and desert dust,
  Shades of azure, mountain mist:
Blending sky and fleeting clouds
  By the fading sunset kissed.

A monarch in its symmetry,
  One solitary, graceful tree:
Like Wordsworth's tree, a vision clear
  In perfect, faultless harmony.

Guarding the distance, whispering leaves
  With grace and beauty satisfy the heart;
Itself the crowning glory and the dream
  Of desert silences a living part.

Alas! the change! To-morrow's sun and dust
Will azure mist and distant shadows sever!
But changeless is the Artist's mystic touch
That paints the glory and the dream forever.

The second of Mr. DeWolf's pictures especially appeals to me, for it is a faithful and true representation of "Winter on the Desert." Where else in Nature are such colours, in these rare and surprising combinations, to be found? And yet, the desert is also the home of the quieter tones and shades. While one is surprised he is not startled as is often the case in desert colour effects.

The immense distance, the miles on miles that actually confuse even the experienced traveler when he finds himself for the first time upon the desert, is here portrayed as only a master, knowing and loving his subject, could do it.

After demonstrating his power over these subjects *in colour,* it was but natural,— recalling his life-long devotion to etchings,— that Mr. DeWolf should endeavour to express his new passion for the desert through the medium of this interesting art form. Needless to add, the critics and his fellow craftsmen have been charmed and delighted with the results. For, as far as I know, or have been able to learn, they are the only etchings yet made by an American artist in this wonderfully suggestive field.

What is it that so hypnotizes men in these desolate wastes? Try as he may no one can fully explain it to another. He may have been scorched and seared by desert heat, parched with desert dryness, chilled to the marrow by bleak desert winds, suffocated in desert sandstorms, buried in desert snows, half-drowned in desert cloudbursts and floods, almost swallowed up in desert quicksands, and yet the desert still calls with a strong insistence that will not be denied.

Etching by Wallace L. DeWolf.

THE "OCATILLO."

Mr. DeWolf's artistic interest arose supreme over all these things. He forgot them as the sailor-warrior forgets his sinking ship in the lust of conquest, or the martyr the searing of the flame in the joy of winning the Master's smile. He saw the elusive mirage, the glowing mountains at sunrise and sunset, and the unusually rare and delicate shades of desert foliage. He reveled in the velvet canopy of night, studded with gems more brilliant than those that enrich a king's diadem, and he laughed with glee at the gorgeousness of the desert flowers after a rain.

In summer, while scorching in the fierce heat of the desert's floor, he gazed upon the snowy summits which pierced the bluest of blue skies in calmest serenity. In the fall he saw the palo verde, the greasewood, the ocatillo, and the giant saguaro send forth their peculiar leafage and flowers, and watched the chuckawalla, the Gila monster, the lizard, the horned toad, and the rattlesnake move with incredible swiftness or glide with silent sinuosity in their grateful shadows. These and a score of other pictures rushed in kaleidoscopic variation before his eyes. The most elusive he failed to catch, but some of them his etching tool mastered and graved. Some of these etchings grace these pages. Opposite page 344 is one entitled, " Palo Verde "— the tree of the green sticks. Who that has seen this strange desert tree creature does not recall the first time his eyes fell upon it? Leafless, apparently, it is utterly unlike anything before seen. It seems as if the desert's heat had so scorched its leaves that they had rolled themselves up in order to reduce the surface upon which the burning rays of the sun might be felt. Yet when it blooms it is one of the most gorgeous floral sights the eye of mortal man ever gazed upon, becoming one dazzling mass of brilliant yellow, just as if

a gold mist had surrounded this umbrageous standard of a tender green shade. The massive, columnar structure of the giant saguaro reveals itself through and above its peculiar leafage, while the far-away mountains clearly indicate they belong to the same school of desert and untamed things.

Even more rarely delicate is "The Creosote Bush." The dominating and forceful personality of the saguaro commands attention, for it is seen through the smaller and more refined leaves of the creosote. These leaves are of a rich polished olive-green. They look as if they were varnished, and the botanists tell us they are so especially designed, or have so evolved, that they can withstand the intensest heat. The flowers are a delicate yellow, coming out of a green calyx, and the seed-pods are separated with tufts like tiny bunches of cotton. The fragile beauty of the creosote is vividly suggested in Mr. DeWolf's etching, and the marked difference between it and the saguaro is strongly emphasized. The soft, airy nothingness of the foothills and superposed peaks is also set forth with masterly skill, for there are times when it is hard to believe that these mountains are composed of solid rock, so fairy-like is their appearance. This etching is not among those reproduced here.

In "The Ocatillo," opposite page 394, we have an entirely different class of desert verdure. While this is commonly spoken of as a cactus it is, in reality, a desert acacia. Branching out of the earth from a common root, it appears like a group of crooked sticks covered with thorns, and, after a rain, with delicately green leaves. The etching is startlingly realistic, far more so than any photograph I have ever seen. Its strong silhouette effect is exactly as one's eye often sees it, and the poetry of its surroundings is not overlooked. The mamillaria cactus,

THE SENTINELS OF THE DESERT.

THE MIRAGE.

THE SNOWY RANGE.

THREE ETCHINGS BY WALLACE L. DEWOLF.

the opuntias and the shrinking prickly gilias are delicately indicated and the whole picture is one of charm and delight to him who has learned to love these gnarled and prickly sons of the desert's soil.

Well has the artist entitled his etching, opposite this page, " The Sentinels of the Desert." Still, often solitary and alone, always silent,— save when fierce winds blow through the fluted columns, or they are made vocal with the owls, cactus wrens and other birds that find shelter within their apparently forbidding, but, in reality, friendly arms,— they suggest the soldier, under stern command, standing with shouldered arms, carefully watching for the oncoming of any foe. To come upon these giant saguaros unexpectedly is to give oneself a startling surprise. Sometimes they suggest other things than sentinels. They are giant monsters of unusual form, waiting to spring upon intruding and unsuspecting man. Especially in the night-time is this sentinel and monster idea likely to seize the unfamiliar desert traveler.

Of an entirely different type of picture is another opposite this page. Here the artist gives us the effect produced upon him of a mirage,— a bold and daring thing to attempt,— to picture that which merely exists as a figment of the imagination, yet it seems real. The water of a mirage is as perfect, often more so to the eye, as the real liquid of the lakes and springs. The mystic appearance of the heavens, of the mountains, and of the floor of the desert, however, as they present themselves at the time of the mirage prepares one to see the false water so graphically suggested in the etching. In this picture Mr. DeWolf has scored an artistic triumph, one that I have never known attempted before.

Still giving us another mood of the desert, we are shown in the third etching opposite this page, " The

Snowy Range." Any one who has ridden from the railway across the mesa to Taos, in the late fall or early spring, will see here his memories faithfully and delightfully portrayed. How the pure white of the snow contrasts the vivid greens of the cedars and pines of the lower levels, the grays, olives and reds of the rocks, and the great patches of plowed earth of the valleys! And while the etcher gives us none of the colour that exists, his art can be so perfect that the memory — the imagination — supplies that which the eye cannot see.

Another etching in the series is that of "The Mesquite,"— *Prospis glandulosa,*— a genuine desert tree, that Indians and whites alike regard with favour. It is one of the most characteristic trees of the arid country and while it is occasionally seen as large in New Mexico as the etching suggests, it is more often found as a tall shrub. The rich green leaves afford a grateful change to the traveler whose eyes long for relief from the gray tones that dazzle one in the ruddy sun. The flowers furnish the best of nectar to the honeybees; and the leaves and bean-like pods are eaten with eagerness by animals, wild and domestic. The large roots, thickened trunks and branches make the best kind of fuel. The Indian says it is a special gift of the gods to him. In its leaves and branches he finds cooling shelter for his temporary home; from its beans he obtains food for his horse, burro or cattle and also for himself, for he grinds them into meal of which he makes mush, bread, sugar, and a refreshing drink, and from its wood he gains his fuel.

Somehow most of these qualities are suggested in the etching. One can feel its cooling shade, and there is an inviting, almost maternal quality in its outspreading branches, that the artist must have felt ere he so perfectly portrayed it.

In the etching entitled "Desert Flora," Mr. DeWolf gives a realistic picture of desert growths that contains far more than appears at a casual glance. Towering above all else is the giant saguaro; while partially hiding it is the ocatillo, with its strong suggestion of thorniness and general hostility. Below are the flat-leaved opuntias, while to the left, there are the delicate and graceful creosote bush and more ocatillo, with tufts of grass at their roots. These clearly indicate the drifting white sand, small piles of which are caught at the bases of all the plants. How interesting a study this forbidding looking flora soon becomes, when one learns the individualistic characteristics of each variety!

Taking these etchings as a whole, we are most grateful to Mr. DeWolf for his attempt, and it will be interesting to watch their influence upon other artists in the same field.

Lucille Joullin's three paintings are joyous and exuberant expressions of her love for and devotion to New Mexico. Years ago, when her husband was enamoured of the country, the desert flora, and particularly the Indians, she spent much time with him traveling over the wide spaces of New Mexico and associating in most primitive simplicity with their Indian friends. The love for country and people was then absorbed, almost unconsciously, for when she herself took up the brush and palette again, at her husband's death, one of her oft-spoken longings was to get back to New Mexico and paint Indians.

I found her, in 1916, domiciled with a Pueblo Indian widow and her son, at Isleta, happy and buoyant to be at the work she loved. Pueblo men, women and children soon showed their friendliness for her by posing and inviting her to their homes and ceremonies. The "Pepper

Stringers " were her neighbours, and one glance of them at work was enough to arouse the artistic instinct. The vivid red of the peppers, the grayish-brown background of the wall, the pure blue sky above, the play of light and shade on face and costume of the workers, all appealed alike for portrayal. In her " Isleta Funeral Procession " she gives us a picture of definite historic value; of the transitional period through which the Indians are now passing. Here are evidences of their ancient rites and ceremonies, modified by the influence of the Catholic Church. To the knowing, the water-ollas upon the heads of the mourners are as significant of *Indian* thought as the processional cross is of *Catholic* thought.

In her " Maiden at the Spring," Mrs. Joullin has given us a tender and beautiful touch of the feminine side of Indian life. The girls are brought up from their earliest years to be the water-carriers — the life-bringers — of their race. The beauty, grace, sweet purity, and innocence, combined with the native dignity that this high mission confers upon its bearers, might well teach a wonderful lesson to the useless and frivolous of the maidens of the white race.

In her San Francisco studio Mrs. Joullin has many New Mexico studies, sketches and finished pictures, and happy are those who have placed upon their home walls, the vivid expressions of her love for this " Land of High Colours and High Places."

Of equal interest and importance with Mrs. Joullin's " Isleta Funeral " is Eva Almond Withrow's " Thanksgiving Dance at Acoma." In this ceremony there is the same combination of pure Indian and Catholic thought and expression. The dance, however, is the essentially aboriginal part. The intense earnestness, the fervour, the fanatic zeal that leads the young men to their most

From a painting made expressly for the author by Lucille Joullin.

A PUEBLO INDIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION AT ISLETA.

exhaustive endeavours are clearly depicted upon the faces of the dancers, and the whole effect of terraced-houses, spectators, dancers and feeling is truthfully and artistically rendered.

Of the two paintings of Carlos Vierra,— one of the New Art Museum of Santa Fe, and the other of the old Franciscan Mission of Zia,— it may be said that they are fine, artistic expressions of his almost passionate and reverent devotion to the native architecture of New Mexico. Reference to the chapter devoted to this subject will show that he is the principal exponent of this fascinating theme.

The painting by William Lees Judson, Dean of the Fine Arts Department of the University of Southern California, representing the "Easter Procession of the Penitentes," is a picture of peculiar value and worth. It is the first attempt, as far as I am aware, truthfully to depict on canvas this amazing spectacle of fanatic devotion to a high conception. In the chapter upon the subject I have tried to express the deep feelings of emotion with which one witnesses this strange and almost unbelievable ceremonial, and Dr. Judson has wonderfully caught its profoundest spirit, and transferred it to his canvas. This is certain to become a memorable and famous picture.

While in this chapter I have dwelt exclusively upon the "Taos School of Artists," and the paintings, etc., of this volume, it must not be deemed that I have given a complete survey of the artistic field of New Mexico. An equally interesting and comprehensive chapter might well be written upon the work of the Santa Fe artists and, indeed, a whole volume of this size would be inadequate to sing their well-deserved praises. Many of these artists have taken up more or less permanent residence in

the land, and a score of others return with regularity to renew their impressions and add to their canvases. Albuquerque, in time, will have its art colony, unless by its failure to catch the artistic drift, and anchor it in the growing city, it settles in the very precincts of the old church on the mesa heights of Acoma.

Suffice it to say that the world will hear more and more, as the years pass, of the growing influence upon art and artists of this Sunshine Land of New Mexico.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANCIENT AND MODERN METHODS OF SEEING NEW MEXICO

Were my first experiences of travel in New Mexico written in detail they would lead the reader to assume that I must have been here a century or more ago, save for the presence of the railway. I have ridden scores of miles on horse-, mule-, or burro-back; and hundreds of miles in rude springless lumber and other wagons, jolting, jarring, shaking over the rudest kind of roads. On one occasion I made a trip, seated on the rear axle of a lumber wagon, on which a few sacks of grain had been tied, with a lady missionary by my side. As we went up the steep and rocky mountains and down the sliding canyons, over roads that were rutted, or rocky, or washed out, there was nothing for it but to cling together, in mutual endeavour to keep from slipping off, fore and aft, or being thrown into the wheels. I met the lady again a short time ago. She is still a resident of New Mexico, but is now the mother of three sturdy sons, one of them with Uncle Sam's soldiers at Camp Cody. She laughed heartily as I recalled the "clinging" experiences we had on that occasion. I have ridden in ox-carts, burro-carts, army-ambulances, old-fashioned stage-coaches, and modern buggies, with Mormons, Indians, Mexicans, Catholic priests, Protestant missionaries, and Indian shamans. One of these experiences is related in the chapter entitled "My Adventures in Zuni," wherein my companion and I — neither of us expert horsemen — drove two fiery and

untamed broncos, directly from the range, and, necessarily, had a lively and exciting time.

Of an entirely different character was my solitary drive from Fruitland to the Chaco Canyon ruins. I had driven across the Navaho reservation, from northwestern Arizona, with a Mormon friend in his freight wagon. We had camped at night under the stars, rolled up in our blankets, with our feet to the camp-fire, and were generally under way again, having breakfasted, fed and harnessed our six horses, before three A. M. each morning. Then, after a few days' rest with friends, and an interesting visit to the Navaho Indian school at Shiprock, I found that my friend Charlie Algert had left word — he had been called East — that I might take his horse and buggy if I wished to risk going alone, across country, to Chaco Canyon. Did I? It was just what I was aching to do.

And I ached as I did it. For it was winter time,— December or January, I think,— and the nights were bitterly cold, the thermometer often going below zero. That was a lonely trip, for I would drive all day and seldom see a soul, and he would be a sheep-herding Navaho. I did meet one interesting character, however; a man on foot, who was of the intelligent and purposeful "hobo" type. He was a Walt-Whitman-lover who knew the joy of the "open road." With grub-sack, canteen, and note-book he seemed quite contented. It was his way of gaining health and "seeing the country." He read me from his notes of his sight-seeing of little known places in Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, of Cliff-Dwellings, Petrified Forest, Grand Canyon, Natural Bridges, Pictured Rocks, etc., and now he was going to visit the Chaco ruins, and the pueblos of Zuni, Acoma, and the Rio Grande. I was on my way back from Chaco. Each

night I had camped, alone, in the open. On that high plateau, with wind blowing, the camp-fire made of sage-brush was not only comforting but was all that saved me from freezing to death. For the thermometer generally went down to about 25 degrees Fahr. below zero, sometime during the night. My sturdy horse, though well blanketed and picketed as near the fire as I could get him, was eager to get his breakfast and start off at a good warming pace each morning. One night we stopped at an Indian trading post. The trader invited me to roll out my blankets inside the store, which I did, but, when I saw his greasy and dirty frying pans, his unwashed hands making biscuits, and his unscoured tin cups set out for coffee, I really wished for the sweet purity of the freezing open. I was sorry I had not stuck to my camping-out.

I might tell of the companionable trips with such men as my friend William McGuinnes, of lunches and evening meals in the open by the side of the Rio Grande, or under the pines of the Taos mountains; or of a jaunt I took with Matthew Howell into the heart of the Navaho Country. Who could ever forget that experience? We were driving from St. Michaels to Ganado. The day was bright and clear, and our hearts were bright and our eyes were clear, for we were seeing sights, enjoying the delightfully bracing air of the plateau, and of the pines, pinions and cedars. We had stopped for lunch under the trees, and now, as evening drew near, were on the home stretch — a straight piece of road, fenced with barbed wire on either side — to Ganado. In five minutes, or less, we should be in the hospitable home of Lorenzo Hubbell, that genial and royal host, at whose table every reputable traveler of the past thirty years has been made welcome. Suddenly a tug slipped off the nigh single-tree. Lashing

the legs and side of the bronco it so startled him that he made a leap forward. This unslipped the neck yoke from the pole, and, instantly, *El diablo* was to pay. Imagine our situation! One horse with a tug loose, the pole down on the ground, driving into the road and striking every rock or slight elevation, and in danger of being snapped in two every moment, both horses striving and struggling to run away. For, as Matthew drew back on the lines,— there being no neck-yoke on the pole to tighten up the slack,— he pulled the swiftly moving vehicle on to their heels. This made them frantic. They kicked and plunged and could not be controlled. Their irregular traction on the single-trees swung the pole to and fro, and there we were, swaying first to one side of the road, then to the other, in a most drunken and irresponsible dance. Yes, dance it was; for each time the end of the pole struck the earth, it penetrated the ground and gave the wagon a jerk that nearly threw us off the seat. Then, suddenly, the pole swerved to the left, and we were headed direct for the barbed-wire fence. In view of barbed wire I invariably think quickly, for I have had one or two rather narrow escapes from this tearing and lacerating entanglement. I decided to jump. My subconscious brain seconded the motion, and I leaped, fortunately clearing the wagon and plunging horses. As I did not fall I was able to rush to the head of the partially loose horse and hang on to him, while, simultaneously, an Indian who had observed our plight and run out to aid us, grabbed the other. In less time than it takes to write it, the harness was readjusted, the broncos quieted down, and I had taken my seat, and we drove to the store as gently as though there had been no such mad excitement as I have tried to describe.

At Ganado I said Adieu! to Howell and when next I

drove it was with a Navaho and his ponies. We went up into the Tunicha mountains, and then to Chin Lee, and a day or two later another Navaho went up the glorious Canyon de Chelly with me, where we slept on the sandstone rocks, and ate our meals together, and climbed to the Cliff-dwellings hidden in the majestic walls of that stupendous canyon.

These are but samples of stories of typical trips I have been making in New Mexico for over thirty years.

But now a change comes over the scene. Those "ancient-day" methods are now followed only by the people of ancient mind. The mentally alert, the progressive, have kept abreast of the times. The automobile now dashes over roads that used to know nothing swifter than the Indian runner. Modern system and efficiency have taken the place of the "happy-go-lucky" chance methods of the past. All one has to do is to wire to the manager of the Rocky Mountain Camp at Santa Fe, tell him where you want to go, and how, and the number of your party, and on your arrival everything will be ready for you.

Personally I feel there is no way equal to that of going horseback, with pack- and camp-equipment. This requires more time, but it is time well spent, for it allows the country to "seep" into one's mentality as well as his physical being. It is good to bathe in a pure atmosphere of germ-free and sun-laden air, but it is better to bathe mentally in the vastness, power, silence, and serenity of this remarkable country. Necessarily the essential physical conditions for such a trip are good saddle- and pack-animals, a guide who knows the country with its water-holes and best stopping places, as well as its scenic and romantic allurements, who can follow dim mountain-, desert-, and canyon-trails, who knows how to ride, care for his stock, "throw the diamond"— the hitch that

makes his pack secure — cook and serve the food in palatable style, and, besides all these simple things, can keep the traveler cheerful, happy and encouraged when he is weary and hungry before he reaches the evening camping-place. Such men are not to be found everywhere, but the Rocky Mountain Camp Company has seemed to secure quite a number of them. Hence, having myself tested their capacity and satisfied myself of their fine quality I am glad to pass on the good word to my readers. As to *where* they will take travelers, the one word "anywhere" is a sufficient answer, but for those who would like more detailed information it can be secured by writing direct to the Company at Santa Fe or to the General Passenger Agent of the Santa Fe railway either in Chicago, Illinois; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Topeka, Kansas; Los Angeles, California; or San Francisco, California.

While the railway officials have nothing whatever to do with the enterprise of this company, they feel as I do, viz., that it is a pleasure to further the work of such efficient men who are helping, so delightfully, to make this wonderful country better known.

CHAPTER XXV

NEW MEXICO AS THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND

It is large enough — there is no question about that. See the figures of its vastness quoted elsewhere. It has variety enough to meet all tastes, variety in climates, altitudes, geographical conditions and sources of interest. The chapters on mountains and flora tell of its versatility and diversity of climate. Yet this must not be understood as an acrobatic diversity: that is, a climate that is always turning somersaults upon itself. There is nothing fickle in New Mexico climate. Its diversity depends largely upon its topographic variations. You are not sweltering to-day and freezing to-morrow in the same location. To get change you must travel, but *when,* and *as,* you travel you may be accommodated to anything you want.

In altitudes New Mexico is equally varied. One may like to be in the lower valleys at elevations near to sea level, or he may enjoy the vast plateaus at 4,000, 5,000 feet general elevation, or the foothills or slopes of the giant mountains that tower up to over 10,000 feet, whose summits are equally accessible to him.

Consequently if he love desert the visitor or home-seeker may have all he seeks of it; if he wants to be on the arable land by the side of a great river, he can equally be accommodated; or if he wants to live on mesa heights, in splendid isolations, in lava fields, in extinct volcanoes, in giant forests, or in the solitude of mountain heights, each and all of his wishes are provided for.

As for sources of interest the chapters of the foregoing pages have been written to no avail if they have not demonstrated what one may enjoy in these regards. What more does the curious American want than Pueblo Indians of a score of towns, nomad Apaches, Mexicans with their individualistic habits and customs, including the unbelievable Penitentes, cowboys, forest rangers, sheep herders' camps, artist colonies, sleepy American settlements, dead and alive mining camps, some of the most active and pushing of American cities, great irrigation systems, the historic Inscription Rock, quaint, ancient Santa Fe, the old Franciscan Missions, the blanket-making Navahos and Chimayós, the pottery-, silver-ware and basket-making Indians, the cliff-dwellings, the Mormons, the wonderful rock-carvings, the coal fields? There surely is enough to interest the really intelligent and wide-awake American.

The roads of the State are not yet in as good condition as in the older, more populous and more wealthy States. It would be unreasonable to expect that they should be. But the people are growingly alert to this great need and are stretching every nerve to put in transcontinental highways and roads that lead to the most scenic and historic regions. A few years will make a marked improvement in this regard. The motorist should note the climatic and topographic differences between the northern and southern routes in winter and summer. Go to the south in winter. The mountain passes are lower, and the climate more hospitable. In the summer, however, change the route. The snow has gone, the roads are of natural gravel for scores of miles, and the cool breezes from the snowfields of the near-by mountains grateful and soothing.

Florence Merriam Bailey, the well-known ornithologist,

gives some delightful pictures of New Mexico's attractions in her various contributions to the bird magazines, and it is a great regret that one cannot quote some of them.

Let one wander where he will in New Mexico he will find something unique in its interest and allurement. The Taos region is full of fascination. Santa Fe is the center of a world of splendidly varied attractions; Jemez has its hot springs; Pecos, its ruins of the old church, a century and a half older than any of the Missions of California; Acoma is *sui generis* — nothing just like it in the world; Albuquerque has its Sandia Mountains, as well as its quaint Mexican villages, and its close proximity to some of the historic antiquities of the American world; all a-down the course of the Rio Grande are fascinations in recent irrigation development; at Silver City and thereabouts are mines and mountains galore, and near by is Fort Bayard, one of the U. S. Government Sanitariums — but these are merely hints of the scores of places that might be, and ought to be named, would space permit.

There is one place, however, in southern New Mexico, that is so essentially a Western pleasure spot, that it is deserving of especial mention. This is Cloudcroft, located at 9,000 feet, nearly 2,500 feet higher than the summit of the highest mountain in the whole eastern and middle-western, northern and southern States, east of the Rockies, viz., Mt. Washington, New Hampshire. It is on one of the crests of the Sacramento range, overlooking the Tularosa Valley, in which are located the famous "White Sands."

Here, surrounded by giant pines with willowy mountain crests and folds leading the eye down to an expansive valley panorama, companioning the very stars of the peerless New Mexico sky, "The Lodge" is located, a

hundred thousand dollar hotel, above the clouds, and a summer colony establishes itself each year. Imagine any of the famous resort hotels of the East perched up at an altitude of 9,000 feet, with the most elevated golf links in the world, with tennis courts, bowling alleys, as well as horseback-riding, mountain-climbing and the like. There is quite a little settlement in summer, scores of people owning their own cottages and sending their families up for three or four months. There are several hotels, stores, etc., where all supplies and camping-outfits may be secured, so that the traveler of every kind is well provided for. Here, too, is located the Baby Sanitarium, where infants are cared for by the El Paso Medical Society, under the auspices of the Woman's Equal Suffrage League. This is a modernly equipped institution; the sun and pine-laden air, combined with the pure atmosphere wafted up from Nature's great laboratories beneath, aided by the medical care of the physicians and the tender attention of the nurses working wonders upon sickly and frail infants. Thousands of lives have undoubtedly been saved by a few months' sojourn here at the right time. Some one has well said,

> Nature and man worked together to make Cloudcroft what it is — a summer play-ground, a summer Paradise — combining all modern comforts, yet keeping close to Nature. Nature provided high vaulted skies, bright sunshine, cool breezes, fields of flowers and a great pine forest sheltering birds of many songs. Man built a railroad up the mountains, made roads and bridle-paths through the forest, built the "Lodge" and pavilion and laid out pleasure grounds for the summer colony.

Cloudcroft is 26 miles from Alamogordo, one of the prominent towns on the main line of the El Paso and Southwestern System. For centuries the Mescalero Apache Indians every year used to come across the plains,

QUAKEN ASPEN GROVE, CLOUDCROFT.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

bringing whatever sick of men, women and children they had, climbing their rude trails to the pine groves of what is now known as Cloudcroft. Here, they declared, "Those Above" especially cooled the atmosphere, distilled the virtue from the pine and other health-giving trees, shrubs, and flowers, and caused new life and vigour to be given to all who were sick. It was a place especially blessed, a spot where the "Shadow People" themselves came and walked upon the earth. Hence it was established as a health and pleasure resort long before the white man's foot invaded the continent, centuries before Coronado's band wearily plodded across New Mexico in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola."

When civilization began to invade the valleys, and timber was needed from the mountains to build towns, cities and villages for white men, a railroad was built for logging purposes and the pine trees were cut and hauled to Alamogordo to the mills. This railroad, 26 miles from Alamogordo to Cloudcroft, is pronounced a wonderful feat of engineering skill, being a standard gauge road climbing over a mile in height, using numerous switchbacks, double reverse curves and bridges in the ascent.

Now, during the season, which lasts from June 1 to September 30th, daily passenger trains ply between Cloudcroft and El Paso, 112 miles away, so that it is the chosen resort not only of a large part of New Mexico, but of the residents of this progressive and bustling Texas city.

At a little lower elevation than Cloudcroft are two other resorts, equally beautiful in surroundings, Mountain Park and High Rolls, and the three resorts combined offer a variety as delightful as they are unique and elevated. Every summer visitor to the far West would find it to his delight and profit to stop over for a few days, a week, or a month at these rarely beautiful spots.

CHAPTER XXVI

EDUCATION IN NEW MEXICO

In the early days of New Mexico history it cannot be said that education was popular with the masses of the people, or with the better classes *for* the people. Without indulging in any crimination it cannot be denied that the ordinary Mexican peon was not educated, nor was there much if any attempt made, on the part of his religious, political or social superiors, to give him an education. Whether that were a good or a bad policy I do not care to argue. It is sufficient to affirm that it is *now* the practice of every State in the Union to demand a certain amount of education for all of its citizens — potential or actual. The great war has emphasized the need for this, and there is little doubt but that federal, as well as state, requirements will be constantly enlarged, until illiteracy is absolutely banished, and every citizen speaks, reads and writes the English language. While, personally, I do not care to enter into the argument as to the " why " of the ignorance and illiteracy that exist even to-day in New Mexico, it will be interesting to the general reader to peruse a portion of a paper read by an educational official of the State at the State Teachers' Institute, as recently as 1917. I quote from the original manuscript used on that occasion:

In order to arrive at a better understanding concerning illiteracy in New Mexico, it will be necessary to revert to our early history, when, until a short time ago there existed two classes of people, the rich, powerful and influential, and the poor, weak and helpless.

The former ruled with an iron hand and practised slavery in various degrees, entering into agreements with the latter, whereby their children were parceled out for a number of years to be used in the herding of sheep, goats, cattle, and the performance of other menial services. A lordship existed to the extent that one class was kept at the mercy of the other, which gradually grew into the custom of the poor serving the wealthier peoples. For years no public schools existed, and in later years when the public school system was established, it was a mere farce almost to the time New Mexico became a State. The public schools, especially in the remote rural communities, were such in name only. Lack of sufficient revenue for school purposes resulted in inefficiency and incompetency in whatever school work was undertaken. Poor and inappropriate school houses, built for dancing purposes and loaned or rented to the districts to hold school in; unskilled and unprepared teachers in charge of the so-called schools; short terms, all these, resulted in the masses being very poorly served. We have suffered and are suffering to a great extent from the traditions and customs handed down from our forefathers, who, if they understood equality did not apparently consider it in connection with the rights and privileges due their children.

In 1835 Colonel Albino Perez was sent by the officials in Mexico to take charge of the departmental affairs of New Mexico. The appointment seems to have been unfortunate from a political sense, for it, doubtless, was the moving cause of the revolution of 1837–8. Yet Governor Perez was a man of high ideals and would have inaugurated a plan of public education had the revolutionists not cut off his head. In the Santa Fe *Archives* is the proclamation and plan for public instruction in the city of Santa Fe made by the Governor.

It is a proclamation that showed his advanced ideas on education and would have worked a mental revolution in Santa Fe and New Mexico had it been carried out.

Unfortunately a revolution effectually quieted the hand that wrote this first charter of education for New Mexico. Then came a greater upheaval, in the seizing of the Territory by the United States. It might be thought that

public education would have received a great impetus under our new and progressive government, but such was not the case. New Mexico, ever since the advent of the Spaniards, has been the warring ground of the Indians. If the Pueblos were quiet, the Apaches and Navahos were on the warpath. And while, in a comparatively short time, the greater depredations of the Indians were checked, it was utterly impossible to exercise a restraining hand in the outlying or country districts. Here a handful of renegades could plunder, burn and terrorize even though they did not kill, and it took several decades to make life and property reasonably safe everywhere.

Then, when safety was assured there were no buildings, teachers, or money in the treasury for educational purposes. Indeed, everything was lacking except potential pupils, and the parents of these had no desire that their children should be educated.

Even in the cities and towns there were no public schools. The Catholic church has always been opposed to public schools — is to-day — believing it better that children should have no education, than that they be educated without a knowledge of religion — as they understand and teach it. Hence, though they had no funds with which to inaugurate their own system of parochial schools, they strenuously opposed all suggestions and movements for the establishment of common or public schools. Indeed, in the early days, many of the Mexican priests were themselves so illiterate and degraded that Bishop Lamy suspended them from their holy office. These false pastors not only kept their people in the densest ignorance, but demanded excessive and exorbitant fees for marriages, baptisms and burials, so much so that many couples lived together without marriage in open defiance of church and territorial law, pleading

that they could not afford to pay the fees demanded.

Bishop Lamy's vicar general, Father Machebeuf, thus stated the matter in a letter:

> The lack of instruction and other helps has left religion in a deplorable condition in New Mexico. Its practice is almost entirely lost, and there remains little but the exterior shell. With such ignorance the consequent corruption can easily be imagined, and all the immorality that must flow from it.

As early as possible Bishop Lamy established Catholic day and boarding schools in Santa Fe. The American newcomers, in the meantime, while strongly in favour of public schools, had no power to start them contrary to the popular will, unless it were done as a gift to the people by some missionary society. And there were many influential Spaniards and Mexicans who joined with the Catholics, even when they themselves were not of that faith, in opposing public education of the common people.

Davis, in his *El Gringo,* thus writes of the condition of education in the territory in 1856 and prior to that time:

> The standard of education in New Mexico is at a very low ebb, and there is a larger number of persons who cannot read and write than in any other Territory in the Union. The census of 1850 shows a population of 61,547 inhabitants, of whom 25,089 are returned as being unable to read and write. I feel confident that this ratio is too low, and that the number may safely be set down at one half the whole population who cannot read their catechisms and write their names. The number attending school is given as 460, which is about one scholar to every one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants. This exhibits a fearful amount of ignorance among the people, and is enough to make us question the propriety of intrusting them with the power to make their own laws.

According to an address delivered in Santa Fe, in 1914, by Secretary of State Antonio Lucero, there were some of the Spanish-speaking people who were as eager that

their children should be educated as were the people of New England. He wrote from his own experience.

One good result to the cause of education that followed the coming of the Americans was that the various denominations of the Christian church sent pastors and teachers into the territory, and denominational schools for Mexican children were established, that of the Baptists in Santa Fe, beginning as early as 1849.

Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists all established Mission Schools, and the first University of New Mexico was incorporated under the auspices of the last named, in Santa Fe, May 11, 1881. Its first preparatory school was opened September 11, 1881, and the corner-stone of Whitin Hall, its first permanent building, was laid October 21, 1882, "in the name of Christian Education, in behalf of intellectual progress and improvement, in the hope and trust that it will be a stronghold of intelligence and morality, and a bulwark against ignorance and vice." This Hall was completed October, 1887, and was mainly the gift of the family of John C. Whitin, of Massachusetts.

In 1888 a State University was established at Albuquerque, a School of Mines at Socorro, and an Agricultural School at Las Cruces, each supported by a special tax on all the assessable property of the territory.

But it was not until 1890 that a real advance was made, in the passage of a school law worthy the name. Under the governorship of L. Bradford Prince a bill was framed by L. R. E. Paullin, which included all the features required in a modern school system. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction was to be named by the governor, and immediately on passage of the law Amado Chaves was appointed. No better selection could have been made. Don Amado was a member of one of the

Photograph by C. B. Waite.

INDIAN SCHOOL, LAGUNA.

oldest Spanish families of the State, was respected and honoured and eminently qualified by his suavity and tact to overcome the prejudices held by many of his people against popular education. His educational and administrative qualities were of the highest order and he undoubtedly laid the foundations of the present educational system. Year after year marked advance has been made, and while there is yet much to be desired New Mexico can congratulate itself that it is in the line of true progress.

In 1898 Delegate Fergusson, of New Mexico, succeeded in passing through Congress an act which had a most beneficial effect upon educational affairs. It provided that all sections of school lands numbered 16 and 36 in every township in the Territory could be leased for the support of its public schools. Two townships were reserved for the establishment of a University of New Mexico, and exactly five thousand acres, together with all saline lands, were granted for its use. One hundred thousand acres were set aside for the use of the Agricultural College.

Much needed efforts are now being made to standardize the rural schools, to demand higher qualifications of the teachers, and to organize night — or " moonlight " schools as they are termed — for the benefit of illiterate adults. One county superintendent in 1916 reported sixty of these schools established, with an enrolment of 1,549 adults receiving free instruction in English and Spanish. Marked improvement must result from these laudable endeavours. The earlier endeavours in these lines on the part of the teachers were purely voluntary and without pay, but the legislature has now provided that extra pay shall be given to every teacher who induces ten illiterates to enroll and receive certain instruction. Little by little

an *esprit de corps* is being aroused among county superintendents; they are being incited to greater devotion to their work, and to arouse a higher enthusiasm for their profession among their teachers. The work of the three normal schools — the Normal University at Las Vegas, which, while authorized in 1893, did not confine itself to purely normal work until 1903; the Silver City Normal, established in 1904; and the Spanish-American Normal at El Rito — are all doing excellent work, which, under the present state superintendent, Jonathan H. Wagner, is rapidly becoming more and more standardized.

The church and private schools already referred to are still in vigorous operation and supplement in needed lines the work of the state schools.

Few outsiders can realize the obstacles thrown, especially by large taxpayers, in the way of those who were working for a really effective school law. It was not until 1915 that a county unit law was passed which gave each county its own school taxes, and two years later another step forward was taken in making each county competent to administer its own school affairs. Now, with a wide-awake state superintendent, and a county board appointed by the district judge of which the county superintendent is ex-officio president, school matters are coming to the fore with leaps and bounds.

In addition to this State Teachers' Institutes are being held, attendance upon which by every teacher in the State is compulsory, and these enthusiastic gatherings gender a spirit of progress that is infectious and the beneficial influence of which cannot be overestimated.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE UNIVERSITY AND SPECIAL SCHOOLS OF NEW MEXICO

THE development of a high grade educational institution demands adequate funds, a large population with high educational ideals, together with a board of trustees of wisdom and vision to stand behind its president and faculty and further every sane plan for its advancement. In its early history New Mexico possessed neither funds, or the ideal population, hence was not called upon to meet the latter needs. In 1889, however, a bill was passed by the legislature, creating the University of New Mexico, to be located at Albuquerque. Its first years were of difficulties and struggles. While a University in name, in fact it was but a preparatory school, with E. S. Stover as its first president. In 1897, Dr. C. L. Herrick, of Denison College, Ohio, was elected president, and in 1899 the Hadley Laboratory and a gymnasium were built. This former building was burned down in 1910.

In 1901 Dr. William G. Tight, a geologist, also from Denison College, was elected as successor to President Herrick and served until 1909. The call to New Mexico was very attractive to Dr. Tight as it seemed to open the way to a great, new field for geological research. But upon entering the work of the university and learning its needs, he discovered that his time was to be largely occupied with executive duties, and that it was necessary for him to sacrifice much of his professional scientific

work. Nevertheless, he threw the vigour of his physical and mental energy into the larger interests of the institution. In his fertile mind Dr. Tight saw a vision of a greater university for New Mexico in the future and began to conceive large plans. The grounds were laid out with a thought of permanency, and hundreds of trees were placed in orderly arrangement as a start for a beautiful campus. Another policy pointing toward permanency was that of uniformity in the style of buildings to be erected, and President Tight ingeniously conceived the idea of an Indian Pueblo type of architecture. After studying and photographing various buildings in Indian villages throughout New Mexico, he began to formulate plans for a distinctive type of university buildings, choosing the style from the native soil, instead of borrowing ideas from foreign lands. A power house was first constructed on the new plan, and then dormitories — one for women, named Hokona, the Indian significance being virgin butterfly; and one for men, called Kwataka, or man-eaglet. The Administration Building, a large three-story structure and the first building on the campus, was remodeled on the lines of the adopted Pueblo plan, and an assembly room added and designated Rodey Hall, in recognition of the valuable services rendered the University by B. S. Rodey in the Territorial Legislature and the Federal Congress.

In 1909 Dr. E. D. McQueen Gray was chosen to succeed President Tight and served until 1912. The granting of statehood to New Mexico in 1911, and the natural forward impulse given to all its institutions at that time led to a decided effort at a forward movement for the university. The people of Albuquerque were aroused as never before and began to demand an enlarged and more active campaign of higher education. Accordingly Dr.

David Ross Boyd, who had successfully piloted the University of Oklahoma from its foundation until it became recognized as one of the well established institutions of the West, and who had reorganized and standardized the missionary schools of the Presbyterian church throughout the United States, was called to the presidency. Upon election President Boyd began to make a careful study of the general educational situation in New Mexico and the needs of the university. One of the first things to demand attention was the securing of a larger campus for immediate and future needs, while land could be purchased at a reasonable price. By persistent effort, the campus has been extended from 25 acres, when President Boyd assumed office, to a tract of over 340 acres. This additional land, which is well located, was purchased at an exceedingly favourable figure, and was secured none too soon, as adjacent land has already more than doubled in value. With a view to unity in the development of plans for the greater university, the administration secured the services of Mr. Walter Burleigh Griffin of Chicago, a landscape architect and expert in city planning. Mr. Griffin had won the $10,000 prize in a contest of 142 architects from different parts of the world, for plans to be used in the construction of the new capital city of the confederate states of Australia at Canberra, and had then been employed to lay out the grounds of the new federal district, and superintend the construction of the beautiful city of Canberra. Mr. Griffin visited the University to study the situation and environment and was enthusiastic over the possibilities of developing the large campus and constructing buildings in a modified form of the unique Pueblo type of architecture. His plans are now in the hands of the Regents and President Boyd, for the permanent arrangement and beautification of the grounds,

and the attractive grouping of new buildings. The rapidly growing chemistry department called for the first building under the new plans. It is a plain, substantial structure, covering a ground space of 165 feet by 50 feet, with the interior marked by the most modern arrangement, and latest equipment for laboratory work. The next building will be for general science, and each department will form its own architectural unit, in accordance with the general plan.

With President Boyd's administration have come some important changes in the University curriculum. A beginning has been made in university extension and correspondence work in order to accommodate those who may seek advancement, but who are unable to attend the University. The department of home economics has been introduced, with excellent up-to-date electrical equipment. A chair of theoretical and applied psychology has been added to the College of Arts, Philosophy, and Sciences. In view of the growing importance of our national relations with the Latin-American republics, courses in Spanish history have been provided and greater emphasis has been placed upon the teaching of the Spanish language. A Course in Commerce, under the direction of the department of economics, has been established on a university basis, to take up the larger problems of business, and commercial relations with other countries. In addition, several full courses in music have been organized in the College of Fine Arts.

For eight years Dr. Boyd has had his hand on the helm and has seen the institution grow in power and influence. To use his own words:

> While pursuing plans for the future, the University is adhering faithfully to certain very definite standards in its daily work. These standards are high and at the masthead we have fixed the slogan,

"Thoroughness in teaching." The faculty of this University has been chosen with first consideration to the ability and willingness and eagerness of each member to teach. Teaching the young men and women who come here is the first duty of this institution and every member of the faculty has become thoroughly imbued with that principle and all that it implies in careful, thoughtful, painstaking work with and for the individual student. To learn his needs, his weaknesses, his tendencies and special adaptabilities and to make best use of all, in so far as can be done, to aid each one to gain the fullest advantage from his opportunity. We have in the faculty men whose attainments in scholarship and scientific research are notable. While proud of their attainments and of recognition which they receive from time to time, we regard these things as secondary to their enthusiasm and ability for the every-day work of teaching.

The location of the university is on a mesa, about a mile east of Albuquerque, overlooking the city and the wide valley of the Rio Grande. It is a beautiful, inspiring spot, though occasionally sandstorms sweep over it. These latter give the "grit" that have sent New Mexican University Volunteers "over the top" with a marked zip and enthusiasm. The perfectly pure air, the clear sky, the bracing atmosphere are not only conducive to the best of health; they are stimulating and invigorating to the highest degree. The student body is worthy all that Nature and the State is doing for them. Both youths and maidens are healthful-appearing in body and mind, exuberant in spirit and eager for work. The future has a right to demand and expect much of them, and it will not be disappointed.

In addition to the university there are three other state schools deserving of more than passing mention.

Military Institute. This was created in 1895 with a building appropriation of $15,000. It is located at Roswell, in Chaves County.

It was opened for students in 1898. For the first year it was maintained chiefly as a local high school with mili-

tary instruction. In 1899 the board of regents decided to make it a strictly military school requiring local as well as foreign students to live in garrison and remain under military discipline at all times. This was a great venture and caused the school a great struggle for a year or two. However, the efficiency of the school was apparent to the people and students began to come in large numbers. The State made increased appropriations and new buildings were erected, until at present the barracks and academic buildings and mess hall are considered to be the finest group of academic buildings in the Southwest. The plant is now valued at about four hundred thousand dollars. The average enrolment for the past ten years is one hundred and seventy-four cadets. Last session three hundred and twelve were matriculated and during the coming year a corps of four hundred is expected.

In 1909 the War Department designated the New Mexico Military Institute as a "Distinguished Institution," since which time it has annually received the highest rating awarded to military schools by inspecting officers. Graduates of the New Mexico Military Institute have for a number of years been received as officers in the army. During the war with Germany, the Institute supplied approximately three hundred and six graduates and ex-cadets. Three hundred of them held commissions, from lieutenants to majors. The Institute has a faculty at the present time of eighteen college men. One member of the faculty is detailed by the War Department. The superintendent, Colonel James W. Wilson, has been with the school since it was first opened, and many of the officers and instructors have been on duty with this institution for a number of years.

School of Mines. As its name implies this school was established by the legislature in 1889 to give special train-

ing to those who might ultimately aid in the development of the mines of the State. It offers courses in mining, engineering, metallurgical engineering, geological engineering, and civil engineering, leading to degrees in each of the courses offered.

Being located at Socorro it is in the heart of an extensive mining region, some of the oldest and most famous mines of the State being within easy reach. Here the student may come in close touch with actual mining processes and the reduction of the ores at a dozen or more different mines, where gold, silver, copper, etc., are continuously being produced.

The ground immediately adjacent to the School of Mines includes irrigable land, plateaus and mountain formations, all affording an excellent field for practice in surveying, the laying out of railroads and irrigating canals, topography, mine engineering and geology, so that students can be prepared at the very door of the school in those branches which usually require tedious excursions from most other schools. Almost the entire geological column is here exposed.

College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. This college is located near Las Cruces, in the heart of the fertile Mesilla Valley. Both the Federal government and the State supply its funds, principally the former, as it is largely engaged in experimental work, in teaching service and Extension Service. It is doing great and good work and seeks the benefit in a direct way of every citizen of the State.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ART MUSEUM OF SANTA FE

DEDICATION ADDRESS BY HON. FRANK SPRINGER

In the address given by the Hon. Frank Springer at the dedication of the Museum in Santa Fe there is so much of history and philosophy, couched in terms that entitle it to rank as literature, that it is a regret it cannot be here reproduced in its entirety. As few elisions have been made as possible, and in every case with care to preserve all the chief thoughts of the address, and its continuity. It must be remembered that the museum was opened in November, 1917, while we were strenuously engaged in waging war with Germany.

The question has been asked whether, in view of the exacting conditions of war which necessarily claim our paramount interest and attention, it is an appropriate thing to hold a meeting like this, and celebrate an event which appears to relate solely to the arts of Peace. This appearance, however, is to a certain extent misleading; for while the methods which are here pursued are those of Peace, the researches themselves embrace all phases of human events. The meaning of war, its influence upon the progress of our race, and its results as measured by the rise and decadence of peoples and the ultimate fate of nations, are no less vital subjects of inquiry than those which relate to the less tragic side of life. Therefore there is a definite connection between the two apparently diverse fields of interest.

But the matter has a far deeper significance than this, and a moment's reflection will show that to the question here propounded there can be but one answer. In every nation involved in this war the devotees of Science and of Art, while giving freely of their brain and their blood in the service to which their allegiance called them, have also believed it equally their duty to keep alive those

scientific and artistic activities which make for human enlightenment. As one foreign correspondent wrote me, "we must keep the flag of Science flying." Another writer, for whose breadth of vision I have a profound respect, says of this: "In the warring countries of Europe every effort is made to keep alive the sacred flame in the temples of pure Science. Academies meet, journals are published, researches are continued — not from any indifference to the events going on around them, but to preserve, so far as may be, the habit of mind which rises above the dust of conflict, and looks toward the future of mankind."

Taking this fine sentence as a beacon light and guide, it becomes entirely clear that the ceremonies in which we are now engaged are not only fit and proper, but that their observance is a sacred duty which we owe to this and future generations. The only difference which war should make, is to give to them a greater solemnity and a deeper meaning. The world is facing the question whether modern civilization is to survive or perish; whether it shall endure the trials which beset it now, and remain the dominant influence in human affairs, or whether it shall go down before the fiery blast in which the forces of man and nature are harnessed for purposes of destruction, leaving only a mighty ruin to mark the most stupendous tragedy of all time. Upon this momentous issue the voice of history admonishes us in tones of solemn warning.

. . . . . .

It is a thrilling moment in the lives of men when dreams come true. Not only is it so to those who dream the dreams, but in a larger sense are such moments often big with the fate of peoples and the progress of mankind. . . .

It is because the Morses, the Edisons, the Bells, and the Marconis dreamed and wrought with unfaltering courage until they made their dreams come true, that we of this age can send our thoughts through empty space; that continents can talk with each other; and that we can transmit to those who shall come after us, not only our thoughts, but the sound of our voices as well. And so it is with many another case, in which the impossibility of to-day becomes the familiar fact of to-morrow.

It is such a moment, modest though it be by comparison with the examples I have cited, that we are here to celebrate to-night. This commanding structure — an edifice which in its massive grandeur, its majestic simplicity, and its historic significance, thrills all beholders with a new sensation — rises before us as a thing well done. And it will stand, for this and future generations, as an imperishable monument to the enlightened public spirit of the people of this young State. We admire it; we rejoice in it; we are proud of it for what

it is and for what it means; and we feel enriched by a sense of something truly great accomplished by ourselves. Nevertheless, this splendid reality is but the realization of a dream.

Something has been said, in a personal sense, touching the credit for the creation of this great monument. But its successful achievement is not to be deemed the work of any individual. It is due to the united effort of many people of this commonwealth — especially to the broad-minded liberality of the Legislature, which authorized its construction; to the people of Santa Fe, through their Boards of Education and County Commissioners, who provided the site, and to her noble women, who stand for all that is fine and good in this community; to the persons, residents of or interested in the State, who contributed the additional funds required for its completion; and to the Builder, through whose genius it has arisen from the earth.

To this statement, however, there must be one exception. Such an achievement involves more than the hewing of timber or the laying of bricks. Behind these must be the conception, and the driving force to push it forward. In ancient Egypt and Assyria pyramids and temples arose at the monarch's nod, out of the blood and sweat of multitudes, at a cost in human misery only exceeded by that of war. But in these times the force which avails is not the lash or the goad, but is that of enlightened public sentiment, inspired and led by those who chiefly think for that public. And if we trace the history of such events as this to their real beginnings, it will be found that always they are the culmination of a series of efforts initiated by some one of prophetic vision and inborn leadership.

Of this rule the present case is a good example. And to better explain what I mean, it will be profitable to take a brief retrospect of the activities in southwestern Archæology leading up to the state of public interest which makes an event like this possible. These will fall readily into three epochs, almost comparable to the great periods of general intellectual history: First — Pioneer scientific investigation; Second — Vandalism, marked by indifference, neglect and destruction; Third — The Renaissance — the rise of Systematic Research.

The first thoroughly scientific study of southwestern Archæology was made by William H. Holmes, in connection with the government surveys under Hayden in 1874 and 5. He has never found time enough since to stop working, and as the head of the division of Anthropology in the Smithsonian Institution and the honoured Chairman of the Managing Committee of the School of American Research, he is still the busiest man of either. He explored the

Southwest, its mountains, its canyons and its trails, not only for traces of ancient man, but also for the still more ancient works of Nature herself. And to his untiring search they yielded up their choicest secrets — among them that of perpetual youth. We know that he tramped them good and hard, for his tracks may still be found throughout an area of six thousand square miles in southern Colorado and Utah, northern Arizona and New Mexico, traversed by him in those early years; and when to this day we wish for fundamental knowledge concerning the Cliff houses of the Mancos, the La Plata, and the Mesa Verde, and other prehistoric remains from there down to Abiquiu in New Mexico, we may find it all, with graphic illustration and accurate scientific interpretation, in the chapters prepared by Holmes for the volumes of the Hayden Survey. And the marks of his hammer can yet be seen along the great Jura-Trias and Cretaceous exposures of the San Juan and Grand Canyon regions, where he made the fine geological and topographical sketches contained in the same Hayden Reports. . . .

After Holmes came the more definite researches of Adolph Bandelier, from 1880 to 1890, under the auspices of the Archæological Institute of America. Although he was for many years a resident of Santa Fe, where much of his work was done and most of his reports prepared, probably not six persons out of the entire population of the city realized that this quiet and unpretentious worker was engaged in producing a series of volumes that are among the most important ever written about the Southwest. His reports are the indispensable text books that every beginner carries into the field to this day. His explorations included the whole Rio Grande drainage, southern Arizona and California. Bandelier was the pioneer in intensive archive research on the Southwest; and his word-pictures of the Cliff Dwellers and their remains, both in the domain of Science and of Fiction, served to draw attention to these mysterious antiquities here in our midst, and their relation to the surviving aboriginal populations, with a clarity and vividness that have never been excelled.

The two men I have mentioned are the outstanding figures in the earliest archæological work of the Southwest. They were followed by Fewkes, for the Hemenway Expedition, and later for the United States Government — the first systematic excavator in the Southwest. His main field in the early days was Arizona, but in later years he has covered practically the entire region.

These three pioneers laid the foundation for all future archæological work in the Southwest. Between them they established the essential activities of the science: — exploration, excavation, archive investigation, and the study of the surviving peoples.

Nevertheless, their published works, chiefly buried in ponderous volumes of government reports which few people read, were to a great extent soon forgotten. And to the majority of the people of New Mexico, who of all others were most vitally interested in these investigations, the records of them remained as unexplored as the regions to which they related had been before. After a time, however, attention to the relics of antiquity was aroused by the discovery that they had a commercial value, and under that stimulus digging began afresh with a vigour never previously known. Beginning with the years just preceding the World's Fair at Chicago, and lasting approximately a decade and a half, an epoch of vandalism reigned. For the purpose of securing enormous collections for exhibition and sale, the ruins of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico were looted without restraint. Not only so, but in the rush to obtain specimens there was wholesale destruction of the ancient works of architecture. Of preservation there was no thought, except to preserve the secret of the finds from possible rival despoilers. Still less was there any pretense of scientific record of the occurrence of the objects removed. It is important to note that this mercenary activity was not confined to private individuals. Expeditions were organized for its prosecution, and there was marked indifference, if not actual participation in some of these depredations, by museums seeking to fill their cases, and ignoring the higher motives of scientific research.

While the reign of the unregulated specimen hunter was yet in force, there came into this field a young man by whom the works of Holmes, Bandelier, and Fewkes had not been overlooked. The musty volumes of public documents in which their reports were contained had for him no forbidding aspect, but to his active and inquisitive mind their perusal opened up the vista of a great subject, fit to become a lifetime work; and to this work he resolved to devote the energies of his best years. He saw the possibilities which lay in the little known area of pre-historic occupation in northern New Mexico, and he entered upon its study with the zeal of a scientific enthusiast. The exploration of these remains of a vanished culture, the preservation of the facts concerning them by authentic records, and the bringing of them to public attention, became to him a fixed and definite purpose; and from that purpose he has never deviated to this hour.

He came from a neighbouring State, where he was already a teacher of teachers, to teach us about our own country many things we knew not of; and he was soon annexed by our aspiring young-old commonwealth and placed at the head of one of its leading educational institutions. He became the inspirer of others, not only of

his students and the teachers under him, who gave up their vacations to become volunteer aids to his researches, but of men of affairs and position as well — among them the Chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the United States House of Representatives, who came out here at his invitation, camped and climbed with him among the trails and canyons of the Pajarito Plateau, until he verified the facts which had been reported as to the importance of these remains, and the necessity for their protection. To this end a sharp campaign was begun in the latter part of 1903. The history of that campaign is largely an unwritten story, for the most part buried in the archives of the executive departments at Washington. But it is within my personal knowledge that at the request of this same Chairman our young archæologist prepared, and by his persistent energy was largely instrumental in securing the passage of, the law which brought to the protection of these relics of vanished peoples the strong hand of the Federal Government, and brought to an end the reign of vandalism which forms the second epoch of our brief historic survey.

The credit for inaugurating the new period which succeeded it belongs to a local institution, the Normal University at Las Vegas. From the time it opened its doors in October, 1898, its Board of Regents and faculty, under the inspiration and leadership of this teacher of teachers, then its President, held that original research was a vital factor in the education of every individual — preëminently so in the education of teachers. Accordingly it emphasized such research, especially in the sciences bearing immediately upon life and culture. Its work in Biology and Anthropology was of an order for which its resources would have been wholly inadequate, had they not been supplemented by the energy and infectious enthusiasm of a master spirit. In connection with the latter, the wealth of local New Mexican material was fully recognized. Lecture courses in southwestern archæology were offered; the New Mexico Archæological Society was organized at Santa Fe in the fall of 1898; in the summer of 1899 the exploration and excavation of the Cliff Dwellings of the Pajarito Plateau were commenced under the President, aided by a class of ten students and members of the faculty, they paying, as he did, their own personal expenses. The work was hard, and water often scarce in some of those arid places, where once great people lived and thrived; but doubtless to those young devotees, stimulated by the sensation of new discoveries, it seemed better than red Falernian wine. With the meager funds that could be furnished by the institution, and the labours of volunteers like these, the work went on during the summer vacations, every year for five years. During that time the first authentic sur-

vey and map of the region were made; extensive representative collections were secured; prospecting trenches were dug, and sketches based upon them were prepared to indicate the probable form, size and position of the more important communal buildings, which subsequent investigations have fully verified. Evidence of those researches, in the shape of typical collections and the original maps and drawings made at that time, now form a part of the records of the Museum of New Mexico, and may be seen in the various rooms of the Old Palace.

With these expeditions of the Normal University, during the first five years of its existence, was ushered in the third epoch of our retrospective sketch — that of Systematic Research.

The work thus done attracted the attention of the Interior Department and the Smithsonian Institution. Inspectors were sent out from Washington to report on the New Mexico ruins, and the Normal University became the recognized local advisor of the Government in all its preliminary investigations. Some of the pamphlets of information furnished by it, published in 1904, ran to tens of thousands of copies. By means of all these activities an assemblage of facts was made for presentation to Congress, which led directly to the enactment of the law for the preservation of American antiquities in 1906.

Meanwhile our archæologist, always himself a doer, at intervals between his doings dreamed dreams as well. And as he rested among the caves of Pajaritan cliffs — attended, perchance, by the ghostly company of Pajaritan sages — looking up to the blue firmament, and inquiring of the stars which had shone on them and him alike, there came to his mind visions of comprehensive and reverent studies of those forgotten peoples who lived, strove, and perished before our time upon this continent; of some kind of institution located in our midst by which such studies might be fostered and directed; whose activities, perhaps centering in and radiating from this ancient capital, might become of continental extent; and in which the evidence of these little known things might be brought within convenient reach, and knowledge of them diffused, for the enlightenment and benefit of all the people. A year of exploration in Mexico, under the auspices of the Archæological Institute, confirmed his impressions as to the immensity of the unworked field which lay open for research within our own continent. These various labours had by this time gained for him the confidence and powerful support of President Kelsey of the Archæological Institute of America, Miss Alice C. Fletcher of the American Committee of the Institute, and Dr. Charles F. Lummis, a member of its Governing Council, which resulted in his appointment as Director of American

Archæology in 1906. And to the unwavering and active cooperation of these four persons, backed by the encouragement of that great and broad-minded scientist, Professor F. W. Putnam of Harvard, more than to any other influence, is due the position of American Archæology to-day as a truly national science. The necessity of systematically organized effort toward its effectual prosecution became clearly apparent to these far-sighted co-labourers, and by their efforts there was brought to the Science of Archæology in America, and the larger concept growing out of it, the Science of Man, what they never had before — organization and a definite purpose.

Thus was born the idea of an Institution for research of this nature in laboratory and field, where students of Archæology and related Sciences might be directed and trained for original works of their own; and in 1907 the establishment of the School of American Archæology, now called the School of American Research, was ordered by the Council of the Institute. But the definite conception of such a school, by the common and willing consent of all connected with it, must be credited to the learned and gracious lady whose name I have mentioned, who was for the first five years the active Chairman of its Managing Committee, and who is now, and for uncounted years to come will be, its Chairman *emeritus*.

Through the influence of the newly-appointed director solely, and against the competition of other localities having much more to offer in the way of material support, the seat of this School, as the headquarters of organized archæological research on the American continent, was located at Santa Fe. Under the infection of his enthusiasm, men in other walks of life who knew nothing of Archæology, or if they knew entertained it as the curious theme of an idle moment, discovered in its objects something worthy of serious thought, and willingly enrolled in the goodly company of dreamers and doers under his leadership. By his efforts, aided by those who caught their inspiration from him, the Museum of New Mexico was created upon a far-reaching plan of coöperation with the School of American Archæology, such as would give to it a nation-wide importance and prestige, and would make this city the official seat from which its work should be carried from time to time into other American fields. And thus the vision of the dreamer became a crowning fact.

The same controlling personality has guided the subsequent course of these institutions; their work now embraces the continent; their names have become synonyms for practical efficiency and results achieved; and he who directed may well be content to let the results speak for him. The project for an exhibit at San Diego to illus-

trate the whole Science of Man — historic, prehistoric, artistic and biologic — which has gained the unbounded admiration of the most eminent men of this nation, when first presented by him at a meeting of sober-minded and prudent scientists, was pronounced, in so many words, an iridescent dream. Nevertheless, he made the dream come true. In that dream and its realization, New Mexico has shared. Stimulated by its influence other men dreamed, and took courage for splendid things; and out of their dreamings and their doings there arose on the Pacific shore a structure that was more than lath and mortar; that was a symbol of New Mexico's awakening to the meaning of her past, to the value of her present, to the promise of her future — a monument whose reflected light has illuminated the State; and which we have now brought home to her own soil, transformed into enduring masonry, and endowed with perpetuity, that all her children may cherish and enjoy.

And thus it comes to pass, as the outcome of these years of planning and of striving, that the result is now before us; and it may well be said by him who planned, and by every one whose influence, whose encouragement, whose labour, or whose financial aid, have helped to bring about this crowning achievement: "If a monument you wish, look about you."

Every man and woman who has had anything to do with the Museum of New Mexico, old or new, whether as to its establishment, its construction, its decoration, or the scientific and artistic activities connected with it, if they speak with candour and honesty, will say that the basic idea, and the inspiration and dynamic force to carry it out, came from a single brain.

Therefore, I say, in order that the truth may be known of all men, that whatever others may have done, be it much or little, toward the creation of the epoch-making edifice in which we now stand, there is one man, without whose initiative and inspiring force it would not be here to-day. His name is Edgar L. Hewett.

The work of the builders is done. But the task of those who are to use what they have builded, and by its use to justify the public munificence and private liberality which have made it possible, has only just begun. That the completed structure will be an ornament to the city, and an added attraction for travelers, will for the moment seem to many its most evident appeal. If it stood for nothing else, then the brain and money spent upon it would have been to little purpose. But I conceive its functions to be of far higher and nobler import than this; and it may be an opportune time to consider for a moment what are the better things for which this fine achievement stands?

First of all is the lesson which it imparts — the same that was

taught by Father Æsop two millenniums ago, but which mankind is ever prone to forget — that when our enterprises lag, when the car of progress is stalled in the mire of stagnation, we stop calling on the gods for help, and put our own shoulders to the wheel. . . .

Next in order comes clearly the mission of this building to honour the Past. It is intended to commemorate a page of history that is a blank to the Anglo-Saxon and amalgamated peoples who call themselves "Americans." To judge from what the popular histories and literature of these United States have told us, it might well be supposed that modern civilization on this continent began with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, or at the earliest with the founding of Jamestown, in 1607. We knew something of the purely military occupation of parts of the Spanish-American possessions. From the enchanting romance of our one-time Governor Wallace, and from the scarcely less romantic history of Prescott, we had learned of the invasion and conquest of Mexico by the almost incredible campaigns of the Spanish soldiery under Cortez — an achievement of arms which for sheer military ability, inflexible resolution, personal heroism, endurance, courage, and the victorious accomplishment of impossibilities, is not surpassed in the annals of war. With the capture and death of Montezuma, Alvarado's leap, and the tragedies of the Triste Noche, we have been familiar from childhood. But Spain was not only a great conqueror; she was also a great colonizer, who followed up her arms with the arts of Peace. And what our school books and our histories do not tell us is, that long before the *Mayflower* touched the shores of New England, in many cases nearly a full century before, there had been planted in the great Southwest, of which we are a part, by the Spanish nation, in the footsteps of her dauntless conquistadores, every one of the agencies of Civilization and Peace known to those times, headed by the Hospital, the Printing Press, and the School. . . .

This very capital of Santa Fe, seat of government of a vast province, was founded before Jamestown. To achieve and maintain the dominion which preceded and followed it, called for marches, battles and sieges, of the same appalling and heroic character as those of the first conquerors. Explorations of prodigious hardship and extent, unparalleled in our eastern settlements, opened up a knowledge of the country as a guide to intelligent colonization. Not only so, but those conquerors, explorers, and colonizers, in spite of the privations and perils by which they were daily confronted, found time to write for transmission to the mother country, reports and treatises upon the countries they had seen and their doings therein, of amazing fullness and wealth of detail, which form by themselves an enormous literature. Nowhere in any English-

speaking colony has there been anything to compare with it. To say nothing of the multitude of published books containing these *relaciones,* I am informed by a competent authority from recent personal examination, that there are at this day in the Royal Library at Seville, in Spain, at least three million unpublished manuscripts relating to the Spanish colonies in America; and that it would take a force of trained scholars, with proper clerical assistance, fully fifty years to even make a digest of their contents.

Some of the accounts of these early writers on New Mexico are works of truly classic rank, and for tense narrative and dramatic interest are worthy to be read along with Herodotus and Xenophon.

. . . . . .

While this building, in all its historic significance, relates back to the period of the Spanish conquerors, it is not their deeds, dauntless and amazing as they were, which it is especially designed to commemorate. In its massive walls and unique design are typified the works of men of equally intrepid, and far more unselfish courage; men who bore the cross instead of the sword; who endured privation, suffering, torture and martyrdom, with a fortitude and religious enthusiasm which have never been surpassed; who stood between the mailed Spaniard and the cotton-clad Indian trusting to his temples and his gods, as the Apostles of peace and good-will; men who builded as they preached, and who left behind them as memorials of their crusade works which a New Mexican author, writing reverently of their period, says were "not little log or mud chapels, but massive stone masonries, whose ruins stand to-day the noblest of our North America."

Not only the noblest, but of their kind by far the oldest. For more than half a century the American public has been familiar with the Missions of California, and in their picturesque beauty and romantic settings has thought to recognize the prototypes of Christian religious edifices within our national boundaries. That public has not known, and most of it does not know to-day, that here in New Mexico, more than a hundred and fifty years before the first Mission of California, arose a series of Mission Churches of an architecture new, distinct, unlike any other upon this continent, and evolved out of the conditions of their environment. They were builded by that devoted order of Franciscan Brothers, the life and influence of whose great founder are depicted and illuminated by the paintings upon these walls.

These paintings were conceived and begun by a young and great artist, by whose untimely death, in the opinion of every competent observer who has inspected his numerous other works, American Art lost one of its brightest lights. A man of poetic imagination;

a deep and philosophic thinker; a painter of infinite courage, and loving the Southwest in which he was born — he wrought unceasingly with brain as well as brush. What he projected and had fairly well begun, has been completed with fidelity by his two comrades, who took upon themselves the hardest task an artist can be called to do — to finish what another has commenced. Unselfishly they subordinated their own personalities that the creation of their friend might not perish. To him who laid down the brush beside his unfinished canvases, we can offer only the perennial tribute of our admiration. To those who took it up, and wrought loyally and well that his ideals might live, let us give all honour and praise.

To recount the facts and achievements of those soldiers of the Cross, the Franciscan friars, would require time far beyond that at my disposal; but they may all be found along with the other vital facts marking the beginnings of this commonwealth, in the works of our New Mexico historians. . . . In the forefront of every march and every exploration there was always the brown-robed Franciscan, bearing along with his crucifix, the trowel and the book. To convert, to build, and to teach — these were the self-devoted tasks to which he consecrated his life. . . . Especially at this time do we honour him as a builder. Living among a passionate people, who resented the intrusion of strange gods among their own, often surrounded by cruel and relentless foes — the type of his structures was determined by the conditions of his existence. There must be a church in which to preach the new religion; a convent in which to live; and along with these a school in which he might give instruction. These must be connected and compactly placed to serve as a fortress against present enemies; and they must be massive, to withstand the ravages of time. There were eleven such churches in New Mexico alone prior to the landing of the *Mayflower;* and more than fifty others were established here during the century which followed. Some of the noblest of them are in ruins, which it is the object of this institution to protect from further decay. Others have been made into worse than ruins by the acts of misguided priests of recent times, seeking to "improve" and "modernize" them. But enough remain untouched by the spoiler to enable us, by utilizing the imposing features of existing churches and those learned by careful study of the ruins, to reconstruct with fidelity to the best original conceptions of those great builders an example which may be called a composite of their finest structures.

Such is the building in which we are now assembled. And we offer it, confidently, for the judgment of the American people, as the noblest, simplest, and in every way the most impressive type of Christian architecture originating upon this continent. Borrowed as

to design from a religious edifice of one of the great theological denominations, it is to become here a home of Science, of Art, and of Education; free of all sectarian influence, but to whose benefits, for the purposes to which it is devoted, all creeds shall be welcome.

In the chapel where the builders were wont to preach, Science will raise its torch; where once they dwelt, Art will reign; and where they taught their simple lessons, modern Education will approach the problems of our time. The voice of the Friar will not be heard; but his influence and example will endure. And if we who succeed him shall bring to the new tasks even a small part of the energy, the perseverance, and the single-hearted devotion which were exhibited by those old Franciscans, then indeed may we hope to leave memorials of our time that will outlast even these walls, and transmit to our posterity a worthy record of our activities.

Back of all this, and from a scientific as well as an ethical point of view perhaps most important of all, lies the motive to render tardy justice to the native American. By this I do not mean people who happen to be born here in these times. But I refer to those who inhabited the Indies which Columbus unknowingly discovered, and whom the European found a prey to his superior equipment for war; who had worked out for themselves the problems of life as an independent racial stock; who had conceived their religious systems through reflection upon Nature's visible forces; who practised them usually with the humility that such reflection begets, but occasionally to the point of human sacrifice with the enthusiasm of the Mahometan slaying whomsoever believed not the Koran, or of the Christian burning other Christians who believed a different Christianity from his own; who lived according to their lights for the common good of the people; who loved and fought, and conquered their neighbours or were conquered by them, according to the same natural law as other men, and in conformity with the best Caucasian examples; who defended their country against invasion with the same courage that has inspired heroic poetry in all times; who thought out within this continent a hundred or more different languages, some of them with grammars of amazing intricacy; who builded, with wood, with mud, or with stone according to their surroundings, monuments of their culture and their beliefs — the Alaskan the Totem at his dwelling front; the Cliff-dweller his shrines and his Kivas; the Inca his cyclopean Andes fortresses; the Maya his temples and his glyphs; the Navaho his ritualistic sand paintings to vanish in a day; while the plains Indian, having nothing with which to build, created in his mind temples to the unseen Powers of marvelous composition, which passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth.

We cannot restore to the original American his lost dominion; nor from our view of human progress might it be desirable to do so. But we can learn something about him, as the representative of a fourth part of the human race, and even something from him. He was old when we came upon him, with an antiquity now growing by research and to be measured by millenniums perhaps as many as our own. He has left no history save that written by alien conquerors, and that handed down by himself in the memorials of his works and the culture of the surviving peoples. It is by these alone that he must be studied. And if such study be made with serious purpose and open mind, it may be found not only of interest to the plodding scientist, but of inspiration to the artist, and of profit to the average citizen. For we may learn from him many things on which it is useful to reflect — reverence for the Powers of the Universe; the value of the spoken word when passed; respect for Age, obedience to Authority, and devotion to the State — which should make for better citizenship, for more unselfish patriotism, and for the greater security of our national ideals.

Another thought follows so logically upon this that it may not be passed by without a word. Stimulated by the restrictions of European war, there has grown up in this country a movement designed to influence travel which is expressed by the legend, "See America First." Hitherto, whenever the word "travel" was mentioned, the thought instantly reverted to the attractions of Europe; and any allusion to the subject of Archæology suggested to the mind of the average intelligent American nothing but the antiquities of the Old World, he forgetting, or rather not having learned, that the country which belongs to us has antiquities of its own. . . .

It is to promote the knowledge of this inviting field, and to place the study of it upon a par with that of other regions, that the organization has been formed whose activities are centered in this building, and will be bounded only by the limits of our own continent; and whose purposes, to investigate whatever man has been or what he has done within these limits, are all expressed by its title, "School of American Research." For the achievement of these purposes, as a laudable and thoroughly appropriate national object, upon a plane of intellectual endeavour above the ordinary, and in which a prosperous nation may well take a patriotic pride, we invite the support of the American people. Therefore, to provide an effectual expression of the thought which should animate our people as never before in our history, I propose that we add to the slogan of the sight-seer the more comprehensive watch-word, that shall appeal alike to the student, the traveler, and the patriot — *Know America First.* So it may come to pass that from the turmoil of

theories, of agitations, and of vain-glorious boastings, and from the dismal follies of idle luxury, this nation may pass on to a more worthy epoch of hard and earnest work — whose aim, with organized purpose and concerted striving, shall be to render just account of the wealth of earth, air and sky with which a bountiful Providence has endowed us. Thus may America begin to know herself, and go forward with power and majesty to the destiny which invites her. Thus from borrowers and imitators shall we become creators, and our creations shall challenge the respect of mankind. Depending no longer upon other lands or times for inspiration to brush, to chisel, to trowel or to song, we shall find at home the themes for boundless achievement, and our arts shall grow — as this temple has grown, and as all true and enduring Art must ever grow — straight from our own soil.

Thus while the Past may teach us, it is the Future that calls and beckons. And herein, finally, lies the supreme mission of this building, and of the organizations and influences which cluster around it — to point the way to this inspiring goal, and to bear a part in its attainment.

To these lofty purposes we are dedicating this edifice to-night. Yet far better than by any words of mine has it already been dedicated by the thought, the devotion, and the labour of those who conceived it, of the architects who planned, and of the builder who brought it into being.

But now borrowing, reverently, from the thought voiced in the sublimest passage in the literary annals of this nation, let it be said that in a higher sense we of this commonwealth, not alone those of Science and of Art, but the great body of the people now here represented, do rather dedicate ourselves to the understanding, the safe-guarding, and the advancement of the objects for which this building stands; so that we may realize the dignity of its character, the solemnity of its purposes, and the majesty of what it represents; that we may cherish it with affectionate solicitude, and intrench it impregnably with our veneration and respect.

Let us hope that as often as we look upon its noble exterior, or enter within its portals, we may take inspiration from the thought of what it means; that we may learn that the problem of humanity has many sides; that money is not all there is, but that there are other things in this life worthy of our attention, which may bring us to greater satisfaction as the years go on.

And let us resolve that within these walls, thus consecrated to serious reflection upon what they signify and what they commemorate, the ordinary contentions of men may not enter; that the competitions of politics, the mad pursuit of wealth, power and position,

may find no place here; but that in this sanctuary, which should be for us as sacred as the prototypes on which it is modeled, there shall be ever present to our minds as the guiding Genius of the place, a benign and radiant Spirit, which, if we will but yield ourselves to its chastening influence, shall permeate and possess us; shall deliver us from every base and sordid passion; shall uplift us to the level of our own better natures; and make us worthy of the heritage which the mighty Past has left us.

CHAPTER XXIX

IRRIGATION IN NEW MEXICO

The valley of the Rio Grande might not inappropriately be termed "the historic heart of America." Seventy years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock — and first fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines — Marcos de Nizza and Coronado had penetrated this valley and were starting a movement that ultimately led to the colonization and christianization of what are now New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Texas. The Rio Grande Valley was the base of these extensive operations. Up its length traveled the later colonizers, and down it fled in terror the priests and people to escape torture and murder from the exasperated Indians in the rebellion of 1680. Espejo, Chamuscada, Juan de Oñate, the Zaldivars, and Villagra,— what names spring to the memory as those early days are recalled. Then, after the rebellion came the reconquest by Don Diego de Vargas and Otermin, followed by Francisco Cuervo de Valdez as Governor, appointed by the new viceroy, the Duke of Albuquerque. In honour of his patron, Cuervo founded, in 1706, the third Spanish villa of New Mexico, in a fertile valley of the Rio Grande, and gave it his name.

During these years of early settlement the colonists utilized the waters of the Rio Grande by establishing extensive though crude irrigation systems along its course. In this they followed the example set them by the Indians, who, from time immemorial had been irrigationists and whose ancient and abandoned canal systems the colon-

ists often utilized. But the Rio Grande is an uncertain river. Those who, in those days, relied upon its waters soon designated it as treacherous. For the Rio Grande, sometimes, is torrential in its wild floods, and again, it ceases entirely, not a single trickle of water being found in its sandy bed. It rises in Colorado and flows southward the entire length of New Mexico; for a distance of four miles above El Paso, forming the boundary between Texas and New Mexico, then for 1,300 miles it winds its tortuous way, forming the boundary between Texas and Mexico, finally emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. Above El Paso it has a length of about 900 miles, and a drainage area of 38,000 square miles. Its headwaters in the basin of Colorado and New Mexico are found in snow-clad mountain peaks. When the melting time occurs, spring and early summer, the river rises higher and higher, and in the autumn and winter it flows but slightly. The major portion of the New Mexico drainage area is arid and desert in character, and the meager precipitation is erratic in consequence.

The permanent summer flow of water is entirely appropriated in the upper reaches of the river, leaving for the southern portion of New Mexico little more than the floods which occur at irregular intervals. These used to wash out the temporary dams of brush and rock that were employed, and which could not be rebuilt until the water subsided.

This was the state of affairs when the Reclamation Service was called upon for aid. It was soon evident that permanent dams were required at the head of each of the small valleys that line the river. Indeed it has not inaptly been said that a map of this river appears like a link of irregular-sized sausages, reaching from San Marcial, N. M., to El Paso, Texas.

The International Boundary Commission was also called upon to help solve the problem. It worked out a plan whereby water would be stored in the Rio Grande, by building a dam just above El Paso, which would serve the needs of 50,000 acres of land, more than half of which were on the Mexican side. This plan, however, did not utilize the entire flow of the river, and not only did it lack both storage capacity and irrigable land; it furnished no water for irrigating land in New Mexico — where it was largely needed — and at the same time would submerge a large acreage in that State. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the project was unhesitatingly condemned by all New Mexicans.

Chief Engineer Davis of the Service had made himself personally familiar with the peculiar hydrographic and other conditions of the Rio Grande River. He knew that the enormous floods which occur do not come with any regularity, and the total flow in some years is less than one-twelfth that of others. The amount of silt carried is excessive, and this would be caught and held by any reservoir, irrespective of its size. With a small reservoir this would soon become a serious problem. He saw, therefore, that it was imperative that the reservoir be as large and deep as possible, so as to minimize evaporation, to have ample capacity for carrying surplus waters from "fat" years to "lean" and a surplus capacity for silt accumulations, so that the sediment would not materially encroach upon the necessary water-storage capacity for many years. Such a site he had found in 1902 in the canyon below Elephant Butte, where a dam could be erected that would back up the water for about forty miles, without submerging any large body of good land or wash out any railroad, and that would give storage capacity for over two million acre-feet of water, cap-

Photograph by U. S. Reclamation Service.

ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM.

able of irrigating 180,000 acres of land. Later studies revealed that the reservoir could be built so as to hold upward of two and a half million acre-feet of water.

As the republic of Mexico and the State of Texas both made irrigation claims upon the Rio Grande, agreements were made with them for their proportion of water and the way was thus cleared for progress. Accordingly the dam was built, its system of canals and distribution perfected and to-day they are in full operation. For full particulars of this cyclopean work the reader is referred to my complete book on the labours of the U. S. Reclamation Service.[1]

In the adjudication of the rights of the various water-users on the Rio Grande there were many and conflicting interests to consider. In the first place it must be recalled that its headwaters, and those of its earlier tributaries, are in Colorado. Necessarily the citizens who dwell in that State, near to these sources, felt they had the first claim upon the water.

It is a fair-sized stream that enters the boundaries of New Mexico, almost due north of Taos, and flows practically parallel with the course of the Denver and Rio Grande railway, until the latter crosses it for its eastward bend to Santa Fe. The river was called upon to supply water for many larger and smaller irrigation works in the northern part of New Mexico, and constant use had seemed to constitute an inalienable right. This condition existed here and there until the Elephant Butte Dam was reached. Naturally, the settlers below the dam exclaimed: "We are entitled to the water the government project has assured us." But El Paso, Texas, and old Mexico also had claims, and thus there were calls upon this "raging river of the North," that could not

[1] *Reclaiming the Arid West,* Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

always be satisfied unless, and until, the enlarged plans of such far-sighted statesmen as F. H. Newell, formerly director of the U. S. Reclamation Service, A. P. Davis, the present director and chief engineer, and the late U. S. Senator Newlands of Nevada are carried out. These men have long seen that the full demands of the people for water to irrigate their lands never can be met until *all* the flood waters are captured and controlled at their sources, at the time and in the places where they leap into being during the swift melting of the winters' snows. What the government has done in this line in the past,—great though it seems to be and is — is but a slight beginning compared with the magnitude and comprehensiveness of the plans it must carry out in the future. Every stream, however large or small, that has land to be irrigated on, or near, or accessible, to its banks, must ultimately be controlled as perfectly as are the ordinary rain showers in any well-ordered city. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions of dollars may be needed to achieve this, but it will be done. *Statesmen* will become tired of doing what politicians have done, viz., paying the damages caused by flood-waters every year, while at the same time they lose the beneficial waters imperatively needed for irrigation. They will go to the source; impound the flood waters, thus cutting off once and forever all possibility of flood-damages, and at the same time provide for the needs of the land, now vacant and useless, upon which teeming millions of happy populations can then be settled.

The Carlsbad Project

Another river in New Mexico that appealed to the vision of the irrigation farmer was the Pecos. This river rises about forty miles northwest of Las Vegas in

Photograph by U. S. Reclamation Service.

SECTION OF THE MAIN CANAL, CARLSBAD PROJECT.

the wooded and mountainous area included in the Pecos Forest Reserve, and flows in a general southeasterly course through the counties of Mora, San Miguel, Leonardwood, Chaves and Eddy into Texas and thence to the Rio Grande. It drains a region above the Carlsbad Project of 22,000 square miles. Like all the streams of this region, it is almost dry at times, and at others is subject to violent floods.

Where the Pecos River crosses Eddy County it flows through a valley from six to twenty miles wide, the soil of which is a sandy loam with considerable lime peculiar to this region, and which bears the name of the river. The success of the Indians and Mexicans in growing a variety of crops led to enthusiastic and eager settlement of this valley and the appropriation of all available water for irrigation.

Private enterprise sought to meet the public needs, but the cost was so great and so many unexpected difficulties were encountered that finally the work had to be taken over by the Reclamation Service, under whose direction it is now being carried on.

The Hondo Project

Another irrigation project was demanded by the people of New Mexico, but it has proven a practical failure owing to the peculiar nature of the ground upon which the dam and reservoir were located. I have told the full story in the book especially devoted to the work of Reclamation, and it is one well worth reading, as it reveals some idea of the difficulties in the way, which our foremost engineers were unable to foresee.

CHAPTER XXX

ALBUQUERQUE, THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF NEW MEXICO

STATED in bald terms, New Mexico's chief financial assets for two centuries have been sheep, cattle and mines. Now two other most important assets must be added. These are agriculture and romance. Such valleys as those of the Pecos and Rio Grande have always proven their great fertility where water was to be had for irrigation, as is shown in the chapter upon that subject, and of late years millions have been added to the annual income of New Mexico by this means. And now certain portions of the State are beginning to "cash-in" on its romance. The psychology of the traveler is complex, because the traveler is complex. He is composed of every class of person who has been fortunate enough to amass money. Among travelers will be found men and women to whom stupendous scenery does not appeal; who care nothing for the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, Glacier National Park or the Yellowstone. Yet they might be ready and willing, eager, indeed, to travel miles to see such a natural wonder as the Lava Flows in the Zuni mountains, and those near Mt. San Mateo (Mt. Taylor), or to visit the romantic cliff-dwellings and plateau towns of the Rito de los Frijoles. There are those to whom the living Indians of the Pueblo of Acoma of to-day would not make the slightest appeal, who, on the other hand, would be profoundly moved by the story of *Katzimo,*—

the Enchanted Mesa — and its fateful and forceful abandonment by the rude hand of Storm.

As is clearly shown in other chapters, New Mexico is the State of all states for romance in its history, its scenery, and its Indians — past and present. Albuquerque, owing to its location and railway relationships, is essentially the gateway to a large area of these romantic locations. Of the scores of thousands of travelers by rail and automobile that annually visit California, fully fifty per cent. would spend from a week to a month in New Mexico did they fully grasp the full significance of what the earlier pages of this book contain. California is no more fascinating in its history than New Mexico. The latter's missions, while architecturally less striking than those of California, are more interesting in their history and romance. There are cliff-dwellings of unbounded allurement, and ruined cities that have excited the keen attention of travelers ever since they were first discovered. One can travel the world over to find more picturesque and peculiar, absolutely unique and singular ceremonials than those performed by the Indians of Acoma, Laguna, Zuni, and the Pueblos of the Rio Grande. And nowhere else in the world is that pathetic brotherhood — the Penitentes — known to exist except here. Why go to Lourdes to see miracles of healing at a sacred shrine when at the old Sanctuario at Chimayo one may see the deaf made to hear, the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the decrepit made strong? — or, at least, so say the faithful and many who claim to have been healed. Where also in the world can one see people who actually believe in witches and who within present historic time have officially and legally slain them as the highly religious and cultivated ancestors of our New England citizens did two or three centuries ago? The very hand that writes

these words has cut down some of the ropes that have bound alleged witches; has bound up the cruel wounds inflicted upon them for their witchcraft, and held back those who in their fury would have slain men and women who were accused of this heinous crime.

Within a few miles of Albuquerque rare mountain scenery is to be enjoyed,— wooded canyons joyous with singing birds and made alive by tuneful cataracts and babbling creeks. In the Sandias, and Manzanos to the east, comparatively close at hand are these delightful vacation places, and to the southwest appear the Ladrones, the Socorro, and Magdalena mountains, while to the north lie the Cochiti and Jemez ranges, in the latter of which are found the famous curative mineral springs of Jemez. Twelve miles from the city another famous group of mineral springs are found, named after the slinking and retreating coyote.

In all these ranges the policy of the government now invites the city dweller to make his vacation home. Lots are set apart for personal and family use; water and sewer facilities often provided; and every inducement offered to the citizen to build a summer cottage in these charming and park-like retreats. Scores of those who live in Albuquerque have availed themselves of this opportunity; they have erected cottages; and others by the hundreds, the thousands, go out for brief picnic, week-end or camping-out parties.

Not far away from Albuquerque are those mythical cities of allurement and gold — Abo, Tabira and Gran Quivera, and on its streets and at its railway station are daily seen the descendants of the ancient cliff-dwellers, the Pueblo Indians.

The city itself was founded in the romantic period of Spanish occupancy, and derives its name from Don Fran-

CHURCH OF SAN FELIPE DE NERI.

cisco Fernandez de la Cueva Enriquez, Duke of Albuquerque. The Duke of Albuquerque was appointed thirty-fourth viceroy of New Spain by King Felipe V of Spain, and entered upon his new duties with headquarters in Vera Cruz in 1702. Don Francisco Cuervo y Valdez, appointed Governor of New Mexico by the Duke of Albuquerque, founded the "Villa" of Albuquerque in 1706, calling it San Francisco de Albuquerque, in honour of the viceroy. The latter, with becoming modesty, caused the name to be changed to San Felipe de Albuquerque in honour of the King of Spain. It is believed by many that Coronado passed through here with his soldiers in or near the year 1540, when it was a pueblo of considerable size. A boulevard passing through the lovely cottonwood groves and meadows along the east bank of the Rio Grande will soon link this bit of medieval Spain in America with the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway near Albuquerque. Evidences of the Spanish régime in Albuquerque exist principally in the language and customs of the Mexican population and in the noble church structure which still stands within the precincts of the city. It is dedicated to San Felipe de Neri, and is used daily for public worship.

Albuquerque is one of the cities of the West that is so openly, so rampantly healthy, so gloriously deluged with vivifying sunshine and purified with healing breezes that it invites with open arms the sick and ailing to enter its portals assured of a hearty and sincere welcome. The climatic conditions are remarkable. Situated at an altitude of 5,000 feet, Albuquerque is favoured with a winter of pleasant mildness, and a summer climate by no means oppressively hot. The weather records show an average of 315 perfect days in the year. The atmosphere is remarkable for its dryness, the mean annual precipitation

being only 7.51 inches. A broad, high, dry mesa lies to the north, south and east of the city. These conditions are especially favourable to those afflicted with tuberculosis, and thousands who have come here have been greatly benefited or cured. The very noticeable lack of moisture and almost constant sunshine, with its captivating cheer and invigorating warmth, produce a physical and mental elation which plays an important part in the restoration of health.

That the climate is not monotonous, however, is evidenced by the records for 1917. More former records were broken that year than ever before since they have been kept. For instance, the twelve months were the dryest ever reported, the total precipitation being 3.20 inches for the year, which was less than half the normal.

The hottest day since the establishment of the station, six years ago, fell in July, 1917, when the mercury touched 100 degrees. The nearest approach to that mark was in July, 1915, when the thermometer registered 99.

Three months of the year 1917,— April, November, and December — had no precipitation whatever, and two months, October and November, had not a cloudy day.

The year showed the greatest monthly ranges in the history of the station. October, November and December ranges were recorded of 41.6, 41.7 and 42 respectively.

The nearest approach to zero during the year was in February when 7° above was registered.

July is the hottest month, with an average of 74 degrees for six years; and December is the coldest with an averate of 16.7 for six years. The average annual precipitation for six years is 7.28 inches.

Owing to these climatic conditions various institutions for special treatment of tuberculosis have been founded, the Catholics, the Methodists, and Presbyterians each hav-

ing their own commodious buildings in addition to two large private sanitariums. I can speak personally of the care received in the general hospital connected with the Catholic Institution. While traveling in an adjoining State in the year 1917 I was unfortunate enough to eat something that developed swiftly into a serious case of ptomaine poisoning with strange and painful complications. As I got on the train I wrote my wife that I was "burning up" with a suddenly-developed fever, but on arriving at Albuquerque succeeded in reaching my quarters at the University where I was then stopping. Sometime during the day my moans were heard and President Boyd and my good friend Dr. Peters sent for. They found me in deep distress, my face and head fearfully swollen and distorted with erysipelas. At once I was removed to St. Joseph's Sanatorium, carefully isolated and provided with a nurse. Within ten days or so, I was allowed to leave, but an abscess formed in the inner ear; I had lock-jaw for a month, was almost deaf in one ear for six months and in the other for four, and was afflicted with what was later affirmed "chronic asthma." The constant and intelligent supervision of my case by Dr. Peters and the care received, undoubtedly saved my life, so that I have a very warm spot in my heart for St. Joseph's, its competent physicians and its tender-hearted nurses.

Albuquerque publishes herself as "The Heart of the Well Country," and issues a monthly paper under the title which the sufferer will do well to send for. And I am prepared to affirm my strong belief that if those who are "run down," or overtaxed in body, mind or spirit would come out here, equipped for a prolonged camping-out trip and start out into the open, tramping, riding horseback, or on a wagon, or even in an automobile,

daily getting out and climbing the mountains or strolling in less arduous fashion through the canyons, eating frugally of simple fare, sleeping, bathing, and exercising in the open, not only would they be restored to the inestimable blessing of health, but they would add years of radiant, joyous vigorousness to that health that would entirely change their outlook in life and its significance.

Of the city itself little need be said save that it is an active, bustling, prosperous city of some 26,000 population, with about sixty miles of graded business and residence streets. No modern provision for sanitation and comfort has been omitted.

There are several notable buildings in the city, chief among which are the unique state University Buildings, elsewhere referred to, the High School, Wright's Curio Store — a fine example of adaptation of Pueblo architecture to modern needs,— the Santa Fe Railway Depot and the Alvarado Hotel. The latter is one of the show buildings of the West. It is largely in the California Mission style of architecture, covers several acres of ground and is the striking feature of the city. Chimes greet the incoming traveler, and the Fred Harvey name assures the perfection of the hotel and dining service. Here also is housed one of the finest Indian collections on the continent. Navaho and other blankets of rarest texture, colour and combination of design and weave, Indian baskets by the hundreds, from every known tribe, products of the silversmith's art of Pueblo and Navaho, and pottery from a score of different Indian villages, each distinctive and attractive, mark some of the features of this generous display, for it is freely opened to the inspection of the traveling public.

The business attractions and opportunities of Albuquerque are many and varied. It is the metropolis of the

Photograph by Walton.

AN ALBUQUERQUE RESIDENTIAL STREET.

State. Everybody is doing well. It is the heart of a prosperous and rapidly developing country. It is a healthful city to live in and the people are generous, large-hearted and rationally sociable. If these qualities, combined with the other advantages I have enumerated, do not make it desirable as a city of residence and business I do not know what can.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE POPULATION OF NEW MEXICO

In its 122,503 square miles, or approximately 78,401,920 acres, New Mexico, in 1900, had a population of 195,310. Ten years later this had grown to 327,301, an increase of 67.6 per cent. Providing there has been a similar ratio of increase in the decade from 1910 to 1920, the next census should show a population of considerably over half a million. There is no doubt whatever, that, as its arid plains and plateaus are irrigated, or better methods of agriculture obtained, New Mexico can well sustain a population ten or twenty times greater than it now possesses. But the developments named must come first, and they will come comparatively slowly. Men, women and children can live neither on antiquities, historic interest, climate, scenery or prospects. There is little doubt, too, that much of New Mexico will remain open for long generations yet to come, as grazing, mineral, timber or waste land.

Where, however, its population can and does find a good subsistence in agriculture, dairying, stock- or sheep-raising, fruit-culture, mining or general merchandise they are blessed with a vigorous and robust healthfulness that cannot be surpassed by any State in the Union, or any country in the world.

This fact has been recognized fully by the federal health authorities in that they have established here the United States Marine and Army Hospitals, both for tubercular patients, and there are innumerable other sana-

County	Co. Seat	Population	Altitude (Feet)	Surveyed Public Land Open to Entry (Acres)	Unsurveyed Public Land Open to Entry (Acres)	
Bernalillo	Albuquerque	23,606	4,949	65,419	21,700	
Chaves	Roswell	6,172	3,570	610,733	None	
Colfax	Raton	4,539	6,688	13,680	None	
Curry	Clovis	3,255	4,200	15,214	None	
Doña Ana	Las Cruces	3,836	3,835	1,483,460	223,893	
Eddy	Carlsbad	1,736	3,102	1,798,680	1,045,782	
Grant	Silver City	3,217	5,931	700,156	1,113,544	
Guadalupe	Santa Rosa	1,031	4,800	458,952	None	
Lincoln	Carrizoso	1,082	5,429	718,835	349,319	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Ft. Sumner				468,993	None	
Luna	Deming	1,864	4,315	766,483	370,850	
McKinley	Gallup	2,204	6,506	527,507	154,891	
Mora	Mora	817	7,200	92,823	17,464	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Clayton				26,680	None	
Otero	Alamorgordo	1,948	4,303	192,791	696,076	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Las Cruces				1,158,035	470,597	
Quay	Tucumcari	2,526	4,185	174,189	11,567	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Clayton				12,800	None	
Rio Arriba	Tierra Amarilla	400	7,466	463,203	201,911	
Roosevelt	Portales	1,292	4,000	98,306	None	
Sandoval	Bernalillo	1,000	5,260	337,230	339,675	
San Juan	Aztec	500	5,590	807,272	495,914	
San Miguel	Las Vegas	3,179	6,391	260,037	102,435	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Clayton				26,800	None	
Sante Fe	Sante Fe	5,072	6,998	185,085	113,160	
Sierra	Hillsboro	400	5,224	1,377,944	216,300	
Socorro	Socorro	1,560	4,582	742,913	58,834	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Las Cruces				1,377,944	216,300	
Taos	Taos	521	6,950	253,754	224,834	
Torrance	Estancia	517	6,177	147,442	None	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe				450,658	147,840	
Union	Clayton	970	5,178	394,000	None	Additional
Land under U. S. Land Office at Tucumcari				68,105	18,000	
Valencia	Los Lunas	719	4,843	778,972	102,491	

taria all of which are recruited constantly from the ranks of the ailing and weak of other States.

It will be freely conceded, nevertheless, that there are not many points that differentiate most of the towns and cities of New Mexico from the other towns and cities of the growing Western States. Naturally, the environment and principal occupations have somewhat to do with each one. Roughly these may be divided into a few classes, such as Railroad towns, Mining towns, Agricultural towns, Stock-Raising towns, Irrigation towns, and the like.

There are 26 counties in New Mexico, as shown in the accompanying table, together with their county seats and the population of the 1910 census, altitude, and the amount of surveyed and unsurveyed public lands.

To many penniless homeseekers this account of hundreds of thousands of acres of land, surveyed and unsurveyed, open for public entry as homesteads, may seem almost like a fairy tale, but they must not be allured by its vast seeming. There is practically little or no acreage unoccupied that can be profitably taken up by the homesteader who is without considerable ready cash. Water is essential for personal, stock, and irrigation purposes, and essential in large quantities, far beyond the capacity of any ordinary man, or small body of men, to acquire. It is only by large and wisely directed coöperative endeavour, or by state and federal assistance that the major portion of this land can be put under irrigation systems so that the homesteader can live upon it.

A fairly good system of publicity is maintained by the State for the disposal of its public lands, and a letter addressed to the State Land Office, Sante Fe, for latest and fullest particulars is sure to receive careful attention.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BANCROFT, HUBERT HOWE: Arizona and New Mexico.

BANDELIER, ADOLF F.: The Delight Makers, etc., etc.

BENAVIDES, ALONZO DE: Memorial on New Mexico (Ayer's Translation).

BLACKMAR, F. W.: Spanish Institutions of the Southwest.

BOLTON, EUGENE W.: Spanish Explorations of the Southwest, etc.

CUSHING, FRANK HAMILTON: Zuni Folk Tales; Monographs in Bureau of American Ethnology Reports.

FEWKES, JESSE WALTER: Various Monographs in Bureau of American Ethnology Reports.

GREGG, JOSIAH: The Commerce of the Prairies.

HACKETT, C. T.: The Revolt of the Pueblo Indians of 1680.

HEWETT, EDGAR L.: The Pajaritan Culture: Several Papers in Reports of School of American Archæology.

HUGHES, J. T.: History of the Doniphan Expedition.

INMAN, HENRY: The Old Santa Fe Trail.

JAMES, GEORGE WHARTON: Indians of the Painted Desert Region: Indian Blankets and their Makers: Indian Basketry; Little Journeys to Strange Places and Peoples; etc.

KENDALL, G. W.: Narrative of the Texas-Santa Fe Expedition.

LADD, HORATIO O.: History of New Mexico: Chunda, a story of the Navahos.

LUMMIS, CHARLES F.: A New Mexico David and Other Stories; The Man that Married the Moon: The Spanish Pioneers: The Land of Poco Tiempo; etc., etc.

PATTIE, JAMES O.: Personal Narrative.

PRINCE, L. BRADFORD: A Concise History of New Mexico: The Spanish Churches of New Mexico: The Struggles for Statehood; etc.

READ, BENJAMIN M.: Illustrated History of New Mexico (both in Spanish and English); etc.

RHODES, EUGENE MANLOVE: Good Men and True: West is West, etc.

RYAN, MARAH ELLIS: The Flute of the Gods; etc.

SAUNDERS, C. S. AND E. H.: Indians of the Terraced Houses.

STEVENSON, MATILDA COXE: Monographs on the Zia, the Zunis, etc., in Reports of Bureau of American Ethnology.

Simpson, J. H.: Reconnaissance through Navaho Country.
Sitgreaves, Lieut. W. H.: Expedition to the Zuni River.
Twitchell, Ralph E.: Military Occupation of New Mexico: Leading Facts in New Mexican History: Spanish Archives of New Mexico: Several Volumes Old Santa Fe (published quarterly); etc.
Villagra, Gasper: Poetic History of New Mexico (Spanish).
Wallace, Susan: The Land of the Pueblos.
Winship, George Parker: Translation of Castañeda's Narrative of Coronado's Expedition (in Bureau of Ethnology Reports).

INDEX

Titles of Chapters are in Italics.

A

Abe.t, J. W., 352.
Abiquiu Peak, 309.
Acoma, the City of the Cliffs, 3, 8, 11, 13, 32, 124 *et seq.*
Adventures at Zuni, My, 51 *et seq.*
Agriculture, College of, 427.
Indian, 188.
Ahayuta, 65.
Ah-co, 139.
Akin, Louis, 387.
Alamagordo White Sands, xiii.
Alamo Hueco Mountains, 318.
Albuquerque, the Commercial Metropolis, xii, 450 *et seq.*
Altars, 206.
Altitudes of New Mexico, 459.
Alvarado, 139.
Amarillo, Tierra, 308.
American Archaeology, School of, 6, 247, 266.
American Passion Play, 269 *et seq.*
Among the Witches, 80 *et seq.*
Anaia Alimazan, 46.
Animas Mountains, 316.
Annexation of New Mexico, xx.
Antiquities of New Mexico, 266 *et seq.*
Antithesis, N. M., Land of, viii.
Antonio, Fray Salvador de San, 13.
Apache Indians, xi, xvii, 13, 260.
Architecture, Spanish Mission and Other, 3.
Architecture, Native of New Mexico, 244 *et seq.*
Civic, 247.
Tampering with, 250.
Archuleta, Juan de, Inscrip., 44.
Art, Influence of New Mexico Upon, 6, 373 *et seq.*
Art Museum at Santa Fe, 256, 428 *et seq.*
Arts and Industries of the Indians, 186 *et seq.*
Augustin de Ynojos, Inscrip., 44.
Austin, Mary, 229.
Autograph Album, The World's Greatest, 34 *et seq.*

B

Bailey, Florence Merriam, 303, 410.
Bailey, Vernon, 303, 343.
Bancroft, H. H., 21.
Bandelier, Adolf, xiii, 1, 21, 28, 349.
Barba, Martin, Inscrip., 44.
Barreiro, Antonio, 351.
Barrio-Nuevo, Francisco, 258.
Basconzelos, Inscrip., 38.
Basketry, Indian, 187.
Bean Festivals, 6.
Beaubien, Carlos, 258.
Beltran, Bernaldino, Fray, 9.
Benavides, Memorial of Fray, 349.
Benedict, Kirby, 161.
Ben Hur, xi, 3, 6.
Bernalillo, 18.
Bibliography, 461.
Bigelow, John, 352.
Big Hatchet Mountains, 316.
Biglow, Dr. J. M., 341.
Bird Life of New Mexico, 334 *et seq.*
Black Mountains, 313.
Blanket Weaving, xviii.

Blumenschein, E. L., 374, 384.
Bolton, Herbert Eugene, 350.
Botany, 340 *et seq.*
Bow, Priesthood of the, 66.
Boyd, David Ross, 423.
Brinkerhoff, Henry R., 357.
Building, Indian, 186.
Building of Missions, etc., xvi.
Burlin, Natalie Curtis, 131, 221 *et seq.*
Burro Mountains, 313.

C

Cabeza de Vaca, xi, 8, 348.
Cactus Growths, 345.
Cadman, Charles Wakefield, 225.
Carleton, Gen., xi.
Carlsbad Project, 5, 448.
Carrizo Mountains, 311.
Carson, Kit, 257.
Carson National Forest, 329.
Casteñada, 139, 348.
Cathedral of the Desert, 256, 428 *et seq.*
Cebolleta Mountains, 309.
Cerro Mountains, 318.
Chaco Canyon, 246.
Chamita, 11.
Chamuscado's Expedition, 8.
Chivato, Sierra, 309.
Chunda, 356.
Chupadero Mesa, 318.
Churches, Mission, 245 *et seq.*
Chusca Mountains, 310.
Cibola, Seven Cities of, x, 51.
Cienequilla, Mesa of, 15.
City of the Cliffs, Acoma, 124 *et seq.*
Civic Architecture of New Mexico, 247.
Cliff Dwellings, 1, 266 *et seq.*
Climate, 4, 341 *et seq.*
Cloudcroft, 320, 410.
Cochiti, 13, 15.
Colors, Land of High, ix, xiii.
Commerce of the Prairies, 351.
Continence, 214.
Contrasts, Land of, xii.
Controversy, Land of, x.
Cooke, George, 352.
Cooke, Philip, 81.
Corn Dance Songs, 232.
Corn Grinding Songs, 221.
Coronado, x, xiv, 8, 51, 139, 258.
Coronado National Forest, 333.
Counties of New Mexico, 459.
County Seats of New Mexico, 459.
Couse, E. Irving, 384.
Cowboy Songs, 366.
Creation Myths of North America, 217.
Cronyn, George W., 229.
Cruzate, Gov., 12, 13.
Cubero, Gov., 18.
Culebra Peak, 304.
Culture, Pueblo, xiii.
Curtin, Jeremiah, 217.
Curtis (Burlin), Natalie, 131, 221 *et seq.*
Cushing, Lieut. F. H., 51 *et seq.*, 98 *et seq.*, 189, 358.
Cuyamunge, 16.

D

Darley, Rev. A. M., 274.
Datil Mountains, 310, 313.
National Forest, 325.
Davis, A. H., 446.
Davis, W. H. H., 6, 246, 354, 417.
Defouri, Rev. J. H., 364.
Delight Makers, viii.
Why the Land of the, 1 *et seq.*
Deming, 5.
Desert Etchings, 392.
Desert, Lone Tree of the, 393.
DeWolf, Wallace, 392 *et seq.*
Diablo Mountains, 313.
Diego de Vargas, xvii, 12.
Discovery of Zuni, xv.
Disease, Healing of, 215.
Dog Mountains, 318.
Doniphan's Expedition, 353.
Dunton, W. Herbert, 385.
Durango, Bishop of, 42.
Duro, Fernandez, 21.
Dutton, Clarence E., 347.

E

Education in New Mexico, 414 *et seq.*
Elephant Butte Dam, 5.
Elevations of New Mexico, 302.
El Gringo, 246, 354, 417.
Elizaecochea, Don Martin, Inscrip., 41.

El Morro, Inscription Rock, 34 *et seq.*
El Paso, 30.
Emory, W. H., 352.
Enchanted Mesa, 3, 125 *et seq.,* 172, 178 *et seq.*
Epic, Homeric, of New Mexico, 20 *et seq.*
Espejo, 5, 9, 139.
Estancia Valley, 6.
Etchings by W. DeWolf, 329 *et seq.*
Experiences in New Mexico, v.
Explorations and Subjugations of New Mexico, 8 *et seq.*
Explorations, unauthorized, 9.

F

Famine, 17.
Farwell, Arthur, 222.
Fasting, 214.
Fergusson, Delegate, 419.
Fetiches, Hunting, 98 *et seq.*
Fewkes, Dr. Jesse Walter, 98.
Fiesta at Taos, 260.
Fight over Statehood, vii.
Figueredo, Fray, 40.
Fillmore, John Comfort, 222.
Flagellantes, Order of, 269 *et seq.*
Flight of Spaniards from New Mexico, xvii.
Flood, Zuni Legend of, 72.
Flora of New Mexico, 340 *et seq.*
Flute of the Gods, 1.
Forests of New Mexico, National, 322 *et seq.*
Foreword, By Way of, v *et seq.*
Franciscan Missions, 248 *et seq.,* 266.
  Zeal of, xvi, 9.
Fraternities, Zuni, 203.

G

Galisteo, 14.
Game Protective Assn. of New Mexico, 317, 338.
Garsya, Juan, Inscrip., 44.
Geological Terms, 347.
Ghost Dance of Zunis, 225.
Gila Mountains, 314.
  National Forest, 314, 326.
  River, 314.
Goat Peak, 309.
Goats, 4.
Goldman, E. A., 315.
Gonzales, Inscrip., 38.
Graham, D. D., 89.
Gran Quivera, xi.
Grants, Spanish and Mexican, xviii.
Gray, E. D. McQueen, 422.
Great Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, 24 *et seq.*
Gregg, Josiah, 351.
Griffin, Walter Burleigh, 423.
Grunn, Homer, 240.
Guadalupe Mountains, 320.
Gunn, John, of Taos, 263.
Gunn, John M., of Laguna, 368.

H

Hachita Valley, 318.
Harwood, Burt, Mr. and Mrs., 387.
Harwood, Rev. Thomas, 364.
Hatchet Mountains, Big, 316.
Health in New Mexico, xx, 4.
Heart of the Well Country, 455.
Henderson, Miss Rose, 370.
Herrick, Dr. C. L., 421.
Hewett, Dr. Edgar L., 244 *et seq.,* 266.
Higgins, Victor, 388.
Hirsch, Lee F., 391.
Hodge, F. W., 45, 349.
Homeric Epic of New Mexico, 20 *et seq.*
Hondo Project, 450.
Hopi, 13.
Hough, Walter, 140.
Hughes, John T., 353.
Humano, 10.
Hunting with Indians, 98 *et seq.*
Hurtado, Juan P., Inscrip., 47.
Hurtado, Ramon P., Inscrip., 47.

I

Illiteracy in New Mexico, xii.
Indians, ix, 2, 3, 8, 9, 17.
  Arts and Industries of the, 186 *et seq.*
  Etiquette, 210.
Rebellion, xvi.
  Religion of the, 195 *et seq.*
  Songs and Music, 220 *et seq.*
  Weavers, 187.

Influence of New Mexico upon Art, 373 *et seq.*
Literature, 347 *et seq.*
Inman, Col. W. H., 352.
Inscription Rock, 12, 34 *et seq.*
Irrigation in New Mexico, 5, 187, 444 *et seq.*

J

Jemez, 16, 32.
Mountains, 309.
Jesus Lopez, Fray Mariano do, 159.
Jicarilla Mountains, 320.
Johnston, Capt. A. R., 352.
Jornada del Muerta, 340.
Joullin, Lucille, 399.
Juan de Oñate, 8, 10.
Establishes San Juan, 11.
Inscription, 37.
Trip to South Sea, 12.
Juan Jesus, Fray, Murdered, 32.
Juillard, Geo. J., Rev., 124, 165.
Judson, William Lees, 401.
Juparelo, 37.

K

Katzimo, the Enchanted Mesa, 3, 178 *et seq.*
Keakokshi Dance, 75.
Kearny, Gen. S. W., xvii, xx.
Kendall, George W., 351.
Kern, R. H., 34, 246.

L

Ladd, Rev. Horatio O., 356.
Laguna, 124, 156.
Lamy, Bishop, 416.
Lands, Public, 458.
Lava Beds, xiii, 2.
Leading Facts of New Mexican History, 363.
Leopoldo, Aldo, 334.
Letrado, Padre, 45.
Lewis, 34.
Levya, 10.
Libbey, Prof. W., 3, 173.
Lieurance, Thurlow, 221 *et seq.*
Life Zones of New Mexico, 303.
Lincoln National Forest, 327.
Literary Colony, 6.
Literature, Influence of New Mexico on, 6, 347 *et seq.*
Little Elk Mountains, 313.
Localities of Plants from New Mexico, 343.
Lorenzo, Tata, 169.
Love Songs, Indian, 237.
Lucero, Antonio, 417.
Lujan, Inscrip., 45.
Lummis, C. F., 3, 6, 23, 44, 95, 126, 145, 178 *et seq.*, 274, 347 *et seq.*, 450.

M

Maasilima, 65.
Magdalena Mountains, 315.
Maldonado, Fray Lucas, 151.
Man Who Married the Moon, 359.
Manzano Mountains, 318.
National Forest, 330.
Marcos de Nizza, xv, 348.
Marcy, Capt. R. B., 353.
Maria, Fray Santa, Murdered, 8.
Markham, Edwin, xxi.
Martinez, Fray, 10, 143.
Martinez, Gov., 43.
Martinez, Padre, 258.
Massacres of Priests, xvi.
Matthews, Washington, 213, 357.
Maude, F. H., 65.
Maxwell, Lucien B., 258.
Mazon, Leopoldo, 52.
Medicine, Good and Bad, 211.
Medicine Men, 211.
Melita the Witch, 91.
Menaul, John, 369.
Mesa Black, 15.
Mesa Encantada, or the Enchanted Mesa, x, 125 *et seq.*, 172, 178 *et seq.*
Mesa, What Is a? 347.
Mesilla, 5.
Mexican Belief in Witches, 95.
Life, ix.
Rebellion of 1847, 258.
Military Institute, 425.
Military Occupation of New Mexico, 363.
Miller, James, 175.
Mimbres Mountains, 313.
Valley, 5.
Mines, 5, 9.
State School of, 5, 426.
Mission Architecture, 3.

Mission Churches, 245 *et seq.*, 266 *et seq.*
Mogollon Mountains, 310, 313, 315.
Mora Ceballos, Gov., 46.
Morro, El, 42 *et seq.*
Mosaics, Sand, 205.
Mother-in-Law Taboo, 214.
Mountains of New Mexico, viii, 302 *et seq.*
Museum of Art, Santa Fe, 256, 428 *et seq.*
Music, Acoma, 132.
Indian, 220 *et seq.*
Mythology, 207.

N

Nah-nee-tah, 357.
Naiuchi, 88, 206.
National Forests of New Mexico, 322 *et seq.*
Native Architecture of New Mexico, 244 *et seq.*
Nature Worship, 201.
Navaho Country, 34.
Indians, xi, xvii, 311.
Legends, 357.
Night Chant, 357.
New Mexico, Historic Importance of, xiv.
Influence on Art and Literature, 6.
Newspaper, First, 258.
Nick, Zuni, Tried for Witchcraft, 86.
Nieto-Silva, Gov., 39, 40.
Notes of Military Reconnaissance, 352.

O

Oak Spring Mountains, 313.
Oñate, Juan de, 8, 10, 14, 21, 140, 259, 349.
Trip to South Sea, 12, 37.
Otermin, Gov., xvii, 12, 29, 33.

P

Pacification of New Mexico, 14.
Pahos, 207.
Painters, Artists, xii.
Paintings, Sand, 205.
Parke's Exploration, 341.
Paso y Troncoso, 21.
Passion Play, The American, 269 *et seq.*
Path of the Rainbow, 229.
Paullin, L. R. E., 418.
Pearson, Kate Terry, 393.
Pecos Baldy, 305.
Indians, 15.
River, 5.
Valley, 320.
Pelado Peak, 309.
Peloncillo Mountains, 316.
Penitentes, viii, 3, 262, 269 *et seq.*
Officers of the, 277 *et seq.*
Perea, Custodian, 38.
Perez, Col. Albino, 415.
Personification of Nature, 201.
Peters, Dr., 455.
Phillips, Bert, 374, 383.
Physical Culture Among Indians, 199.
Pike, Albert, 351.
Pike, Zebulon, 349.
Pino, P. B., 351.
Pinyon Mountains, 310.
Places, Land of High, ix.
Playground, New Mexico, the Nation's, xx, 409 *et seq.*
Poco Tiempo, Land of, 359.
Pollen, 207.
Pope's Expedition, 341.
Popé, Rebellion of, xvi, 2 *et seq.*
Population of New Mexico, 458 *et seq.*
Pottery, Indian, 189.
Powell, J. W., 51.
Price, Col. Sterling, 258.
Priests, Massacre of Spanish, xxi.
Of the Sacred Bow, 66.
Prince, L. Bradford, Gov., 268, 355.
Prince, Mrs., 352.
Public Lands of New Mexico, 455.
Pueblos, Land of the, 355.
Of the Rio Grande, Taos and, 257 *et seq.*
Rebellion of 1680, 24 *et seq.*

Q

Quiros, Fray Cristobal de, 43.

R

Races at Taos, 261.
Rainbow, Path of the, 229.

Rain Dance of Zunis, 222.
Ramirez, Fray Juan, 151.
Read, Benj. M., and His History of New Mexico, 143, 355, 364.
Rebellion of 1680, xvi, 24 *et seq.*
Of Indians, 14, 153.
Of Mexicans in 1847, 258.
Reclamation Service, 6.
Reclaiming the Arid West, 447.
Religion of the Indians, 195 *et seq.*
Religious Zeal of Spaniards, xvi.
Rhodes, Eugene Manlove, 365.
Rio Grande, 5, 444.
Rito de Los Frijoles, 1.
Rocky Mountain Camp Co., 408.
Roque, Fray, 40, 41.
Roswell, 5.
Ruins on El Morro, 35, 48.
Ryan, Marah Ellis, 3.

S

Sacramento Mountains, 320.
Salpointe, Archb. J. B., 364.
Sanctuario, xi.
Sand Paintings, 205.
San Andres Mountains, 318.
Sandia Mountains, 318.
San Esteban, Church of, 153.
Fiesta of, 162 *et seq.*
San Felipe, 14, 15.
San Francisco Mountains, 313.
San Geronimo, Fiesta of, 259.
San Ildefonso, 15, 25.
San Jose, Picture of, 155.
San Juan de los Caballeros, 11, 25, 37.
San Juan Mountains, 308.
San Lorenzo, 31.
San Luis Mountains, 316.
San Mateo Mountains, xi, 309, 315.
Sangre de Cristo Mountains, 303.
Santa Ana, 15, 16.
Santa Fe, 6, 13, 16, 25, 28, 351.
Santa Fe National Forest, 331.
Santa Fe Trail, 352.
Santo Domingo, 11, 13, 17.
Sauerwin, Frank, 387.
Schat-Chen, 368.
Sedgewick, Mount, 372.
Seeing New Mexico, Ancient and Modern Methods, 403 *et seq.*
Shamans, 211.
Sharp, J. H., 374.
Sheep, 4.
Shipapu, 208.
Sierra Blanca Mountains, 320.
Sierra Chivato, 309.
Sierra Oscuro, 318.
Silva Nieto, Gov., Inscrip., 39, 40.
Simpson, Lieut. J. H., 34, 353.
Snake Dance at Acoma, 140.
Socorro, 5, 426.
Songs and Music, Indian, 220 *et seq.*
Songs, Ceremonial, 211.
Spaniards Slain, 29.
Spanish Archives of New Mexico, 364.
Spanish Conquest of New Mexico, 354.
Springer, Hon. Frank, xix, 428 *et seq.*
Stanley, Paul C., 343.
Statehood, Fight over, vii.
Stevenson, Col. James, 358.
Stevenson, Mrs. Matilda Coxe, 71, 80 *et seq.,* 193, 203 *et seq.,* 358.
St. Joseph's Sanitorium, 455.
St. Stephen, Fiesta of, 162 *et seq.*
St. Vrain, Cerain, 258.
Stockmen, 4.
Stover, E. S., 421.
Sunrise Call of Zunis, 227.
Superstitious Life, ix.
Surprises of New Mexico, viii.
Symbolism of Indians, 207.
Symons, Gardner, 170.

T

Taboos, Indian, 213.
Taiyoallane, 65.
Tanos Indians, 14.
Taos, xiii, 3, 6, 16, 26.
And the Pueblos of the Rio Grande, 257 *et seq.*
Rancho de, 263.
San Fernando de, 262.
Society of Artists, 373 *et seq.*
Peak, 304.
Tapia, Pedro de, 14.

Taylor, Mount, xi, 309.
Tehuas Indians, 15.
Temperatures, 342.
Terms, Geological, 347.
Texas-Santa Fe Expedition, xi, 351.
Tierra Amarillo, 308.
Tight, Pres. W. G., 421.
Topographical Diversity, 340.
Tramp Across Continent, 359.
Trees, New Mexico, viii.
Troyer, Carlos, 221.
Truchas Peak, 304.
Tsnahey, Gov. of Zuni, 62, 86.
Tucson Mountains, 313.
Tucumcari, x.
Tularosa Mountains, 313.
Tupatu, 13.
Tuyo, the Black Mesa, 15.
Twitchell, Col. Ralph E., 355 *et seq.*

U

Ufer, Walter, 388.
Unahikah, Shrine of, 67.
University of New Mexico, 421 *et seq.*
Urribarri, Juan de, 44.

V

Vargas, Diego de, xvii, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 33, 153, 259.
Vargas, Inscrip., 43.
Verdadero, Relacion, 38.
Vierra, Carlos, 245 *et seq.*, 401.
Villagra's Epic, 3, 20.
Villagra at Acoma, 144 *et seq.*
Vogt, Evon Z., 50.

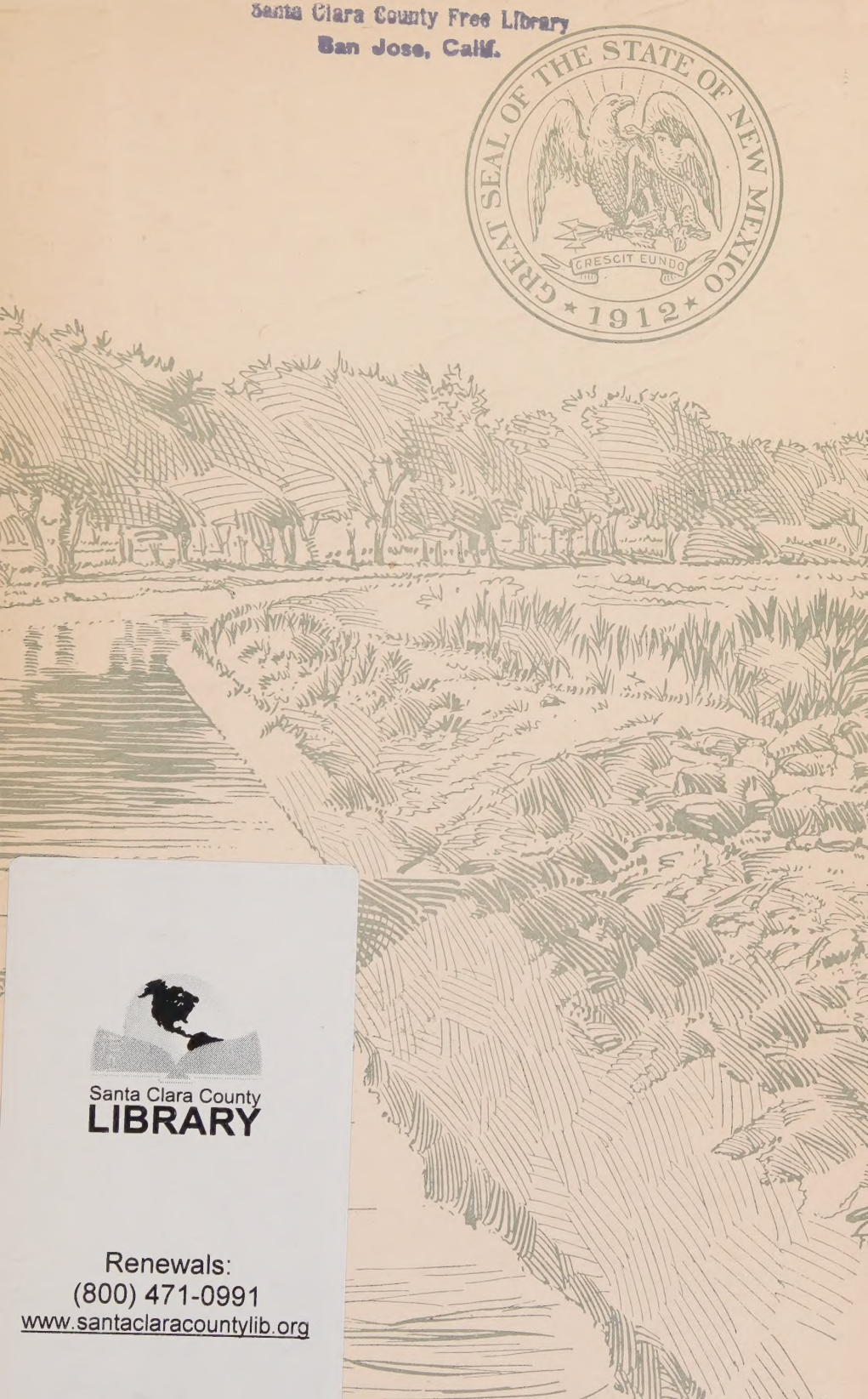
W

Wallace, Lew, xi, 3, 6, 355.
Wallace, Susan E., 355.
Washington, Lieut.-Col. J. M., 34.
Weavers, Indian, 186.
Wemahe, 98 *et seq.*, 193.
Wendell, Barrett, 366.
Wewha, 63, 91.
Wheeler Peak, 302.
Whipple, Lieut., 341.
White Mountains, 313.
Whittin Hall, 418.
Why "the Land of the Delight-Makers," 1 *et seq.*
Winship, George Parker, 349.
Wishzenus, Dr. A., 340.
Witches, Among the, 80 *et seq.*
Withrow, Eva Almond, 400.
Wooton, E. O., 343.
Words, Significance of Indian, 233.
Worship, Indian, 195 *et seq.*
Wright, Charles, 341.

Z

Zaldivar, Juan de, 11, 142.
Zaldivar, Vicente de, 3, 11, 143.
Zamora, Francisco de, 259.
Zia, 14, 15, 16.
Zones, Life and Crop, in New Mexico, 303.
Zuni, 13, 32, 43, 44, 51 *et seq.*, 203 *et seq.*
  Child Life in, 358.
  Discovery of, xv.
  Food Stuffs, 359.
  Lullaby, 235.
  Mountains, 309.
  My Adventures at, 51 *et seq.*
Zutucapan, 141.

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.



Santa Clara County
LIBRARY

Renewals:
(800) 471-0991
www.santaclaracountylib.org